

The Complete Works of
William Shakespeare
Reprinted from the First Folio
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Introduction by John Churton

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The Tempest

Two Gentlemen of Verona

Three Wives of Windsor

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RETROCONVERTE
B. C. S. C. L.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

THE design of the present edition of Shakespeare is twofold: it is to furnish the general reader with all that is necessary for the intelligent study, in the commonly accepted sense of the term, of each one of the plays—with glossaries, that is to say, and with what is requisite in the way of commentary and prolegomena for the elucidation of the text and for the history generally of the drama—its source or sources, the probable date of its composition, the influences affecting it, its relation to the poet's other works. Where the text of the First Folio is deficient and has to be supplemented from the Quartos, the deficiencies are supplied within brackets. This edition thus presents compactly what every serious reader of Shakespeare necessarily requires. But this is quite subordinate to its main design. What it possesses in common with those in vogue has been introduced simply to give it completeness, and in order that the reader may find in succinct epitome all the information practically required for intelligent study.

But what differentiates this edition from all others and gives it its unique value and importance requires particular explanation. It is not too much to say that the textual and critical study of Shakespeare has hitherto been confined exclusively to specialists and scholars. The general reader, so far from having any facilities for such a study, has not even learned to



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recognise its importance. For upwards of two centuries and a half he has taken what the poet's editors have chosen to give him, and what they have given him has been a concoction the quality and characteristics of which have been determined partly by the idiosyncrasies of particular editors, and partly by the literary tastes and fashions of particular epochs. In fact, the text of Shakespeare presents, in the nature of the modifications it has undergone, an exact analogy to the exhibition of his dramas on the stage. Hamlet, as represented by Burbage and Lewen, by Betterton, by Garrick, by Booth, by Fechter, by Irving, and under the scenic and theatrical conditions in which they represented him, differed scarcely more than the text of the drama as it appears successively in the First Folio, the editions of Rowe, of Theobald, of Hanmer, of Warburton, of Capell, of the Variorum editors, of Andrew Becket, of Charles Knight, of J. Payne Collier, and of the Cambridge editors. The history of Shakespeare's text is, in fact, the history of a text corrupted beyond all precedent of corruption, deviating, and deviating demonstrably, far more widely from its prototype than that of any other poet in the world, with the single exception of the Homeric poems. To say that in the current texts of the Greek dramatists, of Pindar, of Virgil, of Theocritus, and of others, as well as of the ancient Latin poets generally, we are very much nearer the original autographs than we are in the current texts of Shakespeare, is to say what may seem incredible, but what is, nevertheless, in all probability, strict truth. This will be best understood by comparing what may be called the Victorian text of the poet with that of the Elizabethan—in other words, Shakespeare's text as it appears in the universally

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popular *Globe* edition, an edition which either supplies or forms the basis of the text used in all our schools and educational institutions, and that text as it appears in the First Folio. But as it is the main object of the present edition to place the general reader in possession of the text of the First Folio, and so enable him to make this comparison for himself, it may be well at once to explain exactly what is here reproduced, for what reason it has been reproduced, and how on such a reproduction must be based not only all hope of recovering what the poet actually wrote, but, what is almost equally important, all possibility of catching as it were his accent and tone.

What is reproduced, and reproduced with exact fidelity, is the text of the First Folio, the only variation being the substitution of modern type for the long *s*, the interchangeable *i* and *j*, *u* and *v*, the occasional *y* for *th*, and the abbreviated *the* for *them*. What does not appear in the First Folio is placed within brackets. That the deviations from the First Folio, made in what may be called the Victorian text, represented by the *Globe* edition, may be readily seen, they are, when important enough to affect either the sense or the metre, noted, together with their sources, at the foot of each page. The reader has thus as it were in clear and simple epitome a history of the formation of the modern text, and is at the same time presented with that text. As he has before him the corruptions and deficiencies of the original, or what have been assumed to be such, he can form his own opinion as to how far the attempts made to remedy them have been successful or justifiable. Whatever may have been the delinquencies of the editors and printers of the First Folio, and of the scandalous and quite exceptionable laxity

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with which the correctors of the press did their duty, there can be no doubt one thing is certain: the text as we find it there is the nearest possible approach we have to what came from Shakespeare's pen. It is the basis on which every sound text must rest; to deviate from it without absolute necessity is simply unwarrantable. It is all, and more, that the Laurentian codex is to *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, and with deviations from it begins the rapidly extending corruption of Shakespeare's text. On scrupulous adherence to it, except where it is obviously corrupt or obviously deficient, the first condition of an editor's success must depend.

Let us glance at its history. Some eight years after the poet's death two of his 'friends and fellows'—John Heminge and Henry Condell—collected such of his plays as they could—probably, with the exception of 'Pericles,' all he wrote or was largely concerned in—and gave them to the world in a handsome folio. To this folio was prefixed an Address, a part of which is so important that it should be literally transcribed:

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected and publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their liimbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went

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together : And what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.

The obvious deduction from this important statement is that the plays published in this volume, so far as we know for the first time, as well as those which had appeared in Quarto during the author's lifetime, were here printed, all of them, from the original manuscripts. It is also plainly the intention of the editors to discredit the Quartos by describing them, without distinction, as 'stolen,' 'surreptitious,' and 'imperfect,' and to make the reader believe that it is in the Folio alone that Shakespeare's authentic work is to be found. Now, how far were Heminge and Condell speaking the truth ? That they were not speaking the whole truth is certain, for it can be proved that in the case of 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Midsummer-Night's Dream,' 'First Part of Henry IV.,' and 'Much Ado about Nothing,' the Folio simply reprints the maligned Quartos, and that this applies, with the exception of IV. i. 154-318, to 'Richard II.,' while it is at least in the highest degree probable that the printers of the Quartos of 'Titus Andronicus,' '2 Henry IV.,' 'Richard III.,' 'Hamlet,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'King Lear,' and 'Othello,' must have had full or partial access to the genuine manuscripts. Indeed, in some of these plays, notably in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream,' and 'Richard II.,' the readings of the Quarto are preferable to those of the Folio, and it is quite certain that they must have been printed either more correctly or printed from a better MS. Nor is this all : many of the errors and peculiarities with which the First Folio

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abounds are not such as can be accounted for by the printer misreading the MS., but must have arisen from the fact that he was printing from some transcript made for the use of the theatre. This may account for the great differences in the state of the text as regards particular plays. A striking illustration of the probable correctness of this theory is afforded by 'Hamlet' as it is printed in the First Folio. Here we find omitted¹ I. i. 108-125, iv. 17-38, 75-78; II. ii. 17; IV. i. 4, 41-44, iv. 9-66, vii. 68-81, 114-123; and V. ii. 106-141. All these look very like 'cuts' most judiciously made for acting purposes, and excise no passage which is relevant to the action, as a glance at the most important excisions will show. They are: I. i. 108-125, eminently Shakespearean, but a mere rhetorical excrescence in the dialogue; *Id.* iv. 17-38, the reflections of Hamlet on drunkenness, and the influence of heredity in men, which again has no relevance to the action; and lastly, IV. vii. 114-123, which is perhaps the most remarkable of the omissions:

There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of weeke or snufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when we would: for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidentes,
And then this should is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quicke of th' ulcer.

a passage pre-eminently Shakespearean, and one which

¹ Globe Numbering.

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it would have been deplorable to lose, but interrupting the course of the action. In the case of 'Hamlet' it is indeed quite possible that the 'cuts' may have been made by the poet himself.

That the text printed in the Folio had been carefully revised is certain. A notable instance of this is afforded by IV. vii. 24 *seqq.* :

So that my Arrowes
Too slightly timbred for so loud a wind
Would have reverted to my Bow againe.

Here all the Quartos make nonsense, varying between 'loued arm'd,' 'loued armes,' and 'loved armes.'

But this can hardly be said for the Folio text of 'Lear,' which, like that of 'Hamlet,' has been plainly printed from a stage copy most recklessly and ignorantly curtailed by some vandal hand, obviously for the purpose of shortening the play for acting purposes. About two hundred and twenty lines which appear in the Quartos have here been excised, and about half the excisions are fully justified, but among them are the following :—

Teares his white haire,
Which the impetuous blasts with eyles rage
Catch in their furie, and make nothing of,
Strives in his little world of man to outscorne,
The too and fro conflicting wind and raine,
This night wherin the cub-drawne Beare would couch,
The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
Keepe their furre dry, unbonneted he runnes,
And bids what will take all.

III. i. 9-10.

When we our betters see bearing our woes :
we scarcely thinke, our miseries, our foes.

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Who alone suffers suffers most it'h mind,
Leaving free things and happy shewes behind.

III. vi. 61

And so to the end of the scene.

Alb. I feare your disposition
That nature, which contemnes ith origin
Cannot be bordered certaine in it selfe,
She that her selfe will sliver and disbranck
From her materiall sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more, the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisedome and goodness to the vild seeme vilde,
Filths savor but themselves, what have you done ?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?
A father, and a gracious aged man
Whose reverence even the head-lugd beare would lick.
Most barbarous, most degenerate have you madded,
Could my good brother suffer you to doe it ?
A man, a Prince, by him so benifited,
If that the heavens doe not their visible spirits
Send quickly downe to tame this vild offences, it will come,
Humanity must perforce pray on it self like monsters of
the deepe.

IV. ii. 38.

To stand against the deepe dread bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quicke crosse lightning to watch poore *Per du*,
With this thin helme.

IV. vii. 41.

It is perfectly clear that the exciser of such passages as these could have been a man of no taste or sensibility, but must have been bent only on shortening the play. To this it must be added that the Folio contains fifty lines which are not to be found in the Quartos, and that, though the text is in parts appar-

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ently a reprint of the Quartos, much of it is quite independent of them. The only possible explanation can be that Heminge and Condell printed their text from a stage copy, which had as little connection with the original manuscript as it had with the manuscript followed by the Quartos.

Another presumption that the printers of the First Folio printed from stage copies transcribed for the actors, with varying degrees of fidelity and clearness in the handwriting, is afforded by a comparison of such a text as that of the 'Two Gentleman of Verona' or the 'Tempest,' and that of 'All's Well that Ends Well.' In the first there are scarcely any important misprints or corruptions at all, they being indeed practically confined to the substitution of 'Padua' and 'Verona' for 'Milan' in Acts II. III. and V., and it is so with the text of the 'Tempest.' But in 'All's Well that Ends Well' they simply teem, giving the impression that the text must have been set up from some manuscript unusually difficult to decipher.

The respective relations of the Quartos to the First Folio, and of both to the original manuscripts, are problems beyond all solution now. What probability points to it is this, that of the plays which appeared in Quarto during Shakespeare's lifetime, the following were printed by publishers who had full access to the original manuscripts, and probably retained them, so that Heminge and Condell could not use them in printing the First Folio, 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'Midsummer-Night's Dream,' 'Merchant of Venice,' '1 Henry IV.,' and 'Much Ado about Nothing'; that in the case of 'Titus Andronicus,' 'Richard III.,' 'Richard II.,' '2 Henry IV.,' 'Hamlet,' 'King Lear,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' and 'Othello,' published

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after the poet's death in 1622, the printers of the Quartos and the editors or corrector of the First Folio had both of them full or partial access to the original manuscripts, and availed themselves of them in printing their texts. In the third group, and in that group only, come the Quartos, rightly designated by Heminge and Condell as 'stoln,' 'maimed,' and 'deformed'—namely, the Quarto of 2 Henry VI., published in 1594, under the title of 'The First Part of the Contention,' etc., without the author's name, and reprinted in 1600; the Quarto of '3 Henry VI.,' brought out in 1595, under the title of 'The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke, and the death of the good King Henry the Sixth,' etc.—also without the author's name, and reprinted in 1600; the first Quarto of 'Romeo and Juliet,' published in 1597, without the author's name; the Quarto of 'Henry V.' published in 1600, without the author's name, and reprinted in 1602 and in 1608; the Quarto of 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' printed in 1602, without the author's name; and the first Quarto of 'Hamlet,' 1603, with the author's name. All these were undoubtedly printed surreptitiously from pirated stage copies, and it is to these that Heminge and Condell directly and honestly referred, though they ambiguously, possibly with the intention of deceiving, seemed to extend their reference to all the others. These are the conclusions at which Messrs Vandam and Stoffel, in one of the most valuable contributions which has ever been made to the textual study of Shakespeare, have, after an exhaustive comparative study of the Quarto and the Folio, arrived.

When therefore Heminge and Condell asserted that they printed the plays from the original manuscripts,

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and that these were the sources of their text, they said what was substantially, though not wholly, true. Several of the plays were demonstrably printed directly from the Quartos; some of them were printed as clearly from stage copies, but from stage copies collated in all probability with the original manuscripts. But of one thing we may be quite certain: where the compositors could avail themselves of print they would do so, and where a stage legibly written copy was at their service they would not be induced, by any superstitious reverence for an illegible autograph, to treble their labours. If Shakespeare's signatures are any indication of his ordinary handwriting, he must certainly have been the terror of compositors.

So much for the text of the First Folio where it is possible to check it by comparison. But of the thirty-six plays contained in it, it is the sole authority for the text of twenty, no quartos of which are known to exist—namely, '1 Henry VI.', and in their present form 2 and 3, 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' 'King John,' 'Comedy of Errors,' 'As You Like It,' 'Taming of the Shrew,' 'Twelfth Night,' 'All's Well that Ends Well,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Macbeth,' 'Timon of Athens,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Measure for Measure,' 'Henry VIII.,' 'Winter's Tale,' 'Tempest,' and 'Cymbeline.' When we think that but for Heminge and Condell these plays might have been lost to the world, we may well hesitate to say a word in disparagement of such benefactors. But it is impossible not to regret that they did not give what, with comparatively little trouble, they might have given us—a text undeformed by the gross and palpable errors with which it teems. They seem to have contented themselves with revising and ar-

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ranging the manuscripts for publication, leaving everything else to the printers, and to those who corrected for the press, both of whom performed the work with scandalous negligence. Hunter indeed scarcely exaggerates when he says that 'perhaps in the whole annals of English typography there is no record of any book, of any extent and reputation, having been dismiss'd from the press with less care and attention.'

At its worst, it exhibits all the defects peculiar to the first uncorrected proofs of an impression set up from a manuscript exceedingly difficult to decipher by an unusually careless and incompetent compositor — words, the restoration of which is obvious, left un-supplied; unfamiliar words transliterated into gibberish; whole lines dropped out; lines transposed; verse printed as prose and prose as verse; punctuation as it pleases chance; speeches belonging to one character given to another; stage directions incorporated in the text; actors' names suddenly substituted for those of the *dramatis personæ*: scenes and acts left unindicated or indicated wrongly.

All this and more contribute to make it too often one of the most exasperating examples of typography and editing in existence. And yet, oddly enough, side by side with this, we find indication of scrupulously careful printing, and this is as a rule the case in all the great passages, where particular attention has evidently been paid to punctuation. Let the reader turn, for example, to the soliloquy of Henry V. (Act IV. i. 231-291)¹; to Antony's two speeches ('Julius Cæsar,' III. ii. 83-117 and *Id.* 128-147); to Portia's appeal to Mercy, ('Merchant of Venice,' IV. i. 195-216), and Lorenzo's beautiful speech (V. i. 64-78); to Macbeth's two

¹ The references are given to the present edition.

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soliloquies (I. vii. 1-33 and II. i. 44-77); to the fine speeches of Agamemnon and Nestor, which open the third scene of 'Troilus and Cressida,' deformed only by one palpable misprint; the famous soliloquy of Hamlet (III. i. 63-99); the Duke's speech in 'Measure for Measure' (III. i. 7-43); the two speeches of Prospero ('Tempest,' IV. i. 168-185 and V. i. 40-64). It will be seen that in all these passages, and be it remembered that they are typical of almost all the others when the poet's composition is elaborate, no departure from the Folio text can be anything else than detrimental.

Before illustrating the disastrous results of tampering unnecessarily with the text of the Folio, it may be well to show how, by reproducing both its spelling and its punctuation, the tone and accent of the poet, the race and flavour, as it were, of his style are preserved, as in no other way they can be preserved. There was much wisdom and as much taste in what Dr Johnson observed, when in an edition of John Hale's writings prepared by one of his descendants, his ancestor's language was modernised. 'An author's language,' said Johnson, 'is a characteristic part of his composition and is also characteristic of the age in which he lives. Besides, Sir, when the language is changed we are not sure that the sense is the same.' It may be contended, as the Cambridge editors have contended in justifying their modernisation of the text, that spelling in Shakespeare's time, and for half-a-century afterwards, was purely capricious. This was undoubtedly the case. As Ingleby puts it: 'We may rest assured that every compositor in a printing-house spelt pretty much as seemed good in his own eyes.' The printers indeed evidently preferred variation to uniformity. If

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they had set up, says Ingleby, *foorth, poore, worse* on one occasion, *forth, pore*, and *worse* would be substituted on the next. Thus *hair, haire, beare*; *heared, bear'd*, and *beard* were interchangeable, so *dost, doest, doost*, and *beart, hart, bert*; *fair, fayre, faire*, and *recover, recouer, and recure*. In the ‘Rape of Lucrece’ ‘desperate’ is spelt in line 219 *desp’rate*, in l. 739 *desperat*, in l. 1038 *desp’rat*. In ‘Venus and Adonis’ we find in l. 162 *died*, in l. 498 *dy’d*e, in l. 1080 *di’d*e. Undoubtedly the punctuation not only proceeds on principles very different from ours, but, owing to gross carelessness on the part of the compositor, does not always follow those principles, yet, for all this, it is at times employed with great care, and should certainly be retained. It is the same with the use of capital letters, which are evidently used for purposes of accentuation, and should also be retained. Now, capricious though they be, and occasionally even puzzling and misleading, it is the antique spelling, the punctuation, and the use of capitals—in other words, the preservation of the exact medium through which the poet conversed with those whom he addressed—that enables us not only to ‘recall his world, but to catch as it were his exact accent. A modernised text cannot possibly convey the same æsthetic impression as that which preserves the antique flavour of the original. Renovated castles and ‘improved’ cathedrals are no doubt in many respects preferable to the venerable fabrics on whose sites they stand, but they neither have, nor can they recall, the charm of what they have superseded. The power of poetry in relation to its subtlest and most delicate effects is more dependent than we suppose on the form in which that poetry is presented to us. Let anyone read the following passages presented respectively in the Victorian and

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in the Elizabethan text, and ask himself whether the effect is æsthetically in both cases the same :—

Oh my Soules Joy :
If after every Tempest, come such Calmes, .
May the windes blow, till they have waken'd death :
And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas
Olympus high : and duck againe as low,
As hell's from Heaven. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be most happy. For I feare,
My Soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeedes in unknowne Fate.

‘Othello,’ II. i. 212-221.

O my soul's joy ! .
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death !
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven ! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

We may notice in passing how admirably in the original both the spelling and the capitals, as well as the punctuation, accentuate the passage almost like musical notation.

Take again Hamlet's soliloquy :

To be, or not to be, that is the Question :
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them : to dye, to sleepe
No more ; and by a sleepe, to say we end

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The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes
That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we have shuffel'd off this mortall coile,
Must give us pawse. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Love, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered Countrey, from whose Borne
No Traveller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes us rather beare those illes we have,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
And thus the Native hew of Resolution
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action.

Surely we have here a text as finally settled as any text can be, spelling, capitals, and punctuation alike contributing to the elucidation of the poet's meaning. It is not necessary to place beside it the Victorian Text, which, being readily accessible, any reader can compare for himself; of its inferiority to the original in all the points in which it differs there can be, in truth, no question.

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that by far the

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greater portion of the text of the First Folio is not only perfectly sound and carefully punctuated, but cannot be altered except for the worse, that its corruptions, innumerable though they be, spring for the most part from mere printer's errors, simple carelessness on the part of the compositor, the majority of them being as easily remedied as the errors familiar to us in first proofs. Take, for instance, the following, where all that is needed to turn nonsense into sense is to separate the letters :—

Urchins

Shall *for that* vast of night, etc.

‘Tempest,’ I. ii. 385-386.

where all that is required is to separate *th* from ‘at’ and connect it with *for*, so

Urchins

Shall forth at vast of night.

Again :

Fairies be gone, and be *alwaies* away.

‘Midsummer-Night’s Dream,’ IV. i. 47.

where by reading ‘al waies’ (all ways) the sense is restored. So in ‘Henry V.’ IV. iii. 115-118 :

Marke then *abounding* valour in our English :
That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,
Breake out into a second course of mischiefe,
Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.

Here by separating the *a* from *bounding*, and removing the colon at the end of the line, the passage is restored. So in ‘Measure for Measure,’ IV. ii. 57 :

You shall finde me y^eare.

Remove the comma, read ‘yare’ (ready), and all is sense.

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So is *Alcides* beaten by his *rage*.

‘*Merchant of Venice*,’ II. i. 41.

Change *r* into *p* and all is as clear, as all is clear in ‘*Titus Andronicus*,’ III. ii. 65, by inserting the dropped-out *l* before *i* in *doings*:

And buz lamenting *do(l)ings* in the ayer.

So in ‘*Troilus and Cressida*,’ I. iii. 41-42.

But let the *Russian* Boreas once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*.

Substitute the easily confounded *ff* for *ss*, so getting *Ruffian*, and the right word is restored.

Again in ‘*Julius Cæsar*,’ IV. i. 42-43.

The substitution of an *A* for an *O* and an *O* for an *A* turns the nonsense of

One that feeds
On *Objects*, *Arts*, and *Imitations*

into the sense of

On *Abjects*, *Orts*, and *Imitations*.

‘The substitution again of *t* for *r* in ‘*Macbeth*,’ III. ii. 18:

We have *scorch'd* (*scotch'd*) the Snake, not kill'd it.

i.e. *scotch'd* gives us almost certainly what Shakespeare wrote; while the insertion of an *h* in ‘*Troilus and Cressida*,’ II. iii. 78—he *s(h)ent* our messengers—gives point to what before was not only pointless, but nonsensical. So in ‘*Antony and Cleopatra*,’ I. ii. 123-124, the substitution of *m* for *w* rectifies

Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quicke *wounds* lye still.

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just as in the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream,' II. i. 113-115, the substitution of *t* for *c* turns arrant nonsense into sense :

And on old *Hyems* chinne (thinne) and Icie crowne,
An odorous Chaplet, etc.

Once more. In 'Troilus and Cressida,' IV. v. 70 occurs the well-known *crux* :

That give a coasting welcome etc it comes.

Here all that is necessary to recover the original is to join the *a* with the *c*, reading *accoasting*, and turn the *t* into an *r*, and so we get :

giving *accoasting* [*accosting*] welcome ere it comes.

i.e. moving alongside a welcome, or meeting it before it comes.

Such are illustrations of the simple rectification of errors typical of at least more than half the corruptions of the First Folio. Others are cured merely by revising the punctuation, a memorable illustration of which would be the famous lines in 'Macbeth,' II. ii. 78-79 :

This my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

where the removal of the comma after *one* restores the meaning, especially if we accept Ingleby's proposal to read *their* for *the*. It may, however, be noticed in passing that it is dangerous to tamper with punctuation unnecessarily, though very striking and brilliant effects may sometimes be produced, as in 'Timon of Athens,' V. iv. 93-96, where the Folio points thus :

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Yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low Grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is Noble *Timon*.

but which Theobald thus proposes to punctuate :

On thy low grave.—On : fault's forgiven,
Dead, etc.,

supposing that *Alcibiades* is suddenly addressing the senators and attendants. And this he supports by *Antony's*

On.
Things that are past, are done, with me.
'Antony and Cleopatra,' I. ii. 108.

and by observing that *Alcibiades'* speech is in breaks between his reflections on *Timon's* death and his address to the Athenian senators. Another illustration is in 'Coriolanus,' I. iv. 48-51.

'Marcius is addressing his flying troops :

All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You Shames of Rome : you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaster you o're, that you may be abhor'd
Farther then seen.

This Johnson and the editors who have followed him point :

You shames of Rome, you heard (herd) of—Boils and
Plagues
Plaster you o'er.

making a break after *of*, as if the fury of his passion left him at a loss for vituperative epithets.

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In all the instances given above, and in numberless others, we have not only legitimate and obvious corrections of the text of the First Folio, but such as cry for amendment, and such as Heminge and Condell's 'readers' should themselves have made. Let us now turn to some illustrations of the corruptions imported into Shakespeare's text by unnecessary deviations from the text of the Folio, and of the danger involved in tampering with it. A brief review of some of the most typical of them will show that Messrs Vandam and Stoffel have not exaggerated when they say that those who have departed from that text, from the editor of the Second Folio downward, have imported far more corruptions into it than they have corrected. It will also show the wisdom of the reaction which is now setting in against modernisations of that text, and the necessity of faithful literal adherence to it except where corruption is demonstrable. What even general readers now require is to be put, so far as it is possible, in possession of what the poet actually wrote, not what his editors have attributed to him. Shakespeare was undoubtedly a careless writer, and, except in his more elaborate passages, probably troubled himself little about the minutiae of expression, so that it is often possible to improve his phraseology and to substitute felicities for commonplaces. We have also to remember that what grates on our ears, or on our taste, did not grate either on him or on his contemporaries. To us, for example, such a collocation as

Cleanse the *stuff'd* bosom of that perilous *stuff*;

or

If this poor *trash* of Venice whom I *trash*;

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or

To England will I *steale* and there I'll *steale*,
is intolerable, but, so far from being intolerable then, it
was studiously affected.

To us such expressions as

The great man down you mark his *favourites flies*

and

Hath all his *ventures* failed,

are gross solecisms, but in his time 's' and 'th' were plural inflections. Now to comb away these things as modern editors do is both critically and historically to falsify his text. Nor is this all: it may be, and is, a subordinate point of interest in the works of a great poet that he throws light on the philology of the language in which he writes, on peculiarities in expression and in colloquial parlance common to the style of his time, on customs and habits and on antiquities generally, but if a subordinate interest it is a very real one. In a modernised text much of this is necessarily lost, and in a text ignorantly tampered with all of it is in danger of being obscured.

In his quaint and learned treatise 'Shakespeare Hermeneutics or the Still Lion,' Ingleby has given several illustrations of the danger of tampering with the old text, pointing out how often what appears to be unintelligible, and what has therefore been altered by editors, only awaits complete investigation to justify and interpret. Of this there is a very striking example in 'Hamlet.' In Act II. sc. ii. 352-354 Hamlet says to Rosencrantz, referring to the plays:

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The humorous man shall end his part in peace : the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are *tickled a' th' sere.*

Till a few years ago the expression remained the despair of commentators. Warburton cut the knot by omitting it, merely observing that it was the reading of the First Folio. Malone proposed to substitute *scene* for 'sere' and to explain 'o' by 'by.' Steevens supposed that 'sere' meant 'serum' in the medical sense of phlegm, and interpreted as meaning 'those who are asthmatical, and to whom laughing is most uneasy.' Some, among them Douce, resorted to another meaning of 'sere'—namely, 'withered' or 'dry.' 'Everyone,' says Douce, 'has felt that dry tickling in the throat and lungs which excites coughing. Hamlet's meaning may be, therefore, the clown by his merriment shall convert their coughing into laughter.' Many commentators either gave it up or inclined to Malone's conjecture. Ingleby himself, rejecting Malone's 'scene' and adopting what Staunton had proposed—namely 'tickle' for 'tickled'—got with Steevens' aid on the right track. Steevens, though not knowing what to do with it, had noticed something which seemed to approach a parallel in the 'Tempest,' and with the words 'Will the following passage in the "Tempest," Act. II. sc. i. 179-182, be of any use to commentators?' quoted it :

I do well beleive your Highnesse, and did it to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes use to laugh at nothing.

With this passage, and Staunton's 'tickle' for 'tickled' to help him, Ingleby explained that the

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words, 'whose lungs are tickled a' the *sere*' should have the same meaning as 'whose lungs are sensible [*i.e.* sensitive], that is, easily made to explode, in laughter.' So far so well, but this left 'sere' unexplained. At last, in 1871, Dr Brinsley Nicholson came to the rescue. 'Sere' or 'serre,' or, as it is now spelt, 'sear' or 'scear,' was the catch in a gunlock which kept the hammer on full or half cock and was released by the trigger. So Lombard, as quoted in Halliwell's 'Archaic Dictionary': 'Even as a pistole that is already charged and bent will fie off by and by [*i.e.* immediately] if a man doe but touch the *seare*.' This was confirmed by the Cambridge editors, who quoted a passage from Howard's 'Defensative against the Poyson of Supposed Prophecies' which gave Douce the key though he failed to see it—'discovering the moods and humours of the vulgar to be so *loose and tickle of the seare*.'

Thus for nearly two centuries had the text of the First Folio to await an interpreter, and thus has it pointed an impressive lesson to those who would rashly tamper with it. Again, in the 'Second Part of Henry VI.' (Act I. sc. iii. 1-3), Peter the Armourer's man says:

My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliver our Supplications *in the Quill*.

Here the editors, supposing the phrase 'in the *Quill*' to be corrupt, variously proposed 'in the quoil'—*i.e.* coil or confusion; 'in quiet,' 'in sequel,' 'in the quile,' etc.

But at last, not till as late as 1864, the reading of the Folio was proved to be perfectly correct, one

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writer quoting Ainsworth's 'Dictionary,' where the phrase, assumed to be an ordinary one, is explained as equivalent to *ex compacto agere*. Grant White quotes a Roxburghe ballad :

Thus those females were *all in a quill*.

In 'Winter's Tale,' II. i. 173-174, we find :

Would I knew the Villaine,
I would *Land-damne* him.

Here all the old and modern editors suspected corruption, one proposing to substitute 'laudanum,' another 'half-damn,' another 'I'd geld and damn him,' another again 'Lord, damn him,' and yet all the time the word was perfectly correct.

Another striking example of the disastrous effects of tampering with the text of the Folio is afforded by 'Julius Cæsar,' I. iii. 22-23 :

Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,
Who *glaz'd* upon me.

This has been variously altered into 'glared' and 'gaz'd,' the first being ignorantly adopted in the Globe edition, or what may be called the Victorian text. But the Folio reading is perfectly correct, the word 'glaze' meaning to 'stare steadily.' It is so employed twice by Peele, in 'Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes' :

Jesu, what a *glazing* do you make at me to see me in a gowne.

And not long did that *glazing* star :

and by James I. in his version of the 'Urania' of Du Bartas :

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I gave a lustie *glaize*
For to descriyne the Trojan Kings of olde,

though the meaning has in this last passage been explained differently.¹ In 'Coriolanus,' IV. v. 227-229 for a magnificently vigorous and graphic word has been ignorantly substituted flat commonplace.

Let me have Warre say I, it exceeds peace as farre as do's night : It's sprightly walking, audible, and *full of Vent.*

Here the editors, not understanding the word 'vent,' have assumed that it is a misprint for 'vaunt,' and so in innumerable editions of Shakespeare we find it printed. But 'vent' is perfectly right, being a technical term from hunting, vent meaning to scent the game ; so in the old poem of the 'Blazon of the Heart' we find :

And when my hound doth straine *upon the vent.*

The graphic force of the word is finely illustrated in 'Henry V.,' III. i. 34-35, where Shakespeare employs the same metaphor :

I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,
Straying upon the Start.

In 'Julius Cæsar,' II. i. 95, we find :

For if thou path thy native semblance on.

This, though perfectly right, has been variously altered into 'march,' 'put,' 'hadst,' 'pass' ; 'path' being constantly used in this sense, all that is needed being the insertion of a *commia* after the word.

¹ See 'New English Dictionary,' *sub. vpr.*

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Ignorance is also responsible for another alteration in the text of the 'Merry Wives,' II. iii. 81-83, an alteration unfortunately adopted in the *Globe* text:

I will bring thee where Mistris *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-house a Feasting: and thou shalt wooe her: *Cride-game*, said I well?

Here for 'Cride-game' 'Cried I aim?' has been substituted, and the whole point of the passage missed in consequence. The allusion is, as Ingleby pointed out, to hare-hunting, where a person was employed and paid to find the hare. When she was found he first cried 'Soho' to let the pursuers know that he had found her, so that 'Cride-game' is simply 'Cried I game?' Anne Page is the hare, and the host is discovering her whereabouts to Caius. The substitution, therefore, of 'Cried I aim?' is not only unnecessary, but misses the point.

In many of these unnecessary and impertinent deviations from the text of the Folio, ignorance of the phraseology in vogue in Shakespeare's time is responsible. Thus in 'As You Like It,' III. v. 40, we find:

And why I pray you? who might be your mother
That you insult, exult, *and all at once*
Over the wretched?

Here for 'all at once' have been substituted 'insult and exult all at once,' 'and tyrannise,' 'and domineer,' and yet the phrase is one of the commonest in Elizabethan English, as a reference to the *commentation* on 'Henry V.,' I. i. 40-42:

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Nor never *Hidra*-headed Wilfulnesse
So soone did loose his Seat ; *and all at once* ;
As in this King.

will show.

Ignorance, again, of the common form of Elizabethan spelling is responsible for many unnecessary alterations in the text. We have an amusing illustration of this in 'King John,' V. ii. 139-140 :

This harness'd Maske, and unadvised Revell,
This *un-heard* sawciness of boyish Troopes.

where it has been proposed to substitute for the apparently unintelligible 'un-heard,' 'unhair'd,' when, of course, 'unheard' is simply a common form of 'un-haired.'

There is another example of this in the same play (IV. i. 101-102) :

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Art. O heaven : that there were but a *moth* in yours,

where the stupid commentators have supposed that the word 'moth' means the insect, whereas it is the ordinary way of spelling 'mote,' into which it has been officiously and superfluously altered.

But illustrations of these impertinences and of the mischief involved in tampering unnecessarily with the text of the Folio would be endless. I will therefore confine myself to citing a few examples from the Globe text. The editors of this text have certainly had the good sense to adopt, as a rule, a policy of conservatism ; it is greatly to be deplored that they have not adhered to it more closely. I have already given one or two

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examples of their mistaken departure from it. Nothing could be worse than the following :—

As thick as Tale
Can (came) post with post.
‘Macbeth,’ I. iii. 106-107.

That is, as fast as the messengers could be counted, they came, a pre-eminently Shakespearean expression. For this is substituted the vapid commonplace.

As thick as *hail*
Came, etc.

And Fortune on his damned *Quarry* smiling,
Shew’d like a Rebels Whore.

Id. I. ii. 20-21.

‘quarry’ meaning a heap of slaughtered foes, being a metaphor from hunting. For this is substituted ‘quarrel,’ thus losing the graphic image, and totally altering the sense.

In the passage II. iii. 125 *seyy.*, thus correctly arranged and pointed in the Folio :

Those of his Chamber, as it seem’d, had don’t :
Their Hands and Faces were all badg’d with blood,
So were their Daggers, which unwip’d, we found
Upon their Pillowes : they star’d, and were distracted,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

the latter part is rearranged and repointed thus, utterly ruining the rhythm, so studiously marked by the original,

So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows :
They stared, and were distracted ; no man’s life
Was to be trusted with them.

and III. i. 90-100 fares in the same way.

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In IV. iii. 275 :-

This *time* goes manly.

meaning, of course, rhythm of a tune, is altered and flattened into 'tune.'

In 'Hamlet,' I. i. 115 :

‘Shark’d up a List of *Landlesse* Resolutes’

appears as 'lawless,' thus again turning distinction into vapid commonplace, and spoiling the rhythm. So 'Dread my Lord' (I. ii. 56), the ordinary Elizabethan phrase, appears as 'My dread lord.' So again the simpler and perfectly intelligible and appropriate expression of Polonius (III. iv. 6) :

Ile *silence* me e'ne heere,

is impertinently altered into 'I'll *sconce*.'

Equally unwarrantable is the substitution of 'lesser' for 'taller' in Le Beau's description of Celia ('As You Like It,' I. ii. 272). In the 'Tempest,' V. i. 70-72, we find :

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter,
To an unsettled fancie, Cure thy braines
(Now uselesse) boile within thy skull.

In Elizabethan grammar nothing is so common as the omission of the relative pronoun, even when a construction intolerably harsh to us is the result. It will scarcely be believed that the *Globe* editors have substituted for this the inexpressibly ludicrous correction of Pope, 'boiled,' and we are to understand by this that Prospero prays that a solemn Ayre may cure Gonzalo's brains, which had been boiled in his skull! In 'Coriolanus,' I. i. 90 *seqq.* Menenius says :

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I shall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be you have heard it,
But since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To *scale*'t a little more.

Here a most graphic word, meaning to scatter in every direction, and not at all uncommon in Elizabethan English, is deliberately ousted that the vapid and prosaic 'stale' may take its place.

In the beautiful passage in '2 Henry IV.,' Act IV. v. 35-36 the Folio reads :

By his Gates of breath,
There lies a *dowlney* feather, which stirres not.

the word 'dowlney,' or 'dowlne,' being the common Elizabethan spelling of 'downy' and 'down.' This is altered into 'downy,' greatly impairing the rhythm, whether 'l' was sounded or not.

It is not necessary to add further instances, but it may be safely said that our Victorian text must contain some hundreds of unnecessary deviations from the text of the First Folio, and when we remember that it not only modernises the spelling, but the grammar, as well as adopts not infrequently a new regulation of the text, it is easy to see how far we are from the original.

In 1632 appeared the Second Folio, and with the Second Folio begins the systematic corruption of the text. In the main it is a reprint of the First, preserving the same pagination. It corrects some of the obvious errors of the First, but adds many more of its own. This was succeeded in 1663 by the Third Folio, which, in addition to the plays comprised in the First and Second, contained seven additional ones, all spurious with the exception of 'Pericles,' or rather parts of

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Pericles. This is a reprint of the Second, and on the whole a faithful reprint, correcting, however, some of its obvious errors, but, like the Second, adding errors of its own. The Fourth Folio, a reprint of the Third, but modernising much of the phraseology, and adding further corruptions, appeared in 1685. Then came in 1709 'Rowe,' the first editor in the proper sense of the term. But as his text, instead of being based on the First Folio, was simply a revised reprint of the Fourth, he contributed very little to the formation of a sound text. What little he did was chiefly confined to supplying the defects of the Folios by dividing and numbering the acts and scenes, and by prefixing a list of *dramatis personæ* to those plays in which they were wanting. He corrected here and there a palpable misprint, and he made a few conjectures. Rowe was succeeded in 1725 by Pope, and Pope, eight years after, by Theobald.

It is not necessary for the purposes of this Introduction to review the long dynasty of editors who followed, and to whom we are in various ways indebted for the elucidation of Shakespeare's works. My business is simply to point out and illustrate the necessity of basing a sound study of his writings on familiarity with the original text. With that text in our hands we can judge for ourselves how far deviations from it are desirable or necessary; how far and when conjectural emendation is really justifiable, and how far and when it is mere impertinence. Certainly there is no more interesting chapter in the history of literary criticism, whether as illustrating an insight, an acumen, and a taste which momentarily place a critic almost on a level with the genius he is elucidating, or as illustrating the depths of stupidity, opacity,

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and folly to which vanity can sink men than the records of Shakespearean textual recension.

Undoubtedly the text of the First Folio abounds in *cruces* on which ingenuity can legitimately exercise itself. And our gratitude should be as ungrudgingly bestowed on those who honestly grapple with them, and get light out of darkness, as our contempt belongs to those whose puny vanity induces them to interfere unnecessarily with what needs no alteration, simply that they may get a niche in such annals of impertinence and imbecility, as the apparatus at the foot of the pages in the Cambridge edition affords.

Conjectural emendations where they are justifiable—that is, where the text is corrupt and unintelligible, or where there is a reasonable suspicion that a wrong word has been substituted for a right—may be divided into two classes: those which may be accepted without hesitation, and those which, however ingenious and plausible, should not be allowed a place in the text. Let us take a few illustrations of each. Dame Quickly, in ‘Henry V.,’ II. iii. 15-17, is describing Falstaff’s death, and both the Quartos and First Folio, followed by the others, read :

After I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile upon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields.

Here there is something plainly wrong, either to be accounted for by corruption or the importation of irrelevant matter, probably some note scribbled on the margin of the manuscripts, into the text. Theobald, by the alteration of one letter and the addition of another,

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flashed out what is probably the most felicitous emendation in the world :

a' babbled of greene fields.

It is exceedingly doubtful whether Shakespeare wrote this, but of one thing we may feel certain, that he would have adopted it. Again in 'Timon of Athens,' IV. iii. 127-129 we find :

Let not the Virgins cheeke
Make soft thy trenchant Sword : for those Milke pappes
That through the *window Barne* bore at mens eyes.

When Theobald substitutes 'window Lawne'—i.e. lawn transparent as a window—and we remember Phineas Fletcher's :

Lest eyes should surfeit with too greedy sight,
Transparent lawnes with-hold, more to increase delight.
Purple Island, Canto II. St. 8.

we feel instinctively that he has recovered what the poet wrote. So in the same play (I. i. 33-34), when we read :

Our Poesie is as a Gowne, which uses
From whence 'tis nourisht.

we know that desperate corruption is crying aloud for remedy, and we know that the remedy is found in

Our Poesie is as a Gumme which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished.

In 'Antony and Cleopatra,' I. iv. 51-53, one absurd word makes nonsense of a very fine passage :

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This common bodie,
Like to a Vagabond Flagge upon the Stremme,
Goes too, and backe, *lacking* the varrying tyde
*To rot it selfe with motion.

Theobald substitutes 'lacquying,' and we know we have got what the poet wrote, or would have gratefully adopted.

So again in the same play (V. ii. 106-107) :

An *Anthony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping.

'Autumn,' a conjecture confirmed by the context, sets all right.

Again in 'Macbeth,' I. vii. 8 *seqq.*, where we find :

That but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, upon this Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'l jump the life to come.

we are satisfied that the removal of the full stop at 'all' and the alteration of 'Schoole' into 'Shoal,' restores the genuine text. No possible exception could be taken to any of the following, which may be added to those referred to earlier in this Introduction :—

Oh that she could speake now, like a *would*-woman.
'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' II. iii. 30.

'Wood' (mad).

Som Dick
• That smiles his cheeke in *yeares*.
'Love's Labour's Lost,' V. ii. 517.

'In jeers.'

Now I see
The mistrie of your *lovelinessse*.
'All's Well,' I. iii. 170-171.

'Loneliness.'

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Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would have spoke,
Was beastly *dumbe* by him.

‘Antony and Cleopatra,’ I. v. 56-57.

‘*Dumb'd* by him.’

All plum'd like Estridges, that *with* the Winde.
‘1 Henry IV.,’ IV. i. 112.

‘*Wing* the winde.’

Nor on him put
The *Naples* Vesture of Humilitie.
‘Coriolanus,’ II. i. 262-264.

‘*Napless.*’

What harme can your *beesome* Conspectuities gleane out
of this Charracter.

Id., II. i. 65-66.

‘*Bisson.*’ (blind or bleared).

Will these *moyst* Trees,
That have out liv'd the Eagle.
‘Timon,’ IV. iii. 243-244.

‘*Moss'd.*’

An. Why, would that have mended my haire?
To. Past question, for thou seest it will not *coole* my *nature*.
‘Twelfth Night,’ I. iii. 94-95.

‘*Curl* by *nature.*’

Thy *palenesse* moves me more then eloquence.
‘Merchant of Venice,’ III. ii. 112.

‘*Plainness.*’ Here the context absolutely confirms the
correction.

Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or *Hym*.
‘Lear,’ III. vi. 30.

‘*Lym*,’ a species of bloodhound.

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You Gods, I *pray*.

'Coriolanus,' V. iii. 52.

'Prate.'

These are typical of hundreds of others, and these are obviously such corrections as a proof reader might and should have made. In the second class come many which certainly improve what is found in the Folio, and are such as Shakespeare might have adopted, but yet leave us doubtful as to whether they do restore what the poet actually wrote. Such would be Theobald's substitution of 'the sun' for 'the same' in 'Romeo and Juliet,' I. i. 154-155.

Ere he can spread his sweete leaves to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to *the same*.

But the turn of the original is so common in Elizabethan verse that, flat as it seems to us, it may yet have been what the poet wrote. The same may be said of Theobald's exquisite substitute of 'witch' for 'watch' in

To sit and *watch* me as *Ascanius* did,
When he to madding *Dido* would unfold, etc.
'2 Henry VI.,' III. ii. 127-128.

So, too, of his correction, 'make' for 'mock,' in 'Othello,' III. iii. 193-195:

Oh, beware my Lord, of *jealousie*,
It is the *greene-ey'd* Monster, which doth *mocke*
The meat it feeds on.

Of the improvement made by the substitution of this word there can be no question, but it is possible the original reading is correct. Nothing could

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be happier than the following, which are perfectly justified by the plain corruption of the original text, and yet we should hesitate about pronouncing them conclusive :—

Her insuite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate.

‘All’s Well,’ V. iii. 249-250.

‘Her infinite cunning.’

For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points *Marke Antony* :
Our Armes *in strength of malice*, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in.

‘Julius Cæsar,’ III. i. 195-198.

‘Our Arms *in strength of amitie*.’

As amity is a favourite word with Shakespeare, there is much to support the probability of this conjecture. On the other hand, perverted ingenuity could scarcely go further than Staunton’s suggested emendation of ‘Cymbeline,’ V. i. 21-23 :

“Tis enough
That (Britaine) I have kill’d thy Mistris : Peace,
Ile give no wound to thee.

‘I have kill’d thy *Mistris-piece*,’ though it is supported, as Ingleby notes, by a passage in Ford’s ‘Lady’s Trial,’ I. ii :

Him have we beleaguer’d to accost
This she-piece,

and possibly by ‘Winter’s Tale,’ I. ii. 53-54 :

I love thee not a Jarre o’ th’Clock, behind
What Lady she her Lord.

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In 'Henry IV.,' I. i. 5 :

No more the thirsty *entrance* of this Soile,
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood.

plainly cries for correction, and in all probability Monk Mason's brilliant conjecture '*Erinnys*' supplies it. Far less successful is Singer's suggested amendment of the obscure expression in 'As You Like It,' II. vii. 77 :

Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe,
namely, 'the *wearer's* very meanes.'

The desperate passage in 'Timon of Athens,' IV. iii. 13-14 :

It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,
The want that makes him leave.

has been by the united suggestions of Rowe and Singer thus amended :

It is the Pasture lords the *rother's* sides,
The want that makes him leane.

which would be perfectly satisfactory if 'rother'—an ox—were ever found without the addition of 'beast'; but according to Ingleby no such instance has been found. Of the many attempts to amend the well-known *crux* in 'Hamlet,' I. iv. 19, which is not, however, found in the First Folio—

The dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandle.

Theobald's still remains the best :

The dram of *base*
Doth all the noble substance of worth dout,

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—i.e. extinguish—supported as it is by ‘Cymbeline,’ III. v. 110-111:

From whose so many waights of basenesse, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.

The famous *cruces*, such as that in ‘Winter’s Tale,’ II. i. 161-163:

If it prove
Shee’s otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her.

that in ‘Tempest,’ III. i. 16-17:

But these sweet thoughts, doe even refresh my labour,
Most busie least, when I doe it.

that in ‘Much Ado about Nothing,’ V. i. 18-20:

If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
And sorrow, wagge, crie hem, when he should grone.

and that in ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ III. ii. 5-7:

Spred thy close Curtaine Love-performing night,
That *run-awayes eyes may wincke*, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, untalkt of and unseene.

These and some other passages have never been satisfactorily emended and explained.

On the other hand, corruption has often been assumed where the text is probably quite sound, the obscurity arising from Shakespeare’s abrupt terseness or plethoric superfetation of thought and careless impatience of elaboration. Such would be ‘Timon of Athens,’ I. i. 61-63:

My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves it selfe
In a wide Sea of wax.

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‘Antony and Cleopatra,’ V. ii. 204-205 :

I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits
Through th’ Ashes of my chance.

‘As You Like It,’ II. vii. 57-61 :

Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart
Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,
The Wise-mans folly is anathomiz’d
Even by the squandring glances of the foole.

in all of which cases the obscurity rises from Shakespeare’s constant habit of defying grammatical expression and writing purely *ad sensum*. Nor in all probability is there any necessity for altering in ‘Timon of Athens,’ II. ii. 181-182 :

I have retyr’d me to a wastefull cocke,
And set mine eyes at flow.

where there is evidently, as is so often the case in Shakespeare, the collision of two images — a ‘wasteful cock’ meaning in one sense a lonely or desolate attic, and in another the key setting a water-conduit a-broach. To transform this into a ‘wakefull couche’ on the supposition that in the compositor’s upper case the ‘st’ and ‘k’ are in contiguous boxes, and could therefore easily have got mixed, is, however ingenious, wholly unwarrantable. Shakespeare, when writing in verse, seldom wrote flat prose.

Conjectural emendations should never be resorted to unless they are fully justified, and they are never justified except in cases where the original makes no sense,

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

and is plainly corrupt ; otherwise they are nothing less than sacrilegious impertinences. Their sole justification is their necessity. No language can be strong enough to denounce such attempts to rewrite Shakespeare as we find in Payne Collier's pseudo-antique corrector, or in such works as Sidney Walker's 'Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare,' and Staunton's 'Unsuspected Corruptions in the Text of Shakespeare.' In atrocities like these scarcely a word is allowed to stand unchallenged : the question is not what Shakespeare wrote, but what in the opinion of these critics he ought to have written, or might have written. And thus the authentic text of our great national poet has come to resemble the walls of the room in which he is said to have been born : every vain criticaster aspires to scribble some memento of himself upon it.

No doubt Shakespeare has hundreds and thousands of readers who simply want to read him with ease and comfort, and to whom a text presenting no impediments at all, either in spelling or punctuation, or in structure and phraseology, is an attraction. For their needs the ordinary Victorian texts, of which the *Globe* edition is the prototype, will suffice.

But there must be a large and constantly increasing class, even among general readers, who, if the means of studying the poet critically were conveniently within their reach, would gladly avail themselves of them. To these readers the present edition is dedicated, and for them it is designed. At a very moderate price, and in a type as clear and legible as type can be, they are here presented with what can only be obtained elsewhere at a very high price, or, if at a lower, in a form excruciating to the eyes—the only authentic

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

text of Shakespeare, the text on which every critical study of him must be based. With this in their hands they will be able to follow the fortunes of that text in every generation, to judge for themselves where deviations from it are justifiable and where they are not. They will no longer be at the mercy of cranks and fribbles, but will see at a glance the liberties which have been taken, both with his phraseology and with his rhythm. And they will, I think, come to understand that the principle of tenacious conservatism, even in minutiae, to the original text, relaxed only in cases of absolute necessity, is founded on something deeper and wiser than the superstitions of mere pedantry.

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

OXFORD,
October, 1906

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EXPLANATORY

Text

First Folio, 1623.

Line Numbering

At top of page, *Globe* Edition, every *poetical* line of which is numbered ; at side of page, *First Folio*, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are *not* numbered, because they are not in *First Folio*.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in *Globe*, or parts of text in *Globe* but not in *First Folio*, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete *Quarto*.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, ¹*blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in *italics* *First Folio* words emended ; in *bold-face*, emendations adopted in *Globe* : in *small capitals*, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations

1Q. equals *First Quarto*, **2Q.** *Second Quarto*, and so on ;
1, 3-5Q. equals *First*, *Third*, *Fourth*, and *Fifth Quartos*,
all substantially agreeing ; **Qq.** equals all early *Quartos*.
2F. equals *Second Folio*, **3F.** *Third Folio*, and so on ;
2-4F. equals *Second*, *Third*, and *Fourth Folios*, all sub-
stantially agreeing.
L equals *line*, **ll.** equals *lines*.

THE TEMPEST

First printed in First Folio, 1623

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

'THE TEMPEST' is a well-rounded and mature drama of incident, hinged upon supernatural deeds.

A violent tempest drives a vessel from its course and wrecks it upon the coast of an enchanted island, whereon dwell Prospero, his daughter Miranda, and their deformed slave Caliban. While the storm is in progress, Prospero tells his daughter his past history, stating that he had once been Duke of Milan, but was driven from his dukedom by his brother Antonio. This had happened when Miranda was three years of age. He had succeeded in escaping to this island, where for twelve years he had devoted himself to her education and to the study of magic. He ends his recital by informing Miranda that the tempest has been raised by magic, and that it has brought, in the vessel which they have seen wrecked, all his enemies into his power.

The refugees escape safely to land, where Ferdinand, the King of Naples' son, is lost from the rest, and is led by Prospero to his cell. The prince and Miranda fall in love with each other.

The second act relates the wanderings of various members of the shipwrecked band, who are watched by Ariel, chief of spirits in Prospero's employ.

THE TEMPEST

Act III continues the narrative of their tribulations, and of how they are tantalized by the vision of a spectral feast set by Ariel.

Meanwhile Prospero has discovered the loves of the two young people, and is testing the prince's fidelity by setting him to do hard labour.

In Act IV Ferdinand proves his worth and is released from servitude by Prospero, who bestows his daughter's hand upon him, and entertains the lovers with magic spectacles. At this juncture a trio of conspirators who have plotted to murder Prospero meet with punishment at Ariel's hands.

The shipwrecked company are finally brought, in Act V, before Prospero, who is moved to compassion because of their sufferings. He reveals his identity to them and grants forgiveness, which they ask, for ancient wrongs. The prince's father also approves the union of Ferdinand and Miranda. Prospero renounces the magic art, and the entire company proceed home by means of the magically preserved ship, where Prospero's dukedom is restored to him.

SOURCES

Shakespeare is thought to have founded 'The Tempest' upon some older story or chronicle, though this has not yet been discovered. Collins, the poet, once alluded to a novel, 'Aurelio and Isabella,' written in one of the Romance languages, which seemed to tally with 'The Tempest'; but this novel was lost if ever written.

The plot is clearly connected with stories and facts of adventure then rife. In 1609 Sir George Sommers's ship, the 'Sea Venture,' was wrecked in the Bermudas, and the discovery of these islands roused

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wide comment. One of the published accounts of this, by Silvester Jourdain, was entitled 'A Discov-
ery of the Barmudas, otherwise called the Ile of
Divels: by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers,
and Captayne Newport, with diuers others. London,
1610.' This pamphlet speaks of the general belief
that the Bermudas 'were never inhabited by any
Christian or Heathen people,' but were 'reputed a
most prodigious and enchanted place'; stating, never-
theless, that those who were wrecked there lived com-
fortably and found the country fruitful and pleasant.

That Shakespeare had this discovery in mind when he wrote his play is evinced by numerous parallels. But Prospero's command to Ariel 'to fetch dew from the still vex'd Bermoothes' (Act I, Scene ii) would indicate that the poet did not wish to lay the scene of action in that spot. The story alone is to be connected with the Bermudas, while the scene is laid in 'an un-inhabited Island,' called Fairyland.

From Eden's 'History of Travayle' (1577), Shakespeare may have obtained some names, such as Ferdinand, Alonso, Sebastian, Gonzales, Setebos, and a few details.

Gonzalo's speech describing his commonwealth (Act II, Scene i) bears strong resemblance to a passage written 'Of the Caniballes,' in Florio's translation of Montaigne's 'Essays.'

The name of Caliban is a variant on the old spelling of 'canibal,' which, in turn, is another form of 'Cari-
bal,' or inhabitant of the Caribbean Sea. And Cali-
ban's brutish nature bears out the likeness in names.

Ariel is 'an ayrie Spirit,' as Shakespeare puts it. His name also occurs in rabbinical literature, among the names of angels.

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The opening lines of Prospero's invocation in Act V may have been suggested by similar lines in Book XV of Golding's 'Ovid.'

A play by Jacob Ayrer of Nuremberg, called 'The Fair Sidea,' published in 1618, shows a strong similarity to Shakespeare's play, and has been supposed by some to be a German version of the same original which Shakespeare followed. But it seems more probable that Ayrer derived his play from witnessing a performance of English strolling players, or by translating 'The Tempest' itself.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

'The Tempest' is one of the few plays which adhere strictly to the old rules governing 'Unity of Time.' The entire action is included within three or four hours, running between two and six in the afternoon of one day. This is brought out clearly in several places. In Prospero's first interview with Ariel, the sprite informs his master that it is 'past the mid-season.' And Prospero rejoins: 'At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now must by us both be spent most preciously.' In Act V the time is verified in four places, finally where the boatswain finds the vessel safe, 'which, but three glasses since, we gave out split.' It has been claimed that the sailor's glass was only a half-hour glass, but the playwright certainly follows landsman's reckoning.

The period when it was supposed to have taken place was the present of Shakespeare's day.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

'The Tempest' falls readily into a class with the maturer plays. It was produced between the years

INTRODUCTION

1603 and 1611, the earlier limit being established by the reference to Montaigne alluded to above. Florio's translation of the 'Essays' did not appear until 1603. The later limit of 1611 is determined by the 'Court Revels' of James I's reign, which contains the following entry under the years 1611-12: 'By the King's Players. Hallomas nyght was presented att Whithall before ye King's Ma^{te} a play called the *Tempest*.'

Ben Jonson very probably alludes to the play in his 'Bartholomew Fair' (1612-14): 'If there be never a Servant-monster i' the Fayre, who can help it, he sayes; nor a nest of Antiques? Hee is loth to make nature afraid in his Playes, like those that beget Tales, Tempests, and such like Drolleries.'

In 1613 the play appears among the list of those acted at court.

The internal evidence fixes the date even closer than does the external. We have previously seen that the plot is intimately allied to the expedition to the Bermudas made in the summer of 1609, and told about in pamphlet form in 1610.

The play was written, in all probability, in 1611.

EARLY EDITIONS

In the authoritative First Folio edition of 1623, 'The *Tempest*' occupies the first nineteen pages, this being the earliest known printing of the play. Its position at the head of the plays was arbitrary with the editors, though the placing may bear evidence of its popularity at that time. The text has come to us in a purer state than others, perhaps because it was the first one the printers set up, and they were more careful with it. On account of this, and the fact that there were no earlier Quarto versions to question its

THE TEMPEST

uthority, 'The Tempest' has been comparatively free from editorial revisions in succeeding editions.

The play is the shortest of all, except 'The Comédie of Errors,' but was lengthened in presentation by the Masque and other stage pageantry introduced. The Epilogue is supposed to be by another writer.

THE TEMPEST

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*

PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan.*

ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples.*

GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor.*

ADRIAN, }
FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

TRINCULO, *a Jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship.

Boatswain.

Mariners.

MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS, }
CERES, }
JUNO, }
Nymphs, }
Reapers, } *presented by Spirits.*

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE: *A ship at sea: an island.*]

THE TEMPEST

¶

Actus primus, Scena prima.

[On a ship at sea.]

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Skipper, and a Boteswaine.

Master.

BOYE-SWAINE.

Botes. Heere Master: What cheere?

*Mast. Good: Speake to th'Mariners: fall | too't,
yarely,¹ or we run our selves a ground, | bestirre,
bestirre.*

^{1 lively} Exit.

Enter Mariners.

10

*Botes. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts:
yare, yare:² Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th'Masters
whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome e-
nough.*

^{2 quick}

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand,
Gonzalo, and others.*

*Alon. Good Boteswaine have care: where's the Ma-
ster? Play the men.*

15. Antonio: Antonio-Rowe; all through—CAPELL.

15. Ferdinand: Ferdinand-Rowe.

Botes. I pray now keepe below.

Antb. Where is the Master, Boson? 20

Botes. Do you not heare him? you marre our Labour,
Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Botes. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roa-
ters for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble
us not. 26

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Botes. None that I more love then my selfe. You are
a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to si-
lence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not
hand a rope more, use your authoritie: If you cannot,
give thankes you have liv'd so long, and make your
selfe readie in your Cabines for the mischance of the
houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our
way I say. *Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks
he hath no drowning marke upon him, his complexion
is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his han-
ging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our
owne doth little advantage: If he be not borne to bee
hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exit.* 41

Enter Boteswaine.

Botes. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower,
bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plague——

A cry witbin. Enter Sebastian, Antonio & Gonzalo.
upon this howling: they are lowder then the weather,
or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we
give ore and drowne, have you a minde to drinke?

Sebas. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous incharitable Dog. 50

Botes. Worke you then.

Ansb. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noyse-maker, we are lesse afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship wers no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Botes. Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost. 60

Botes. What must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

Sebas. I'am out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards, This wide-chopt-rascall, would thou mightst lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water sweare against it,
And gape at widst to glut him. *A confused noyse within.*
Mercy on us. 71

We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children,
Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.

Ansb. Let's all sinke with' King

Seb. Let's take leave of him. *Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of Sea,
for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne

62-3. new l. at For-Pope. 66-7. new l. at The-Pope.

71-3. as stage cries indicating *confused noyse within*-CAPELL.

74. *with' King:* with the king-Roxe.

firs, any thing; the wills above be done, but I would
faine dye a dry death.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

[*The island.*]

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my dearest father) you have
Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:
The skye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke,
Dashes the fire out. Oh! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: A brave vessell
(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke 10
Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Have suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting¹ Soules within her. 1 lading

Pres. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart
there's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Pres. No harme: 20
I have done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who⁸
Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
 I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand 30
 And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
 [Lays down his mantle.]
 Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
 The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
 The very vertue of compassion in thee:
 I have with such provision¹ in mine Art 1 foresight
 So safely ordered, that there is no soule
 No not so much perdition as an hayre
 Betid to any creature in the vessell
 Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke: Sit
 downe, |
 For thou must now know farther. 40

Mira. You have often
 Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
 And left me to a bootelesse Inquisition,
 Concluding, stay: not yet.

Pros. The howr's now come
 The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
 Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
 A time before we came unto this Cell?
 I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not
 Out three yeeres old. 50

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house, or person?
 Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
 Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis farre off:
 And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
 That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
 Fowre, or five women once, that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst; and more *Miranda*: But how is it
 That this lives in thy minde? What seest thou els 60

In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?
 Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,
 How thou cam'st here thou maist.

Mira. But that I doe not.

Pros. Twelve yere since (*Miranda*) twelve yere since,
 Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and
 A Prince of power:

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Pros. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
 She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father 70
 Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,
 And Princesse; no worse Issued.

Mira. O the heavens,
 What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?
 Or blessed was't we did?

Pros. Both, both my Girle.
 By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heav'd thence,
 But blessedly holpe hither.

Mira. O my heart bleedes 79
 To thinke oth' teene¹ that I have turn'd you to, ¹grief
 Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

Pros. My brother and thy uncle, call'd *Antonio*:
 I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
 Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
 Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
 The mannage of my state, as at that time
 Through all the signories it was the first,
 And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
 In dignity; and for the liberal Artes,
 Without a paralell; those being all my studie, 90
 The Government I cast upon my brother,
 And to my State grew stranger, being transported

71. *and his*: and thou his—HAMMER.

And rapt in secret studies, thy false uncle
(Do'st thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
how to deny them: who t'advance, and who
To trash¹ for over-topping; new created ^{1 lop off}
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em; having both the key, 100
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
The Ivy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And suckt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Pros. I pray thee marke me:
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being so retir'd
Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my false brother 110
Awak'd an evill nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my revenew yeedded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a synner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleeve 120
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th'Substitution
And executing th'outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogative: hence his Ambition growing:
Do'st thou heare?

137. *exact.* *Liks:* exact, like-Rowl.

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.

Pros. To have no Schreene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Absolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedom large enough: of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates 130
(so drie¹ he was for Sway) with King of *Naples* ¹thirst
To give him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subject his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet unbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the heavens:

Pros. Marke his condition, and th'event, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sinne
To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother, 140
Good wombes have borne bad sonnes.

Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedom, and confer faire *Millaine*
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie levied, one mid-night 150
Fated to th' purpose, did *Antbonio* open
The gates of *Millaine*, and ith' dead of darkenesse
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe.

Mir. Alack, for pitty:
I not rememb'ring how I cride out then

129. *realties*: royalties—3-4F.

131. *with King*: wi'the King—CAPELL.

Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'le bring thee to the present businesse 160
Which now's upon's: without the which, this Story
Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That howre destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My Tale provokes that question: Deare, they durst not,
So deare the love my people bore me: nor set
A marke so hcloudy on the businesse; but
With colours fairer, painted their soule ends.
In few, they hurried us a-boord a Barke, 170
Bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: There they hoyst us
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to us; to sigh
To th' windes, whose pitty sighing backe againe
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro. O, a Cherubin 180
Thou was't that did preserve me; Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomacke, to beare up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we a shore?
* *Pro.* By providence divine,

Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that

172. *Butt:* boat-Rowe.

A noble *Neopolitan Gonzalo* 190
 Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
 Master of this designe) did give us, with
 Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries
 Which since have steeded much, so of his gentlenesse
 Knowing I lov'd my bookes, he furnishd me
 From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
 I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
 But ever see that man.

Pro. Now I arise, [*Resumes his mantle.*] 200
 Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow:
 Heere in this Iland we arriv'd, and heere
 Have I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
 Then other Princesse can, that have more time
 For vainer howres; and Tutors, not so carefull.

Mir. Hevens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
 For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason
 For raysing this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth, 210
 By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune*
 (Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
 Brought to this shore: And by my prescience
 I finde my *Zenith* doth depend upon
 A most auspicious starre, whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
 Will ever after droope: Heare cease more questions,
 Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse,
 And give it way: I know thou canst not chuse:

[*Miranda sleeps.*] 220
 Come away, Servant, come; I am ready now,
 Approach my *Ariel*. Come. *Enter Ariel.*
Ari. All haile, great Master, grave Sir, haile: I come
 204. *Princesse: princesses-CAMBRIDGE.*

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
 To swim, to dive into the fire: to ride
 On the curld clowds: to thy strong bidding, taskē
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,
 Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

Ar. To every Article.

I boorded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,
 Now in the Waste,¹ the Decke, in every Cabyn, 230
 I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd divide ¹ *midship*
 And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,
 The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I flame distinctly,
 Then meete, and joyne. *Joves* Lightning, the precursors
 O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
 And sight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
 Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
 Yea, his dread Trident shake.

Pro. My brave Spirit, 240
 Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle²
 Would not infect his reason? ² *turmoil*

Ar. Not a soule
 But felt a Feaver of the madde, and plaid
 Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
 Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;
 Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*
 With haire up-staring (then like reeds, not haire)
 Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
 And all the Divels are heere. 250

Pro. Why that's my spirit:
 But was not this nyc shore?

233. *Bore-spritt*: bowsprit—POPE.

246-7. *vessell*; *Then all .. me the*: vessel, *Then all .. me*: the—
 Rowz.

Ar. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (*Ariell*) safe?

Ar. Not a haire perishd:

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,
In troops I have dispersd them 'bout the Isle:
The Kings sonne have I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes, 260
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting
His armes in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,
And all the rest o'th'Fleet?

Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou callidst me up at midnight to fetch dewe
From the still-vext *Bermootbes*, there she's hid;
The Marriners all under hatches stowed, 270
Who, with a Charme joynd to their suffred labour
I have left asleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleet
(Which I dispers'd) they all have met againe,
And are upon the *Mediterranian Flote*¹ 1 *flood*
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:
What is the time o'th'day? 280

Ar. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since thou dost giye me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moodie?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ar. My Libertie.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more: 290

Ar. I prethee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promise
To bate¹ me a full yeere. 1^{abate}

Pro. Do'st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.

Pro. Thou do'st: & thinkst it much to tread the Ooze
Of the salt deepe;
To run upon the sharpe winde of the North, 300
To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ar. I doe not Sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy
Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?

Ar. No Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:

Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so: I must 310
Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For mischiefes manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*

Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did
They wold not take her life: Is not this true? *Ar.* I, Sir.

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with
child, |

297. new l. at *Ar.*—*Porz.*

316. new l. at *Ar.*—*Rowe.*

And here was left by th'Saylors; thou my slave,
 As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her servant,
 And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate 320
 To act her earthy, and abhord commands,
 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
 By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
 And in her most unmittigable rage,
 Into a cloven Pyne, within which rift
 Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remaine
 A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,
 And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes
 As fast as Mill-wheele's strike: Then was this Island
 (Save for the Son, that he did littour heere, 330
 A frekell'd whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
 A humane shape.

Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her sonne.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*
 Whom now I keepe in service, thou best know'st
 What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones
 Did make wolves howle, and penetrate the breasts
 Of ever-angry Beares; it was a torment
 To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
 Could not againe undoe: it was mine Art, 340
 When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
 The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thanke thee Master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake
 And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ar. Pardon, Master,
 I will be correspondent to command
 And doe my spryting, gently.

319. *wai:* wast-Rows.

330. *be:* she-Rows.

340. *spryting:* spiriting-Rows.

Pro. Doe so: and after two daies 350
I will discharge thee.

Ar. That's my noble Master:
What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?

Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th'Sea,
Be subiect to no sight but thine, and mine: invisible
To every eye-ball else: goe take this shape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. *Exit.*

Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake. 360

Mir. The strangenes of your story, put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
We'll visit *Caliban*, my slave, who never
Yeelds us kinde answere.

Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not love to looke on.

Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in Offices
That profit us: What hoa: slave: *Caliban*: 370
Thou Earth, thou: speake.

Cal. witbin. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water*
Fine apparision: my queint *Ariel*, *Nympb.*
Hearke in thine eare.

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*

Pro. Thou poysinous slave, got by the divell himselfe
Upon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd 380

354-5. 2 ll. ending subject, invisible—MALONE.

357-8. 1 l. ending diligence—POPE.

365-7. 2 ll. ending Sir, 'tis—POPE.

With Ravens feather from unwholesome Fen
 Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,
 And blister you all ore.

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,
 Side-strokes, that shall pen thy breath up, Urchins¹
 Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke ¹imps
 All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
 As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging
 Then Bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner: 390
 This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
 Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
 Thou stroakst me, & made much of me: wouldst give me
 Water with berries in't: and teach me how
 To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
 That burne by day, and night: and then I lov'd thee
 And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
 The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
 Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charmes
 Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light off you: 400
 For I am all the Subjects that you have,
 Which first was min owne King: and here you sty-me
 In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
 The rest o'th' Island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
 Whom stripes may move, not kindnes: I have us'd thee
 (Filth as thou art) with humanc care, and lodg'd thee
 In mine owne Cell, till thou didst secke to violate
 The honor of my childe.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done: 410
 Thou didst prevent me, I had peopel'd else
 This Isle with *Calibans*.

Mira. [Pros.] Abhorred Slave,

393. *made*: madest-Rowe.

413. *Mira.*'s speech given to *Pros.* —THEOBALD

Which any print of goodnessse wilt not take,
 Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
 Took^ppains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre
 One thing or other: when thou didst not (Savage)
 Know thine owne meaning; but wouldest gabble, like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes 419
 With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race¹
 ('Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
 Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou ^{1 stock} Deservedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
 Deserv'd more then a prison.

Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
 Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you
 For learning me your language.

Pros. Hag-seed, hence:
 Fetch us in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best
 To answer other businesse: shrug'st thou (Malice)430
 If thou neglectst, or dost unwillingly
 What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
 Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
 That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
 [Aside] I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
 It would controll my Dams god Setebos,
 And make a vassaile of him.

Pro. So slave, hence.

Exit Cal. 439

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, invisible playing & singing.

Ariel Song. Come unto these yellow sands,
 and then take bands:
 Curtsied when you have, and kist
 the wilde waves whist:

• 441. *Ariel Song: Ariel's song-3-4F.*

*Foote it feathly beere, and thbere, and sweete Sprights beare
the burthen.* Burthen dispersedly.

*Harke, barke, bowgb wawgb: the watch-Dogges barkes,
bowgb-wawgb.*

Ar. Hark, bark, I beare, the straine of strutting Chanticleere | cry cockadidle-dows. 450

Fer. Where shold this Musick be? I'th aire, or th' earth? |

It sounds no more: and sure it waytes upon
Some God 'oth' Iland, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Musicke crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I have follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.

Ariell Song. Full fadom five thy Father lies, 460

*Of his bones are Corrall made:
Those are pearles that were his eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich, & strange:
Sea-Nimbs hourly ring his knell.*

Burthen: ding dong.

Harke now I beare them, ding-dong bell.

*Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall busines, nor no sound* 470

445-6. *bears the burthen: the burthen bear-Poer.*

445-6. 2 ll. ending there and bear-CAPELL.

447-8. 4 ll. ending hark! wow, bark, wow-CAPELL.

449. 2 rhymed ll. ending hear and chanticleer-CAPELL.

450. *Song: sings-CAPELL.*



That the earth owes:¹ I heare it now above me.

Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye advance,
And say what thou see'st yond. ^{1 claims}

Mira. What is't a Spirit?

Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeve me sir,
It carries a brave forme. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses
As we have: such. This Gallant which thou seest
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd²
With greese (that's beauties canker) thou might'st call
him | ^{2 disfigured} 480
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,
And strayes about to finde 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing naturall
I ever saw so Noble.

Pro. [Aside] It goes on I see
As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.

Fer. Most sure the Goddess 489
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine upon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may beare me heere: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?

Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.

Fer. My Language? Heavens:
I am the best of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken. 500

Pro. How? the best?
What wer't thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders

To heare thee speake of *Naples*: he do's heare me,
 And that he do's, I weepe: my selfe am *Naples*,
 Who, with mine eyes (never since at ebbe) beheld
 The King my Father wrack't.

Mir. Alacke, for mercy.

Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
 And his brave sonne, being twaine. 510

Pro. [Aside] The Duke of *Millaine*
 And his more braver daughter, could controll¹ thee
 If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight ¹ confute
 They have chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
 Ile set thee free for this. [To *Fer.*] A word good Sir,
 I feare you have done your selfe some wrong: A word.

Mir. Why speakes my father so ungently? This
 Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
 That ere I sigh'd for: pitty move my father
 To be enclin'd my way. 520

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
 And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
 The Queene of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft sir, one word more. [Aside]
 They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this swift busines
 I must uneasie make, least too light winning
 Make the prize light. [To *Fer.*] One word more: I
 charge thee |
 That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere usurpe
 The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
 Upon this Island, as a spy, to win it 530
 From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a
 Temple, |
 If the ill-spirit have so fayre a house,
 Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.

Pros. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,
Ille manacle thy necke and feete together:
Sea water shalt thou drinke: thy food shall be 539
The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
I will resist such entertainment,¹ till 1 *treatment*
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He drawes, and is charmed from moving.

Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too rash a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle,² and not fearfull.³ 2 *spirited* 3 *barmful*

Pros. What I say,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword up Traitor, 550
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy conscience
Is so possest with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can heere disarne thee with this sticke,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you Father.
Pros. Hence: hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir have pity,
Ille be his surety.

Pros. Silence: One word more 559
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An advocate for an Impostor? Hush:
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
(Having seene but him and *Caliban*:) Foolish wench,
To th'most of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy againe. 570

537. *Pros.*: out-Rowz.

And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:

My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound up:
 My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,
 The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
 To whom I am subdude, are but light to me,
 Might I but through my prison once a day
 Behold this Mayd: all corners else o'th'Earth
 Let liberty make use of: space enough
 Have I in such a prison.

580

Pros. [Aside] It workes: [To *Fer.*] Come on.
 Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell*: [To *Fer.*] follow me,
 [To *Ari.*] Harke what thou else shalt do mee.

Mira. Be of comfort,
 My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
 Then he appeares by speech: this is unwonted
 Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
 As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
 All points of my command.

590

Ariell. To th'syllable.

Pros. Come follow: speake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

[*Another part of the island.*]

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gonz. Beseech you Sir, be merry; you have cause,
 (So have we all) of joy; for our escape
 Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe
 Is common, every day, some Sailors wife,
 The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
 Have just our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,

THE TEMPEST

[II. i. 7-36]

(I meane our preservation) few in millions 10
 Can speake like us: then wisely (good Sir) weigh
 Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Alons. Prethee peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The Visitor will not give him ore so.

Seb. Looke, hee's winding up the watch of his wit,
 By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. One: Tell.¹

^{1 count}

Gon. When every grecfe is entertaind, 20
 That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.

Seb. A doller.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you have spoken
 truer then you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier then I meant you
 should.

Gon. Therefore my Lord.

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.

Alon. I pre-thee spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet

30

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
 First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

40

Ant. So: you'r paid.

16-17. prose-POPE.

20-1. new l. at Comes-CAPELL.

32-3. prose-POPE.

40-1. 1 l.; *Ant.*'s speech given to *Seb.*-THEOBALD.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not misse't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperature.¹

¹ climate

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The ayre breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

51

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.

Gon. Heere is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save meanes to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grasse lookes?

How greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of greene in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

60

Seb. No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the variety of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit.

Seb. As many voucht varieties are.

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salte water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, would it not say he lies?

70

Seb. I, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.

Adri. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not since widdow *Dido*'s time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widow dow in? Widdow *Dido*! 81

Seb. What if he had said Widdower *Aeneas* too? Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow *Dido* said you? You make me study of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

Adri. *Carthage*? *Gon.* I assure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too. 89

Ant. What impossible matter wil he make easy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his pocket, and give it his sonne for an Apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. I. *Ant.* Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widdow *Dido*. 100

Ant. O Widdow *Dido*? I, Widdow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

87. new l. at *Gon.*-Rowe.

88. *Ant.*'s speech given to *Seb.*-CAMBRIDGE.

95. new l. at *Ant.*-Rowe.

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against
the stomacke of my sense: would I had never
Married my daughter there: For comming thence
My sonne is lost, and (in my rate¹) she too,
Who is so farre from *Italy* removed, ¹*judgment* 110
I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire
Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what strange fish
Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may live,
I saw him beate the surges under him,
And ride upon their backes; he trod the water
Whose enmity he flung aside: and brested
The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke 120
To th'shore; that ore his wave-worne basis bowed
As stooping to releeve him: I not doubt
He came alive to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.
Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse,
That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loose her to an *Affrican*,
Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace. 130
Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise
By all of us: and the faire soule her selfe
Waigh'd betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at
Which end o'th'beame should bow: we have lost your
son, |
I feare for ever: *Millaine* and *Naples* have
Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making,
Then we bring men to comfort them:
The faults your owne.

Alon. So is the deer'st oth'losse.

Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*,

140

The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse,
And time to speake it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And most Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foule weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowle weather? *Ant.* Very foule.

Gon. Had I plantation¹ of this Isle my Lord.

Ant. Hee'd sow't with Nettle-seed. ¹colonization

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes. ¹⁵⁰

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th'Commonwealth I would (by contraries)
Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke
Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:
Letters should not be knowne: Riches, poverty,
And use of service, none: Contract, Succession,
Borne, bound of Land, Tilth,² Vineyard none:
No use of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:
No occupation, all men idle, all: ²tillage ¹⁶⁰
And Women too, but innocent and pure:
No Soveraignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Commonwealth forgets
the beginning. ³war-machine ⁴plenty

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce
Without sweat or endevour: Treason, fellony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine³
Would I not have: but Nature should bring forth
Of it owne kinde, all foyzon,⁴ all abundance ¹⁷⁰

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaves,

Gon. I would with such perfection governe Sir:

T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Save his Majesty. *Ant.* Long live *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir?

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to me. |

Gon. I do well beleeve your Highnesse, and did it to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes use to laugh at nothing. 182

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. And it had not falne flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of brave mettal: you would lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue in it five weekes without changing. 190

Enter Ariell [invisible] playing solemne Musick.

Seb. We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heavy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare us.

[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*]

Alon. What, all so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes

Would (with themselves) shut up my thoughts,
I finde they are inclin'd to do so. 200

Seb. Please you Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Alon. Thanke you: Wondrous heavy.
[*Alonzo sleeps. Exit Ariel.*]

Seb. What a strange drowsines possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o'th' Clymate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde 210
Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by consent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might
Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th'occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination see's a Crowne
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What? art thou waking? 220
Ant. Do you not heare me speake?
Seb. I do, and surely
It is a sleepy Language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleepe
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving:
And yet so fast asleepe.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink'st
199-206. 7 five-accent ll. ending find, sir, it, doth, lord, rest,
heavy-Pope.

Whiles thou art waking.

230

Seb. Thou do'st snore distinctly,
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.

Seb. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebbe
Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

240

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it
You more invest it: ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or sloth.

Seb. 'Pre-thee say on,
The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaine
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

Ant. Thus Sir: 250
Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's alive,
'Tis as impossible that hee's undrown'd,
As he that sleepes heere, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That hee's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope, 260
What great hope have you? No hope that way, Is

Another way so high a hope, that even
 Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
 But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
 That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribell.*

Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis*: she that dwels
 Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from *Naples*
 Can have no note, unlesse the Sun were post: 271
 The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes
 Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
 We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,
 (And by that destiny) to performe an act
 Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
 In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stiffe is this? How say you?
 'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,
 So is she heyre of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions 280
 There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit
 Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*
 Measure us backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,
 And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
 That now hath sciz'd them, why they were no worse
 Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
 As well as he that sleepes: Lords, that can prate
 As amply, and unnecessarily
 As this *Gonzallo*: I my selfe could make 290
 A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
 The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this
 For your advancement? Do you understand me?

Seb. Me thinkes I do.

Ant. And how do's your content¹ ¹ desire
 Tender² your owne good fortune? ² incline
Seb. I remember ³ chiblain
 You did supplant your Brothet *Prospero*.

Ant. True:

And looke how well my Garments sit upon me, 300
 Much feater then before: My Brothers servants
 Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience.

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe³
 'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not
 This Deity in my bosome: 'Twentie consciences
 That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,
 And melt ere they mollest: Heere lies your Brother,
 No better then the earth he lies upon, 309
 If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)
 Whom I with this obedient steele (three inches of it)
 Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you doing thus,
 To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
 This ancient morsell: this Sir Prudence, who
 Should not upbraid our course: for all the rest
 They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,
 They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that
 We say befits the houre.

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend
 Shall be my president: As thou got'st *Millaine*, 320
 I'le come by *Naples*: Draw thy sword, one stroke
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paiest,
 And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
 And when I reare my hand, do you the like

298. *Brothet*: brother-2-4F. 320. *president*: precedent-PoE.

To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word.

[*They talk apart.*]

Enter Ariell [invisible] with Musick and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth 330
(For else his project dies) to keepe them living.

Sings in Gonzaloes eare.

Wbile you bere do snoaring lie,

Open-ey'd Conspiracie

His time doth take:

If of Life you keepe a care,

Qbake off slumber and beware.

Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let us both be sodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preserve the King. 340
[*They wake.*]

Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn? ¹
Wherefore this ghastly looking? ^{1 with swords out}

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
(Even now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like Bulls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?
It strooke mine eare most terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare 350
Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?

Gon. Upon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,

I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse,
 That's verily: 'tis best we stand upon our guard;
 Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alb. Lead off this ground & let's make further search
 For my poore sonne. 360

Gon. Heavens keepe him from these Beasts:
 For he is sure i'th Island.

Alb. Lead away.

Ariell. Prospero my Lord, shall know what I have
 done. |
 So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

[Another part of the island.]

*Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of
 Thunder heard.)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes up
 From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
 By yncr-meale a disease: his Spirits heare me,
 And yet I needes must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
 Fright me with Urchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,
 Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
 Out of my way, unlesse he bid 'em; but 10
 For every trifle, are they set upon me,
 Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
 And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
 Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
 Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
 All wound with Adders, who with cloven tongues
 Doe hisse me into madnesse: Lo, now Lo, *Enter*
 Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me *Trinculo.*

12. moe: mow-Dyce.

For bringing wood in slowly: I'le fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me. 20

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it sing ith' winde: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge one, lookes like a foule bumbard¹ that would shed his liquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by paile-fuls. What have we here, a man, or a fish? dead or alive? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the newest poore-John:² a strange fish: were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not a holiday-foule there but would give a peece of silver: there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange beast there, makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like Armes: warme o'my troth: I doe now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Islander, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: [*Thunder.*] Alas, | the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe un- | der his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter herea- | bout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfel- | lowes: I will here shrowd till the dregges of the storme | be past. 1leather jug 2berring 44

Enter Stephano singing [a bottle in his hand].

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, bere shall I dye
asbore. |
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a mans

Funerall: well, here's my comfort. Drinke.

Sings. *The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaiget & I;*
The Gunner, and his Mate 50

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of us car'd for Kate.

For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe bang:

She lov'd not the savour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she dia' itcb.
Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe bang.

This is a scurvy tune too:

But here's my comfort. drinks.

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

60

Ste. What's the matter?

Have we divels here?

Doe you put trickes upon's with Salvages, and Men of
Inde? ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afteard
now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as pro-
per a man as ever went on foure legs, cannot make him
give ground: and it shall be said so againe, while *Ste-
phano* breathes at' nostrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

69

Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs;
who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the divell
should he learne our language? I will give him some re-
lief if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keepe
him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Pre-
sent for any Emperour that ever trod on Neates-lea-
ther.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'le bring my
wood home faster. 78

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the

wiseat; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee have never drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remove his Fit: if I can recover him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Prosper* workes upon thee.

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe. 92

Tri. I should know that voyce:
It should be,
But hee is dround; and these are divels; O de-
fend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a most delicate Monster: his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voice, is to utter foule speeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth. 102

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a divell, and no Monster: I will leave him, I have no long Spooone.

Tri. Stephano: if thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraed, thy good friend *Trinculo*. 109

Ste. If thou bee'st *Trinculo*: come foorth: I'le pull thee by the lesser legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges,

these are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this Moone-calf? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme over-blowne? I hid me under the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou living *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* scap'd?

120

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomacke is not constant.

Cal. [Aside] These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: | that's a brave God, and beares Celestiall li-
quor: I will | kneele to him.

Ste. How did'st thou scape?
How cam'st thou hither?
Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escape
upon a But of Sacke, which the Sailors heaved o're-
boord, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of
a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a'-
shore.

132

Cal. I'le sweare upon that Bottle, to be thy true sub-
ject, for the liquor is not earthly.

St. Heere: sweare then how thou escap'dst.
Tri. Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim
like a Ducke i'le be sworne.

Ste. Here, kisse the Booke.
Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made
like a Goose.

140

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'st any more of this?
Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke

123. and: an-POPE.

123-5. 3 ll. verse ending sprites, liquor, him-JOHNSON.

126-7. prose-POPE.

138-9. prose-POPE.

by th' sea-side, where my Wine is hid:
How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heaven?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the
Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I have scene thee in her: and I doe adore thee:
My Mistris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

Ste. Come, sweare to that: kisse the Booke: I will
furnish it anon with new Contents: Sweare. 151

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Mon-
ster: I afeard of him? a very weake Monster:
The Man ith' Moone?

A most poore credulous Monster:
Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.

Cal. Ile shew thee every fertill ync 'oth Island: and
I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken
Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle. 160

Cal. Ile kisse thy foot. Ile sweare my selfe thy Subject.

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-hea-
ded Monster: a most scurvie Monster: I could finde in
my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kisse.

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke:
An abominable Monster.

Cal. I'le shew thee the best Springs: I'le plucke thee
Berries: I'le fish for thee; and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the Tyrant that I serve; 171
I'le beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou
wondrous man.

143 prose-POPE. 154-6. prose-POPE. 167-8. prose-POPE.
169-73. 5 ll. verse ending berries, enough, serve, thee, man-
POPE.

Tri. A most rediculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I 'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; show thee a Jayes nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to clustering Philbirts, and sometimes I'le get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me? 181

Ste. I pre' thee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by a-gaine.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more dams I'le make for fish, ~~my~~
Nor fetch in ftring, at requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wasb dish,
Ban' ban' Cacalyban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome.

Ste. O brave Monster; lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

[Before Prospero's cell.]

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painful; & their labor Delight in them set off: Some kindes of basenesse

176-81. 6 ll. verse ending grow, nuts, how, bring thee, get thee, me-Pope. 191. new l. at At-CAPELL.

195. bigb-day, bigb-day .. bigb-day: heyday-Rowe.

Are nobly undergon; and most poore matters
 Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
 Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but
 The Mistris which I serve, quickens what's dead,
 And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is
 Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed; 10
 And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remove
 Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them up,
 Upon a sore injunction; my sweet Mistris
 Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such basenes
 Had never like Executor: I forget:
 But these sweet thoughts, doe even refresh my labours,
 Most busie lest, when I doe it. *Enter Miranda*

Mir. Alas, now pray you and Prospero
 [at a distance unseen].

~~Excuse~~ Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had
 Burnt up those Logs that you are enjoynd to pile: 20
 Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes
 'Twill weepe for having wearied you: my Father
 Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,
 Hee's safe for these three houres.

Fer. O most deere Mistris,
 The Sun will set before I shall discharge
 What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'l sit downe
 Ile beare your Logges the while: pray give me that,
 Ile carry it to the pile. 30

Fer. No precious Creature,
 I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,
 Then you should such dishonor undergroe,
 While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
 As well as it do's you; and I should do it
 With much more ease: for my good will is to it,

And yours it is against.

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This visitation shewes it.

40

Mir. You looke wearilie.

Fer. No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beseech you
Cheefely, that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Mir. *Miranda*, O my Father,
I have broke your hest to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's deerest to the world: full many a Lady
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tonges, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare: for severall vertues
Have I lik'd severall women, never any
With so full soule, but some defect in her
Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foile.¹ But you, O you, ¹*discredit*
So perfect, and so peetlesse, are created
Of everie Creatures best.

50

Mir. I do not know
One of my sexe; no womans face remember,
Save from my glasse, mine owne: Nor have I seene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skillesse of; but by my modestie
(The jewell in my dower) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a shape
Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle

60

THE TEMPEST

[III. i. 58-84]

Something too wildeley, and my Fathers precepts 70
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King
(I would not so) and would no more endure
This woden slaverie, then to suffer
The flesh-fie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake.
The verie instant that I saw you, did
My heart fie to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient Loggo-man. 80

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven; O earth, beare witnes to this sound,
And crowne what I professse with kinde event
If I speake true: if hollowly, invert
What best is boaded me, to mischiefe: I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th world
Do love, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounter 90
Of two most rare affections: heavens raine grace
On that which breeds betweene 'em.

Fer. Wherfore weepe you?

Mir: At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much lesse take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,
The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence bashfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me; 100
If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow

You may denie me, but Ile be your servant
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistris (dearest)
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell
Till halfe an houre hence. 110

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Exeunt

[*Fer.* and *Mir.* severally].

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
For yet ere supper time, must I performe
Much businesse appertaining.

Exit.

Scœna Secunda.

[*Another part of the island.*]

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke
water, not a drop before; therefore beare up, & boord
em' Servant Monster, drinke to me.

Trin. Servant Monster? the folly of this Iland, they
say there's but five upon this Isle; we are three of them,
if th'other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

Ste. Drinke servant Monster when I bid thee, thy
eies are almost set in thy head. 10

Trin. Where should they bee set else? hee were a
brave Monster indeede if they were set in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I swam

ere I could recover the shore, five and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant Monster, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee's no standard.

Ste. Weel not run Monsieur Monster. 19

Trin. Nor go neither: but you·l lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good Moone-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shooe: Ile not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case to justle a Constable: why, thou debosh'd Fish thou, was there ever man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being ·by· halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster? 30

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Naturall?

Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you prove a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee? 40

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a Tirant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Island.

Ariell. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou jesting Monkey thou: I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.

I do not lye.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Isle From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will Revenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st) But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serve thee. 60

Ste. How now shall this be compast? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe, Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scurvy patch: I do beseech thy Greatnesse give him blowes, And take his bottle from him: When that's gone, He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him Where the quicke Freshes¹ are. 1 springs 70

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a Stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that, [Beats *Trin.*]

51-2. prose-Pope. 61-2. prose-Pope. 71-2. prose-Pope.

As you like this, give me the lye another time. 80

Trin. I did not give the lie: Out o'your wittes, and hearing too?

A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo:
A murren on your Monster, and the divell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time
Ile beate him too. 90

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him
I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him,
Having first seiz'd his booke: Or with a logge
Battre his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand¹ with thy knife. Remember
First to possesse his Bookes; for without them
Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not ¹windpipe
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes, 100
He ha's brave Utensils (for so he calles them)
Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe
Cals her a non-pareill: I never saw a woman
But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she;
But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*,
As great'st do's least.

Ste. Is it so brave a Lasse? 109

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, save our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes: Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee: But while thou liv'st keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe, Wilt thou destroy him then? 120

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure, Let us be jocond. Will you troule the Catch You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason, Any reason: Come on *Trinculo*, let us sing.

Sings.

Flout 'em, and cout 'em: and skowt 'em, and flout 'em,
T'hoуглт is free. 130

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes: If thou beest a divell, take't as thou list.

Trin. O forgive me my sinnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defic thee; Mercy upon us. 140

Cal. Art thou affeard?

114-15, 117-18. prose-POPE. 126-7. prose-POPE.
129. new l. at And scoult-GLOBE. 136-7, 139-40. prose-POPE.

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Isle is full of noyses,
Sounds, and sweet aires, that give delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments
Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,
Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd 150
I cri'de to dreame againe.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdome to me,
Where I shall have my Musicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by:
I remember the storie.

Tri. The sound is going away,
Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monster,
Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer, 160
He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come?
Ile follow *Stephano*.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

[*Another part of the island.*]

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzallo,
Adrian, Francisco, &c.*

Gen. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience,
I needes must rest me.

152-63. prose-POPE.

5. *akes: ache (alas)-2-4F.*

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
 Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse
 To th'dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest: 10
 Even here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
 No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd
 Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks
 Our frustrate search on land: well, let him goe.

Ant. [Aside to *Seb.*] I am right glad, that he's so
 out of hope: |
 Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose
 That you resolv'd t'effect.

Seb. [Aside to *Ant.*] The next advantage will we
 take throughly. |

Ant. [Aside to *Seb.*] Let it be to night,
 For now they are oppress'd with travaile, they 20
 Will not, nor cannot use such vigilance
 As when they are fresh.

Solemne and strange Musicke: and Prosper on the top (invi-
 sible:) Enter severall strange shapes, bringing in a Ban-
 ket; | and dance about it with gentle actions of salu-
 tations, and | inviting the King, &c. to eate, they
 depart. |

Seb. [Aside to *Ant.*] I say to night: no more.
Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.

Gon. Marvellous sweet Musicke. 29
Alo. Give us kind keepers, heavens: what were these?

Seb. A living *Drolerie:*¹ now I will beleeve
 That there are Unicorns: that in *Arabia*
 There is one Tree, the *Phœnix* throne, one *Phœnix*
 At this houre reigning there. ¹puppet-show

Ant. Ile beleeve both:
 And what do's else want credit, come to me
 And Ile besworne 'tis true: Travellers nere did lye,
 Though fooles at home condemne 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*
 I should report this now, would they beleeve me? 40
 If I should say I saw such Islands;
 (For certes, these are people of the Island)
 Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note
 Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of
 Our humaine generation you shall finde
 Many, nay almost any.

Pro. [Aside] Honest Lord,
 Thou hast said well: for some of you there present;
 Are worse then divels.

Al. I cannot too much muse 50
 Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing
 (Although they want the use of tongue) a kinde
 Of excellēt dumbe discourse.

Pro. [Aside] Praise in departing.
 • *Fr.* They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
 They have left their Viands behinde; for wee have sto-
 macks. |
 Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Al. Not I. 59
Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were
 Boyes |
 Who would beleeve that there were Mountayneers,
 Dew-lapt, like Buls, whose throats had hanging at'ēm
 Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
 Whose heads stood in their brests? which now we finde
 Each putter out¹ of five for one, will bring us
 Good warrant of. ¹insured travellier

Al. I will stand to, and feede,
 Although my last, no matter, since I .

41. *Islands:* islanders—2-4F.

44. *gentle, kinde:* gentle-kind—THEONALD.

The best is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke,
 Stand too, and doe as we. 70
*Thunder and Lightning. Enter Sfiell (like a Harpey) claps
 his wings upon the Table, and with a quient device the
 Banquet vanishes.*

Ar. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny
 That hath to instrument this lower world,
 And what is in't: the never surfeited Sea,
 Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this Island,
 Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,
 Being most unft to live: I have made you mad; 79
 And even with such like valour, men hang, and drowne
 Their proper selves: [*Alon., Seb., &c., draw their
 swords.*] you fooles, I and my fellowes |
 Are ministers of Fate, the Elements
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
 Wound the loud windes, or with bemoockt-at-Stabs
 Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
 One dowle¹ that's in my plumbe: My fellow ministers
 Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt, ¹*down-fibre*
 Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
 And will not be uplifted: But remember
 (For that's my busesse to you) that you three 90
 Frōm *Millaine* did supplant good *Prospero*,
 Expos'd unto the Sea (which hath requit it)
 Him, and his innocent childe: for which soule deed,
 The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) have
 Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
 Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonso*
 They have bereft; and doe pronounce by me
 Lingring perdition (worse then any death
 Can be at once) shall step, by step attend

You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,
 Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else fals 101
 Upon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,
 And a cleere life ensuing.

*He vanishes in Thunder: then (to soft Musicke.) Enter the
 shapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and
 carrying out the Table.*

Pro. Bravely the figure of this *Harpie*, hast thou
 Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had devouring:
 Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated
 In what thou had'st to say: so with good life, 110
 And observation strange, my meane ministers
 Their severall kindes have done: my high charmes work,
 And these (mine enemies) are all knit up
 In their distractions: they now are in my powre;
 And in these fits, I leave them, while I visit
 Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they suppose is droun'd)
 And his, and mine lov'd darling. [Exit above.]

Gon. I'th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
 In this strange stare?

Al. O, it is monstrous: monstrous: 120
 Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,
 The windes did sing it to me: and the Thunder
 (That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
 The name of *Prosper*: it did base my Trespass,
 Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
 I'le seeke him deeper then ere plummet sounded,
 And with him there lye mudded. Exit.

Seb. But one feend at a time,
 Ile fight their Legions ore.

Ant. Ile be thy Second. Exit. 130

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
 (Like poysen given to worke a great time after)

102. hearts-sorrow: heart sorrow—CAMBRIDGE.

Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
 (That are of suppler joynts) follow them swiftly,
 And hinder them from what this extasie¹
 May now provoke them to. ¹ madness
Ad. Follow, I pray you. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

[Before Prospero's cell.]

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
 Your compensation makes amends, for I
 Have given you here, a third of mine owne life,
 Or that for which I live: who, once againe
 I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
 Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heaven
 I ratifie this my rich guift: O *Ferdinand*, 10
 Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
 For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
 And make it halt, behinde her.

Fer. I doe beleieve it
 Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
 Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
 If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may 2 rain-shower
 With full and holy right, be ministred, 20
 No sweet aspersion² shall the heavens let fall
 To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
 Sower-ey'd disdaine, and discord shall bestrew

5. *ibid:* thrid-WRIGHT.

11. *of:* off-2-4F.

20. *right:* rite-Rowe.

The union of your bed, with weedes so loathly
 That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
 As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
 For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
 With such love, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strongst suggestion, 30
 Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
 Mine honor into lust, to take away
 The edge of that dayes celebration,
 When I shall thinke, or *Phæbus* Steeds are founderd,
 Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairely spoke;
 Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;
 What *Ariell*; my industrious servant *Ariell*. *Enter Ariell.*

Ar. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last service
 Did worthily performe: and I must use you 41
 In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble
 (Ore whom I give thee powre) here, to this place:
 Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this yong couple
 Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ar. Presently?
Pro. I: with a twincke.
Ar. Before you can say come, and goe, 50
 And breathe twice; and cry, so, so:
 Each one tripping on his Toe,
 Will be here with mop,¹ and mowe.² ¹*pout* ²*grimace*
 Doe you love me Master? no?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach
 Till thou do'st heare me call.

Ar. Well: I conceive. *Exit.*

Pro. Looke thou be true: do^g not give dalliance
 Too much the raigne: the strongest oathes, are straw
 To th'fire ith' blood: be more abstemious, 60
 Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
 The white cold virgin Snow, upon my heart
 Abates the ardour of my Liver.

Pro. Well.
 Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,¹ 1 train
 Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & pertly. *Soft musick.*
 No tongue: all eyes: be silent. Enter Iris.

Ir. Ceres, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
 Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease; 70
 Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where live nibling Sheepe,
 And flat Medes thatched with Stover, them to keepe:
 Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
 Which spungie *Aprill*, at thy hest betrimms;
 To make cold Nymphes chast crownes; & thy broome-
 groves; |
 Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loves,
 Being lasse-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
 And thy Sea-marge stirrie, and rockey-hard,
 Where thou thy selfe dost ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
 Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I. 80
 Bids thee leave these, & with her soveraigne grace, *Juno*
 Here on this grasse-plot, in this very place descends.
 To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
 Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
 Dost disobey the wife of *Jupiter*:
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowres
 Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,

60. *abstemious*: abstemious-2-4F.

70. *Fetches*: *witches*-CAPELL.

83. *beres*: her-Rown.

And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
 My boskie acres, and my unshrubd downe, 90
 Rich scarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
 Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

Ir. A contract of true Love, to celebrate,
 And some donation freely to estate
 On the bles'd Lovers.

Cer. Tell me heavenly Bowe,
 If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
 Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot
 The meanes, that duskie *Dis*, my daughter got,
 Her, and her blind-Boyes scandald company, 100
 I have forsworne.

Ir. Of her societie
 Be not afraid: I met her deitie
 Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
 Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
 Some wanton charme, upon this Man and Maide,
 Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
 Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
*Mars*es hot Minion is returnd againe,
 Her waspish headed sonne, has broke his arrowes, 110
 Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
 And be a Boy right out.

Cer. Highest Queene of State,
 Great *Juno* comes, I know her by her gate.

[Enter *Juno*.]

Ju. How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me
 To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
 And honourd in their Issue. *They Sing.*

109. *Mars*: Mars's-3-4F.

*Ju. Honor, riches, mariage, blessing,
Long continuance, and encreasing,
Hourly joyes, be still upon you,* 120
Juno sings her blessings on you.

[*Cer.*] *Earths increase, foyzon plentie,
Barnes, and Garners, never empty.
Vines, with clustering bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burtben bowing:
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very end of Harvest.
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres blessing so is on you.*

Fer. This is a most majesticke vision, and 130
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To thinke these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever,
So rare a wondred Father, and a wise —
Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Juno and *Ceres* whisper seriously, 140
There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute
Or else our spell is mar'd.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.
Iris. You Nymphs cal'd *Nayades* of the windring brooks,
With your sedg'd crownes, and ever-harmelesse lookes,
Leave your crispe¹ channels, and on this greene-Land
Answe're your summons, *Juno* do's command.
Come temperate *Nymphes*, and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Love: be not too late. 1^{curving}

125. *wttb:* with-2-4F.

Enter Certaine Nimpbes.

150

You Sun-burn'd Sicklethen of August weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh Nimpbes encounter every one
In Country footing.

*Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they joyne with
the Nimpbes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end
where- | of, Prospero starts sodainly and speakes,
after which to a | strange bollow and confused noyse,
they heavily vanish. |*

*Pro. [Aside] I had forgot that soule conspiracy 160
Of the beast Calliban, and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come: [To the Spirits] Well done, avoid:
no more. |*

*Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion
That workes him strongly.*

*Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.*

*Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismaid: be cheerefull Sir,
Our Revels now are ended: These our actors, 170
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision
The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
Leave not a rackinge behinde: we are such stiffe
As dreames are made on; and our little life*

Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext, 180
 Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled:
 Be not disturb'd with my infinitie,
 If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
 And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke
 To still my beating minde.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. *Exit.*

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleave to, what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ar. I my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*
 I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd 192
 Least I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
 So full of valour, that they smote the ayre
 For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
 For kissing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
 Towards their project: then I beate my Fabor,
 At which like unback't colts they prickt their eares,
 Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses 201
 As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares
 That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
 Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,
 Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them
 I'th'filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
 There dancing up to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
 Ore-stunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
 Thy shape invisible retaine thou still: 210

The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither ¹*snare*
 For stale¹ to catch these theeves. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*

Pro. A Devill, a borne-Devill, on whose nature
 Nurture can never sticke: on whom my paines
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
 And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
 So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
 Even to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell, loaden with glistering apparell, &c. *Enter*
Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet. [Pros-
 pero and Ariell remain invisible.] | 220

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may
 not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

St. Mōnster, your Fairy, which you say is a harmles
 Fairy, |
 Has done little better then plaid the Jacke with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which
 My nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should
 Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favour stil, 230.
 Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
 Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,
 All's husht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole.

Ste. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that
 Monster, but an infinite losse.

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:
 Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.

212. new l. at *Ar.-Rowe.* 218. *on them*: them on-*Rowe.*

221-2. new l. at *Hear-Rowe.*

223-9. prose-*Popk.*

235-40. prose-*Popk.*

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour. 240

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island
Thine owne for ever, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand,
I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*,
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash. 250

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster: wee know what belongs to a
frippery,¹ O King *Stephano*. ¹old-clothes shop

Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile
have that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsie drowne this foole, what doe you
meane |

To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone
And doe the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuffe. 260

Ste. Be you quiet (Monster) Mistris line, is not this
my Jerkin? now is the Jerkin under the line: now Jer-
kin you are like to lose your haire, & prove a bald Jerkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we steale by lyne and levell, and't
like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; heer's a garment for't:
Wit shall not goe un-rewarded while I am King of this
Country: Steale by line and levell, is an excellent passe
of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monster, come put some Lime² upon your fin-
gers, and away with the rest. ²bird-lime 271

246-9. prose-POPE.

264. and't: an't-CAPELL.

Cal. I will have nose on't: we shall loose our time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this
away, where my hogshead of wine is, or Ile turne you
out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

Anoyse of Hunters beard. Enter divers Spirits in shape
of Dogs and Hounds, bunting them about: Prospero
and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey.

Ari. Silver: there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.

[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*]

Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their joyns
With dry Convultions, shorten up their sinewes
With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o'Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

290

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the ayre at freedome: for a little
Follow, and doe me service.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus: Scœna Prima.

[*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Project gather to a head:
My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

292. *Lies: Lie-Rowz.*

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter, 70
 To an unsetled fancie, Cure thy braines
 (Now uselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand
 For you are Spell-stopt.

Holy *Gonzallo*, Honourable man,
 Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine
 Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steales upon the night
 (Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences
 Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason. O good *Gonzallo* 80
 My true preserver, and a loyall Sir,
 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly
 Did thou *Alonso*, use me, and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
 Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebastian*. Flesh, and bloud,
 You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
 Expelld remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian*
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
 Would heere have kill'd your King: I do forgive thee,
 Unnaturall though thou art: Their understanding 91
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
 That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them
 That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariell*,
 Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
 I will discase me, and my selfe present
 As I was sometime *Millaine*: quickly Spirit,
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

72. *boile*: boil'd-*POPE*.84. *Did*: Didst (catchword in 1F.)-3-4F.87. *entertaine*: entertain'd-3-4F.94. *ly*: lies-3-4F.88. *whom*: who-*Rowe*.

Ariell sings, and helps to attire him. 100

*Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips Bell, I lie,
There I couch when Owles doe crie,
On the Batts backe I doe flie
after Sommer merrily.*

*Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow.*

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell*: I shall misse
Thee, but yet thou shalt have freedome: so, so, so.
To the Kings ship, invisible as thou art, 110
There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe
Under the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pre'thee.

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulse twice beate. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearefull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King 120
The wronged Duke of *Millaine*, *Prospero*:
For more assurance that a living Prince
Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alb. Where thou bee'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
(As late I have beene) I not know: thy Pulse
Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee,
Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which 130

I feare a madnesse held me: this must crave
 (And if this be at all) a most strange story.
 Thy Dukedom I resigne, and doe entreat
 Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold *Prospero*
 Be living, and be heere?

Pro. First, noble Frend,
 Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
 Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gonz. Whether this be,
 Or be not, I'le not sweare.

Pro. You doe yet taste
 Some subtleties o'th' Isle, that will nor let you
 Beleeve things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,
[Aside to Sebastian and Antonio.]
 But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded
 I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne upon you
 And justifie you Traitors: at this time
 I will tell no tales.

Seb. [Aside] The Divell speakes in him:

Pro. No:
 For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother 150
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rankest fault; all of them: and require
 My Dukedom of thee, which, perforce I know
 Thou must restore.

Alo. If thou beest *Prospero*
 Give us particulars of thy preservation,
 How thou hast met us heere, whom three howres since
 Were wrackt upon this shore? where I have lost
 (How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
 My deere sonne *Ferdinand*. 160

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

132. *And: An-Pope.*

157. *whom: who-2-4F.*

142. *nor: not-3-4F.*

Al. Irreparable is the losse, and patience
Saies, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke,
You have not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace
For the like losse, I have her soveraigne aid,
And rest my selfe content.

Al. You the like losse?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and supportable
To make the deere losse, have I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I 171
Have lost my daughter.

Al. A daughter?
Oh heavens, that they were living both in *Nalpes*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
My selfe were muddled in that oo-zie bed
Where my sonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceive these Lords
At this encounter doe so much admire,
That they devoure their reason, and scarce thinke 180
Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are naturall breath: but howsoev'r you have
Beene justled from your sences, know for certain
That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Millaine*, who most strangely
Upon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-fast, nor
Befitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir; 190
This Cell's my Court: heere have I few attendants,
And Subjects none abroad: pray you looke in:
My Dukedom since you have given me againe,

I will requite you with as good a thing,
 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
 As much, as me my Dukedom,
Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chess.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No my dearest love, 200
 I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdoms, you should
 wrangle, |
 And I would call it faire play.

Alo. If this prove
 A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
 Shall I twice loose.

Seb. A most high miracle.
Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
 I have curs'd them without cause. [Kneels.]
Alo. Now all the blessings 210
 Of a glad father, compasse thee about:
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.

Mir. O wonder!
 How many goodly creatures are there heere?
 How beauteous mankinde is! O brave new world
 That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at
 play? |
 Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres:
 Is she the goddesse that hath sever'd us, 220
 And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortall;
 But by immortall providence, she's mine;
 I chose her when I could not aske my Father
 For his advise: nor thought I had one: She
 Is daughter to this famous Duke of Millaine,

Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,
 But never saw before: of whom I have
 Receiv'd a second life; and second Father
 This Lady makes him to me.

230

Alb. I am hers.
 But O, how odly will it sound, that I
 Must aske my childe forgivenesse?

Pro. There Sir stop,
 Let us not burthen our remembrances, with
 A heaviness that's gon.

Gon. I have inly wept,
 Or should have spoke ere this: looke downe you gods
 And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;
 For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way 240
 Which brought us hither.

Alb. I say Amen, *Gonzallo*.
Gon. Was *Millaine* thrust from *Millaine*, that his Issue
 Should become Kings of *Naples*? O rejoyce
 Beyond a common joy, and set it downe
 With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage
 Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis*,
 And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
 Where he himselfe was lost: *Prospero*, his Dukedom
 In a poore Isle: and all of us, our selves, 250
 When no man was his owne.

Alb. [To *Fer.* and *Mir.*] Give me your hands:
 Let grieve and sorrow still embrace his heart,
 That doth not wish you joy.

Gon. Be it so, Amen.

*Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine
 amazedly following.*

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of us:
 I prophesi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land
 235. remembrances: remembrance-Rowz.

This fellow could not drowne: 'Now blasphemy, 260
 That swear' st Grace ore-boord, not an oath on shore,
 Hast thou no mouth by land?
 What is the newes?

Bot. The best newes is, that we have safely found
 Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
 Which but three glasses since, we gave out split,
 Is tyte, and yare, and bravely rig'd, as when
 We first put out to Sea.

Ar. [Aside to *Pros.*] Sir, all this service
 Have I done since I went. 270

Pro. [Aside to *Ar.*] My tricksey Spirit.
Al. These are not naturall events, they strengthen
 From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
 I'd strive to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
 And (how we know not) all clapt under hatches,
 Where, but even now, with strange, and severall noyses
 Of roring, shreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
 And mo diversitie of sounds, all horrible.

We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty; 280
 Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld
 Our royll, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
 Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
 Even in a dreame, were we divided from them,
 And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. [Aside to *Pros.*] Was't well done?
Pro. [Aside to *Ar.*] Bravely (my diligence) thou
 shalt be free. |

Al. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,
 And there is in this businesse, more then nature
 Was ever conduct of: some Oracle 290

Must rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,
 Doe not infest your minde, with beating on
 The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure
 (Which shall be shortly single) I'le resolve you,
 (Which to you shall seeme probable) of every
 These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
 And thinke of each thing well: [Aside to Ar.] Come
 hither Spirit, |
 Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
 Untye the Spell: [Exit *Ariel*.] How fares my gracious
 Sir? | 300
 There are yet missing of your Companie
 Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo in their stolne Apparell.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let
 No man take care for himselfe; for all is
 But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monster *Corasio*.

Tri. If these be true spies which I weare in my head,
 here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave Spirits indeede: 310
 How fine my Master is? I am afraid
 He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha:
 What things are these, my Lord *Antbonio*?
 Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them
 Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,
 Then say if they be true: This mishapen knave;

295. shortly single): shortly, single—*Popz.* 305-7. prose—*Popz.*
307. Corasio: *Coragio*—2-4*F.*

His Mother was a Witch, and ofte so strong 320
 That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,
 And deale in her command, without her power:
 These three have robd me, and this demy-divell;
 (For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
 To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you
 Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I
 Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to death.

Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunke now;

330

Where had he wine?

Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where should they
 Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
 How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Tri. I have bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,
 That I feare me will never out of my bones:
 I shall not feare fly-blowing.

Seb. Why how now *Stephano*?

Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o'the Isle, Sirha? —

340

Ste. I should have bin a sore one then.

Alo. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.

[*Pointing to Cal.*]

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners
 As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
 Take with you your Companions: as you looke
 To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wise hereafter,
 And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Asse
 Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
 And worship this dull foole?

350

Pro. Goe to, away.

Ab. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it. |

Seb. Or stole it rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highnesse, and your traine To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it Goe quicke away: The story of my life, And the particular accidents, gon by Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne 360 I'le bring you to your ship, and so to *Naples*, Where I have hope to see the nuptiall Of these our deere-belov'd, solemnized, And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where Every third thought shall be my grave.

Ab. I long To heare the story of your life; which must Take the eare starnely.

Pro. I'le deliver all, And promise you calme Seas, suspiciois gales, 370 And saile, so expeditious, that shall catch Your Royall fleete farre off: My *Ariel*; chicke That is thy charge: Then to the Elements Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw neere.

Exeunt omnes.

368. *starnely*: strangely—2-4F.

EPILOGUE,

spoken by *Prospero*.

*N*OW my Charmes are all ore-throwne,
And what strength I have 's mine owne.
Whick is most faint: now 't is true
I must be beere confinde by you,
Or sent to Naples, Let me not
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dweli
In this bare Island, by your Spell,
But release me from my bands
With the helpe of your good bands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sails
Must fill, or else my project failes,
Whick was to please: Now I want
Spirits, to enforce: Art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unlesse I be reliev'd by praier
Whick pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free.

10

20

Exit.

The Scene, an un-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K. of Naples:

Sebastian his Brother.

Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.

Antbonio his brother, the usurping Duke of Millaine.

Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.

Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.

Adrian, & Francisco, Lords.

Caliban, a salvage and deformed slave.

Trinculo, a Jester.

Stepbano, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.

Boate-Swaine.

Marriners.

Miranda, daughter to Prospero.

Ariell, an ayrie spirit.

Iris
Ceres
Juno
Nympbes
Reapers

} Spirits.

FINIS.

THE
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

First printed in First Folio, 1623

Two Gentlemen A

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

'THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA' is an early comedy of character, contrasting genuine with fickle loves, and true friendships with false ones.

Valentine and Proteus, two gentlemen of Verona, are trusted friends who become separated because the former desires to go to Milan to seek his fortune. Proteus, however, will not accompany him, for love of a Veronese maiden, Julia. But Proteus's father overrules his decision and sends him to join his friend in Milan.

Act II tells of Valentine's arrival in Milan, where he woos and wins Silvia, the much-sought-after daughter of the duke. But the duke objects to this match, and the lovers plan to elope.

Proteus now arrives in Milan, where he is warmly greeted by his friend, who confides to him the secret of the projected elopement and asks his aid. Proteus promises it; but, having seen Silvia, forgets his promise and his vows to Julia, and resolves to win Silvia for himself.

The false Proteus, in Act III, tells the duke of the intended flight, and causes Valentine's banishment. Valentine, in Act IV, takes refuge in a neighbouring forest, where he becomes chief of a band of outlaws.

The forsaken Julia arrives in Milan, dressed as a

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

boy, and attaches herself incognito as page to Proteus. He employs her as messenger to Silvia with love-tokens, but Silvia repulses him.

In Act V, Silvia goes in search of Valentine, and falls into the clutches of her lover's outlaws. Before they can bring her to the chief, she is rescued by Proteus, who tries to compel her to accept him. Valentine appears and learns of his friend's perfidy, but forgives him when the latter sues for pardon. Silvia is restored to Valentine; Julia's identity is discovered, and Proteus is glad to receive her again; and the duke, who meanwhile has been captured by the outlaws, accepts Valentine and grants his band the rights of citizenship.

SOURCES

Several coincidences are to be seen between this story and that of the shepherdess Felismena in the 'Diana' of George de Montemayor, translated from the Portuguese about 1582, but not published till 1598—notably, a lover's departure to another city, where he loves another lady; the forsaken lady's quest of him in the disguise of a page; and his choice of her as his messenger. These resemblances have given rise to the belief that Shakespeare was indebted to this story in his 'Two Gentlemen.' But such romances were then quite common. Shakespeare himself makes use of a girl page again as messenger in 'Twelfth Night,' and Beaumont and Fletcher's charming Bellario, in 'Philaaster,' cannot be forgotten.

'The Two Gentlemen' was published before Yonge's translation of 'Diana' appeared, though the latter, as we have seen, had been written for several years. It seems probable, therefore, that Shakespeare

INTRODUCTION

was not directly indebted to Montemayor. A play entitled 'Felix and Philomena' was produced in 1584, which contains many of the same situations; and 'The Two Gentlemen' may easily have followed that.

In the German a similar play, entitled 'Julio und Hippolyta,' is to be found.

Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia' introduces the hero, at one point, as leader of a band of outlaws who were revolted Helots; and Sidney was an admiring reader of 'Diana.' Shakespeare may have obtained his robber episode from Sidney.

A summing up shows that stories of this nature were plentiful and could easily have come to Shakespeare's hands in a dozen different ways, through stage, bookshop, or tavern.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The actual time supposed to elapse on the stage is seven days, but a much longer period is indicated by intervals between scenes and acts. The first two scenes of the play occur on the first day. Then comes an interval of several weeks, enough time to permit Valentine to reach Milan and receive word coming from Verona. The second day is taken up by Act I, scene iii, and Act II, scene i. The third day occupies Act II, scenes ii and iii. An interval ensues, long enough for Proteus to journey to Milan. The fourth day occupies Act II, scenes iv and v. An interval occurs of a day or two, leading up to the day before the night of the lovers' projected elopement. The fifth day occupies Act II, scenes vi and vii, Act III, and Act IV, scene i. Julia's journey to Milan creates an interval. The sixth day occupies Act IV, scene

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

ii. The remainder of the play occurs on the seventh day.

The period is indicated only by an allusion to the 'Emperor in his royal court,' which may be the time of Charles V, who was lord of Milan about 1530.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' belongs to the early group of comedies, and certainly antedates 1598. Francis Meres, in his 'Palladis Tamia,' mentions it in that year. Its date cannot be definitely established, but internal evidence places it among the earliest. Its uncertain style and unstable plot, nice balancing of characters, regularity of blank verse, alliteration, and alternate rhymes are among the sure indications of an early period.

The subject has already been seen to identify itself with a species of romance in vogue about 1590, and forms a link between the pre-Shakespearian stories and the later dramas.

Its characters also belong to the early group, several of them prefiguring later and more finished types. Julia's page-play appears again in Viola, Portia, Rosalind, and Imogen. Julia and her maid are paralleled by Portia and Nerissa. The friar's cell gives a hint of Friar Lawrence in 'Romeo and Juliet.' Launce the clown has a more complete development in Launcelot Gobbo.

In brief, the play as a whole seems a preliminary study to later work. The closing scene shows undeniable haste, especially in Valentine's renunciation of Silvia upon the first weak-kneed apology of his false friend. This is neither natural nor plausible, and points to ancient Greek models where friendship is made to outrank love. In certain of Shakespeare's sonnets (XL,

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XLI, and XLII) the same influence is seen—an additional link in the chain of evidence placing this among the earliest of the plays.

Malone placed it at 1591; Chalmers, Drake, and others at 1595. The earlier date seems a safe surmise.

EARLY EDITIONS

There is no mention of this play's having been performed during the lifetime of the author. Nor did it appear in print in the early Quartos. Its first appearance is in the First Folio of 1623, where it follows immediately after the first play, 'The Tempest,' with the same number of pages, nineteen. Since it has no masque or interlude, it becomes even shorter in presentation than that short play.

Like 'The Tempest,' also, this play is comparatively free from errors in the text, although three strange ones are seen, in Acts II, III, and V, where 'Padua' and 'Verona' occur instead of 'Milan.' 'The Names of all the Actors' are given at the end.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF MILAN, *father to Silvia.*

VALENTINE, } *the two Gentlemen.*
PROTEUS, }

ANTONIO, *father to Proteus.*

THURIO, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*

EGLAMOUR, *agent for Silvia in her escape.*

HOST, *where Julia lodges.*

OUTLAWS, *with Valentine.*

SPEED, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*

LAUNCE, *the like to Proteus.*

PANTHINO, *servant to Antonio.*

JULIA, *beloved of Proteus.*

SILVIA, *beloved of Valentine.*

LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE: *Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua.*]

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

¶

Actus primus, Scena prima.

[*Verona. An open place.*]

Valentine: Proteus, and Speed.

Valentine.

CEASE to perswade, my loving *Proteus*;
Home-keeping-youth, have ever homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes
To the sweet glaunces of thy honour'd Love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (living dully sluggardiz'd at home) 10
Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenessse.
But since thou lov'st; love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* adew,
Thinke on thy *Proteus*, when thou (hap'ly) seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travaile.
Wish me partaker in thy happinesse,
When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,

(If ever danger doe environ thec)

Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers, 20
For I will be thy beades-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a love-booke pray for my successe?

Pro. Upon some booke I love, I'le pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow Storie of deepe love,
How yong *Leander* crost the *Hellespont*.

Pro. That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper love,
For he was more then over-shooes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over-bootes in love,
And yet you never swom the *Hellespont*.

Pro. Over the Bootes? nay give me not the Boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not. 31

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love; where scorne is bought with
grones:

Coy looks, with hart-sore sighes: one fading moments
mirth,

With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights;

If hap'ly won, perhaps a haplesse gaine;

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

How ever: but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit, by folly vanquished. 39

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis Love you cavill at, I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a foole,

Me thinkes should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,
The eating Canker dwels; so eating Love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow, 50

Even so by Love, the yong, and tender wit
 Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,
 Loosing his verdure, even in the prime,
 'And all the faire effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee
 That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
 Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Proteus*, no: Now let us take our leave:
 To *Millaine* let me heare from thee by Letters 61
 Of thy successe in love; and what newes else
 Betideth here in absence of thy Friend:
 And I likewise will visite thee with mine.

Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in *Millaine*.

Val. As much to you at home: and so farewell. *Exit*.

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Love;
 He leaves his friends, to dignifie them more;
 I love my selfe, my friends, and all for love:
 Thou *Julia* thou hast metamorphis'd me: 70
 Made me neglect my Studies, loose my time;
 Warre with good counsaile; set the world at nought;
 Made Wit with musing, weake; hart sick with thought.

[Enter Speed.]

Sp. Sir *Proteus*: 'save you: saw you my Master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for *Millain*.

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,
 And I have plaid the Sheepe in loosing him.

Pro. Indeede a Sheepe doth very often stray,
 And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then,
and I Sheepe? 81

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes afe his hornes, whether I
wake or sleepe.

Pro. A silly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This proves me still a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Master a Shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall goe hard but ile prove it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard seekes the Sheepe, and not the
Sheepe the Shepheard; but I seeke my Master, and my
Master seekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe. 92

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard,
the Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou
for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages
followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another prooфе will make me cry baâ.

Pro. But do'st thou heare: gav'st thou my Letter
to *Julia*? 99

Sp. I Sir: I (a lost-Mutton) gave your Letter to her
(a lac'd-Mutton¹) and she (a lac'd-Mutton) gave mee (a
lost-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a Pasture for such store of
Buttons. ^{1 girl of light repute}

Sp. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were best
sticke her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best pound
you.

Sp. Nay Sir, lesse then a pound shall serve me for car-
rying your Letter. 110

Pro. You mistake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.

81. *I Shape: I a sheep-2-4F.*

Sp., From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover

Pro. But what said she?

Sp. [First nodding] I.

Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddy.¹

Sp. You mistooke Sir: I say she did nod;
And you aske me if she did nod, and I say I.

Pro. And that set together is noddy.

Sp. Now you have taken the paines to set it together,
take it for your paines.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Sp. Well, I perceive I must be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,
Having nothing but the word noddy for my paines.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot over-take your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what
said she.

Sp. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter
may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what said she?

Sp. Truely Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No, not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter:
And being so hard to me, that brought your minde;
I feare she'll prove as hard to you in telling your minde.
Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steele.

Pro. What said she, nothing?

Sp. No, not so much as take this for my pains:
To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you have cestern'd
me;

¹43. *cesternd*: testerned-2-4F.

I. i. 153-II. 17] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your selfe; And so Sir, I'le commend you to my Master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish having thee aboarde,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:

[*Exit Speed.*]

I must goe send some better Messenger,
I feare my *Julia* would not daigne my lines, 150
Receiving them from such a worthlesse post. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

[*The same. Garden of Julia's house.*]

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say *Lucetta* (now we are alone)
Would'st thou then counsaile me to fall in love?

Luc. I Madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen,
That every day with par'le encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Lu. Please you repeat their names, ile shew my minde,
According to my shallow simple skill. 10

Jul. What thinkst thou of the faire sir *Eglamour*?

Lu. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine;
But were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercatio*?

Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

Lu. Lord, Lord: to see what folly raignes in us.

Jul. How now? what meanes this passion at his name?

Lu. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a passing shame,

7. *par'le:* parle-Rowz.

That I (unworthy body as I am) 20
Should censure¹ thus on lovely Gentlemen. ¹ criticize

Ju. Why not on *Proteus*, as of all the rest?

Lu. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him best.

Ju. Your reason?

Lu. I have no other but a womans reason:
I thinke him so, because I thinke him so.

Ju. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Lu. I: if you thought your love not cast away.

Ju. Why he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Lu. Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke best loves ye. 30

Ju. His little speaking, shewes his love but small.

Lu. Fire that's closest kept, burns most of all.

Ju. They doe not love, that doe not shew their love.

Lu. Oh, they love least, that let men know their love.

Ju. I would I knew his minde.

Lu. Peruse this paper Madam.

Ju. To *Julia*: say, from whom?

Lu. That the Contents will shew.

Ju. Say, say: who gave it thee? 39

Lu. Sir Valentines page & sent I think from *Proteus*;
He would have given it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault I pray.

Ju. Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker²:
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines? 2 go-
To whisper, and conspire against my youth? between
Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place:
There: take the paper: see it be return'd,
Or else returne no more into my sight.

Lu. To plead for love, deserves more fee, then hate.

Ju. Will ye be gon? 51

Lu. That you may ruminante. ^{Exit.}

Ju. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;

It were a shame to call her backe againe,
 And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
 What 'foole is she, that knowes I am a Maid,
 And would not force the letter to my view?
 Since Maides, in modesty, say no, to that,
 Which they would have the profferer construe, I. 60
 Fie, fie: how way-ward is this foolish love;
 That (like a testie Babe) will scratch the Nurse,
 And presently, all humbled kisse the Rod?
 How churlishly, I chid *Lucetta* hence,
 When willingly, I would have had her here?
 How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,
 When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile?
 My pennance is, to call *Lucetta* backe
 And aske remission, for my folly past.
 What hoe: *Lucetta*.

[*Re-enter Lucetta.*]

Lu. What would your Ladiship? 70
Ju. Is't neere dinner time?
Lu. I would it were,
 That you might kill your stomacke on your meat,
 And not upon your Maid.
Ju. What is't that you
 Tooke up so gingerly?
Lu. Nothing.
Ju. Why didst thou stoope then?
Lu. To take a paper up, that I let fall.
Ju. And is that paper nothing? 80
Lu. Nothing concerning me.
Ju. Then let it lye, for those that it concernes.

Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,
Unlesse it have a false Interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.

Lu. That I might sihg it (Madam) to a tune:
Give me a Note, your Ladiship can set

Jul. As little by such toyes, as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light O, Love.*

Lu. It is too heavy for so light a tune. 90

Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then?

Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it,

Jul. And why not you?

Lu. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your Song:

How now Minion?

Lu. Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out:
And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.

Jul. You doe not?

Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe. 100

Jul. You (Minion) are too saucie.

Lu. Nay, now you are too flat; ^{1 second part}
And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:¹
There wanteth but a Meane² to fill your Song. ^{2 tenor}

Jul. The meane is dround with you unruly base.

Lu. Indeede I bid the base for *Protheus.*

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;
Here is a coile with protestation: [*Tears the letter.*]
Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:
You would be fingring them, to anger me. 110

Lu. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so angred with another Letter. [Exit.]

Jul. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:
Oh hatefull hands, to teare such loving words;

89. *Light O, Love.*: 'Light o' love'—THEOBALD.

95-6. i l.—HAMMER.

113. same: same—2-4 F.

Injurious Waspes, to feede on such sweet hony,
 And kill the Bees that yelde it, with your stings;
 Ile kiase each severall paper, for amends:
 Looke, here is writ, kinde *Juha*: unkinde *Julia*,
 As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
 I throw thy name against the bruizing-stones, 120.
 Trampling contemptuously on thy disdaine.
 And here is writ, *Love wounded Proteus*.
 Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,
 Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
 And thus I search¹ it with a soveraigne kisse. 1 probe
 But twice, or thrice, was *Proteus* writien downe:
 Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,
 Till I have found each letter, in the Letter,
 Except mine own name: That, some whirl-winde beare
 Unto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke, 130
 And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
 Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poore forlorne Proteus, passionate Proteus:
To the sweet Juha: that ile teare away:
 And yet I will not, sith² sc prettily 2 since
 He couples it, to his complaining Names;
 Thus will I fold them, one upon another;
 Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will.

[*Re-enter Lucetta.*]

Lu. Madam. dinner is ready: and your father staies.
Ju. Well, let us goe. 140
Lu. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here?
Ju. If you respect them; best to take them up.
Lu. Nay, I was taken up, for laying them downe.
 Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

Ju., I see you have a months minde¹ to them.

Lu. I (Madam) you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I winke. ¹yearning

Ju. Come, come, wilt please you goe. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

[*The same. Antonio's house.*]

Enter Antonio and Pantbino. Proteus.

Ant. Tell me *Pantbino*, what sad² talke was that,
Wherewith thy brother held you in the Cloyster?

Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Proteus*, your Sonne.

Ant. Why? what of him? ²earnest

Pan. He wondred that your Lordship
Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation
Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke preferment out. 10
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover Islands farre away:
Some, to the studious Universities;
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Proteus*, your sonne, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment³ to his age,
In having knowne no travaile in his youth. ³discredit

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Wherleon, this month I have bin harmering. 21
I have consider'd well, his losse of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tryed, and tutord in the world:
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,

And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?

Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperour in his royll Court. 30

Ans. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him
thither, |

There shall he practise Tilts, and Turnaments;
Heare sweet discourse, converse with Noble-men,
And be in eye of every Exercise
Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.

Ans. I like thy counsaile: well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou maist perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make knowne;
Even with the speediest expedition, 40
I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court.

Pan. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other Gentlemen of good esteeme
Are journeyng, to salute the *Emperor*,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ans. Good company: with them shall *Prosbeus* go:
And in good time: now will we breake with him.

[Enter *Proteus*.]

Pro. Sweet Love, sweet lines, sweet life,
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honors paune; 50
O that our Fathers would applaud our loves
To seal our happinesse with their consents.

Pro. Oh heavenly *Julia*.

Ans. How now? What Letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend, that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes.

Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well-belov'd, 60
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your Lordships will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus sodainly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentinus*, in the Emperors Court: 70
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition¹ thou shalt have from me, ¹ allowance
To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,
Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord I cannot be so soone provided,
Please you deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'st shalbe sent after thee:
No more of stay: to morrow thou must goe;
Come on *Pantbmo*; you shall be imployd, 79
To hasten on his Expedition. [Exeunt *Ant.* and *Pan.*]

Pro. Thus have I shund the fire, for feare of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to shew my Father *Julias* Letter,
Least he should take exceptions to my love,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.

79. *Pantbmo*: Panthine-aF.

I. iii. 84-II. i. 16] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
Which now shewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a clowd takes all away.

99

[*Re-enter Pantbino.*]

Pan. Sir Protheus, your Fathers call's for you,
He is in hast, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answer's no.

Exeunt. *Finis.*

Actus secundus: Scœna Prima.

[*Milan. The Duke's palace.*]

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Glove.

Valen. Not mine: my Gloves are on.

Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.

Val. Ha? Let me see: I, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing divine,
Ah *Silvia, Silvia.*

Speed. Madam *Silvia:* Madam *Silvia.*

Val. How now Sirha?

10

Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.

Val. Why sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worship sir, or else I mistooke.

Val. Well: you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir, tell me: do you know Madam *Silvia?*

Speed. Shee that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love? 18

Speed. Marry by these speciall markes: first, you have learn'd (like Sir *Protheus*) to wreath your Armes like a Male-content: to rellysh a Love-song, like a *Robin-red-breast*: to walke alone like one that had the pestilence: to sigh, like a Schoole-boy that had lost his *A. B. C.* to weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam: to fast, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that feares robbing: to speake puling, like a beggar at Hallow-Masse: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the Lions: when you fasted, it was presently after dinner: when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: And now you are Metamorphis'd with a Mistris, that when I looke on you, I can hardly thinkne you my Master. 32

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an Urinall: that not an eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment on your Malady. 41

Val. But tell me: do'st thou know my Lady *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even she I meane.

Speed. Why sir, I know her not.

Val. Do'st thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so faire (boy) as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough. 50

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That shee is not so faire, as (of you) well-favoured?

Val. I meane that her beauty is exquisite,
But her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry sir, so painted to make her faire, that no man counts of her beauty. 60

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she beene deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her,
And still I see her beautifull.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blinde: O that you had mine eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chidde at Sir *Protbess*, for going ungarter'd. 72

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your owne present folly, and her passing deformite: for hee beeing in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, beeing in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in love, for last morning |

You could not see to wipe my shooes. 79

Speed. True sir: I was in love with my bed, I thanke you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes mee the bolder to chide you, for yours. 85

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoyn'd me,
To write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely wrritt?

Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them: 90

• Peace, here she comes.

Speed. [Aside] Oh excellent motion;¹ oh exceeding
Puppet: | ¹ *puppet-show*
Now will he interpret to her.

[Enter *Silvia*.]

Val. Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. [Aside] Oh, 'give ye-good-ev'n: heer's a
million of | manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [Aside] He should give her interest: & she
gives it him. |

Val. As you enjoyn'd me; I have writ your Letter
Unto the secret, nameles friend of yours: 101
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiship.

Sil. I thanke you (gentle Servant) 'tis very Clerkly-
done. |

Val. Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly-off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at randome, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No (Madam) so it stead you, I will write
(Please you command) a thousand times as much: 110
And yet——

Sil. A pretty period: well: I ghesse the sequell;

109. *steed*: stead—CAPELL.

II. i. 123-151] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not,
And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. [Aside] And yet you will: and yet, another
yet. |

Val. What meanes your Ladiship?
Doe you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,
But (since unwillingly) take them againe. 120
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request,
But I will none of them: they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly:

Val. Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another.

Sil. And when it's writ: for my sake read it over,
And if it please you, so: if not: why so:

Val. If it please me, (Madam?) what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow Servant. 131 *Exit. Sil.*

Speed. Oh Jest unseene: inscrutible: invisible,
As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a steeple:
My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent devise, was there ever heard a better?
That my master being scribe,
To himselfe should write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?
What are you reasoning with your selfe? 140

Speed. Nay: I was riming: 'tis you that have the
reason. |

Val. To doe what?

Speed. To be a Spoke-man from Madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I should say.

Val. Why she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,

When shee hath made you write to your selfe? 150

Why, doe you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, beleeve me.

Speed. No beleeving you indeed sir:
But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why she hath given you a Letter.

Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, & there an end. |

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well: 160
For often have you writ to her: and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply,
Or fearing els some messenger, that might her mind dis-
cover |

Her self hath taught her Love himself, to write unto
her lover. |

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.

Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have dyn'd.

Speed. I, but hearken sir: though the Cameleon Love
can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my
victuals; and would faine have meate: oh bee not like
your Mistresse, be moved, be moved. *Exeunt.* 171

Scena secunda.

[Verona. Julia's house.]

Enter Proteus, Julia, Pantbion.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia:

Jul I must where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne.

Jul. If you turne not: you will return the sooner:
Keape this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[Giving a ring.]

Pro. Why then wee'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.

Jul. And seale the bargaine with a holy kisse. 10

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie:
And when that howre ore-slips me in the day, •
Wherein I sigh not (Julia) for thy sake,
The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance
Torment me for my Loves forgetfulness:
My father staines my comming: answere not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,
That tide will stay me longer then I should,
Julia, farewell: what, gon without a word?

[Exit Julia.]

I, so true love should doe: it cannot speake, 20
For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.

[Enter Pantbino.]

Pantb. Sir Proteus: you are staid for.

Pro. Goe: I come, I come:
Alas, this parting strikes poore Lovers dumbe.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

[*The same. A street.*]Enter Launce [*leading a dog*], Pantbion.

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I have done weeping: all the kinde¹ of the *Launces*, have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious Sonne, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperiall's Court: I think *Crab* my dog, be the sowrest natured dogge that lives: My Mother weeping: my Father wayling: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre shedde one teare: he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pitty in him then a dogge: a Jew would have wept to have seene our parting: why my Grandam having no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting: nay, I'll shew you the manner of it. This shooe is my father: no, this left shooe is my father; no, no, this left shooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so neyther: yes; it is so, it is so: it hath the worser sole: this shooe with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a veng'ance on't, there 'tis: Now sir, this staffe is my sister: for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I; so, so: now come I to my Father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shooe speake a word for weeping: now should I kisse my Father; well, hee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake now, like a would-woman: well, I kisse her: why go. *would-woman*: *wood woman*—THEOBALD.

¹ *kindred*

there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath up and downe:
Now come I to my sister; marke the moane she makes:
now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare: nor
speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust with my
teares.

35

[Enter Pantbino.]

Pantb. *Launce*, away, away: a Boord: thy Master is
ship'd, and thou art to post after with oares; what's the
matter? why weep'st thou man? away asse, you'l loose
the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the
unkindest Tide, that ever any man tide. 41

Pantb. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

Pant. Tut, man: I meane thou'l loose the flood, and
in loosing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in loosing thy
voyage, loose thy Master, and in loosing thy Master,
loose thy service, and in loosing thy service:—why
dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For feare thou shouldst loose thy tongue.

Pantb. Where should I loose my tongue? 50

Laun. In thy Tale.

Pantb. In thy Taile.

Laun. Loose the Tide, and the voyage, and the Ma-
ster, and the Service, and the tide: why man, if the River
were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde
were downe, I could drive the boate with my sighes.

Pantb. Come: come away man, I was sent to call
thee.

Laun. Sir: call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou goe? 60

Laun. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

40, 41, 43, 54. *tide*: tied-SINGER.

Scena Quarta.

[Milan. The Duke's palace.]

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Proteus.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Mistris.

Spee. Master, Sir Thurio frownes on you.

Val. I Boy, it's for love.

Spee. Not of you.

Val. Of my Mistresse then.

Spee. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seeme so.

Thru. Seeme you that you are not?

Val. Hap'ly I doe.

Thru. So doe Counterseyts.

Val. So doe you.

Thru. What seeme I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thru. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thru. And how quoat¹ you my folly? ^{1mark} 20

Val. I quoat it in your Jerkin.

Thru. My Jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, Ile double your folly.

Thru. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio, do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, Madam, he is a kind of Camelion.

Thru. That hath more minde to feed on your bloud, then live in your ayre.

Val. You have said Sir.

Thru. I Sir, and done too for this time. ³⁰

Val. I know it wel sir, you alwaies end ere you begin.

H. iv. 33-62] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemen, & quickly shot off]

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that Servant?"

Val. Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gave the fire,
Sir *Tburio* borrows his wit from your Ladiships lookes,
And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

Tbu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well sir: you have an Exchequer of words,

40

And I thinke, no other treasure to give your followers:
For it appeares by their bare Liveries
That they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:
Here comes my father.

[Enter Duke.]

Duk. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset.
Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health,
What say you to a Letter from your friends
Of much good newes?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull,
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duk. Know ye, *Don Antonio*, your Countriman?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne?

Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deserves
The honor, and regard of such a father.

Duk. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my selfe: for from our Infancie

60. *know: know-HAMMER.*

We have conversat, and spent our howres together, 61
 And though my selfe have beene an idle Trewant,
 Omitting the sweet benefit of time
 To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection:
 Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name)
 Made use, and faire advantage of his daies:
 His yeares but yong, but his experience old:
 His head un-mellowed, but his Judgement ripe;
 And in a word (for far behinde his worth
 Comes all the praises that I now bestow.) 70
 He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
 With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.

Duk. Beashrew me sir, but if he make this good
 He is as worthy for an Empresse love,
 As meet to be an Emperors Councillor:
 Well, *Sir*: this Gentleman is come to me
 With Commendation from great Potentates,
 And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,
 I thinke 'tis no un-welcome newes to you. 79
 - *Val.* Should I have wish'd a thing, it had beene he.

Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I speake to you, and you Sir *Tburio*,
 For *Valentine*, I need not cite¹ him to it, ^{1incite}
 I will send him hither to you presently. [Exit.]

Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
 Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
 Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall lookes.

Sil. Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them
 Upon some other pawne for fealty.

Val. Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners stil.

Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
 How could he see his way to seeke out you? 92

Val. Why Lady, Love hath twenty paire of eyes.

Tbur. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

II. iv. 97-120] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

Val. To see such Lovers, *Tburio*, as your selfe,
Upon a homely object, Love can winke.

Sil. Have done, have done: here comes the gentleman.

[Enter *Proteus*.]

Val. Welcome, dear *Proteus*: Mistris, I beseech you
Confirm me his welcome, with some speciall favor.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to heare from. 101

Val. Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-servant to your Ladiship.

Sil. Too low a Mistres for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a servant
To have a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse.

Val. Leave off discourse of disabilitie:
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Servant.

Pro. My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And dutie never yet did want his need. 110
Servant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse.

Pro. Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthlesse.

[Enter *Servant*.]

Tbur. [Ser.] Madam, my Lord your father wold
speak with you. |

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure: [Exit Ser.] Come
Sir *Tburio*, |
Goe with me: once more, new Servant welcome;
Ile leave you to confer of home affaires,
When you have done, we looke too heare from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your Ladiship. 120
 [Exeunt *Silvia* & *Thurio*.]

Val. Now tell me: how do al from whence you came?

Pro. Your frends are wel, & have them much commended. |

Val. And how doe yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your Lady? & how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of Love were wont to weary you,
 I know you joy not in a Love-discourse.

Val. I *Proteus*, but that life is alter'd now,
 I have done penance for contemning Love,
 Whose high emperious thoughts have punish'd me 130
 With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,
 With nightly teares, and daily hart-sore sighes,
 For in revenge of my contempt of love,
 Love hath chas'd sleepe from my enthrall'd eyes,
 And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.
 O gentle *Proteus*, Love's a mighty Lord,
 And hath so humbled me, as I confesse
 There is no woe to his correction,
 Nor to his Service, no such joy on earth:
 Now, no discourse, except it be of love: 140
 Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,
 Upon the very naked name of Love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
 Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?

Val. Even She; and is she not a heavenly Saint?

Pro. No; But she is an earthly Paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me: for Love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills, 150
 And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not d'vine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Soveraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my Mistresse.

Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except againt my Love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine owne?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to: 160
Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,
And of so great a favor growing proud,
Discaine to roote the Sommer-swelling flowre,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadiame is this?

Val. Pardon me (*Proteus*) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;
Shee is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone. 170

Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne
And I as rich in having such a Jewell
As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou seest me doate upon my love:
My foolish Rival that her Father likes
(Only for his possessions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Love (thou know'st is full of jealousie.) 180

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our mariage
howre,]
With all the cunning manner of our flight

168. *makes*: makes—2-4F.

Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,
 The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
 Plotted, and 'greed on for my happiness.
 Good *Proteus* goe with me to my chamber,
 In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.

Pro. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:
 I must unto the Road, to dis-embarque 190
 Some necessaries, that I needs must use,
 And then Ile presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Exit.

Pro. I will.

Even as one heate, another heate expels,
 Or as one-naile, by strength drives out another.
 So the remembrance of my former Love
 Is by a newer object quite forgotten,
 It is mine, or *Valentines* praise?
 Her trule perfection, or my false transgression? 200
 That makes me reasonlease, to reason thus?
 Shee is faire: and so is *Julia* that I love,
 (That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,
 Which like a waxen Image 'gainst a fire
 Beares no impression of the thing it was.)
 Me thinkes my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,
 And that I love him not as I was wont:
 O, but I love his Lady too-too much,
 And that's the reason I love him so little.
 How shall I doate on her with more advice, 210
 That thus without advice begin to love her?
 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
 And that hath dazel'd my reasons light:
 But when I looke on her perfections,
 There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.
 If I can checke my erring love, I will,
 If not, to compasse her Ile use my skill.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

[*The same. A street.*]

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce, by mine honesty welcome to *Padua*.*Laun.* Forswear not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is never undon till hee be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place, till some certaine shot¹ be paid, and the Hostesse say welcome.¹ ale-house reckoning*Speed.* Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot¹ of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes: But sirha, how did thy Master part with Madam *Julia*? ¹²*Laun.* Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted very fairely in jest.*Spee.* But shall she marry him?*Laun.* No.*Spee.* How then? shall he marry her?*Laun.* No, neither.*Spee.* What, are they broken?*Laun.* No; they are both as whole as a fish. ²⁰*Spee.* Why then, how stands the matter with them?*Laun.* Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.*Spee.* What an asse art thou, I understand thee not.*Laun.* What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not?

My staffe understands me?

Spee. What thou saist?*Laun.* I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane, and my staffe understands me.*Spee.* It stands under thee indeed. ³⁰3. *Padua: Milan-Pope.*

Lau. Why, stand-under: and under-stand is all one.

Spec. But tell me true, wil't be a match?

Lau. Askē my dogge, if he say I, it will: if hee say no, it will: if hee shake his taile, and say nothing, it will.

Spec. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Lau. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Spec. 'Tis well that I get it so; but *Launce*, how saist thou that that my master is become a notable Lover? 40

Lau. I never knew him otherwise.

Spec. Then how?

Lau. A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to bee.

Spec. Why, thou whorson Asse, thou mistak'st me,

Lau. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy Master.

Spec. I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Lover.

Lau. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne himselfe in Love. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-house: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian. 52

Spec. Why?

Lau. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale¹ with a Christian: Wilt thou goe?

Spec. At thy service.

¹ ale-house

Exeunt.

Scœna Sexta.

[*The same. The Duke's palace.*]

Enter Protheus *solus*.

Pro. To leave my *Julia*; shall I be forsworne?
To love faire *Silvia*; shall I be forsworne?

40. *that that: that-a-qF.*

To wrong my friend, I shall be much forswarde.
 And ev'n that Powre which gave me first my oath
 Provokes me to this three-fold perjurie.
 Love bad mee sweare, and *Loye* bids me for-sweare;
 O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sin'd,
 Teach me (thy tempted subject) to excuse it. 10

At first I did adore a twinkling Starre,
 But now I worship a celestiall Sunne:
 Un-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
 And he wants wit, that wants resolved will,
 To learne his wit, t'exchange the bad for better;
 Fie, fie, unreverend tongue, to call her bad,
 Whose soveraignty so oft thou hast preferd,
 With twenty thousand soule-confirming oathes.
 I cannot leave to love; and yet I doe:
 But there I leave to love, where I should love. 20

Julia I loose, and *Valentine* I loose,
 If I keepe them, I needs must loose my selfe:
 If I loose them, thus finde I by their losse,
 For *Valentine*, my selfe: for *Julia*, *Silvia*.
 I to my selfe am deerer then a friend,
 For Love is still most precious in it selfe,
 And *Silvia* (witnesse heaven that made her faire)
 Shewes *Julia* but a swarthy Ethiope.
 I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
 Remembraunce that my Love to her is dead. 30

And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemic,
 Ayming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to my selfe,
 Without some treachery us'd to *Valentine*.
 This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
 To climbe celestiall *Silvia*'s chamber window,
 My selfe in counsail his competitor.
 Now presently Ile give her father notice

Of their disguising and pretended flight:
 Who (all inrag'd) will banish *Valentine*: 40
 For *Thurio* he intends shall wed his daughter,
 But *Valentine* being gon, He quickly crosse
 By some alie tricke, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.
Love lend me wings, to make my purpose swift
 As thou hast lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.

Scena septima.[*Verona. Julia's house.*]Enter *Julia* and *Lucetta*.

Jul. Counsile, *Lucetta*, gentle girle assist me,
 And ev'n in kinde love, I doe conjure thee,
 Who are the Table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly Character'd, and engrav'd,
 To lesson me, and tell me some good meane
 How with my honour I may undertake
 A journey to my loving *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long. 10

Jul. A true-devoted Pilgrime is not weary
 To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,
 Much lesse shall she that hath Loves wings to flie,
 And when the flight is made to one so deere,
 Of such divine perfection as Sir *Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbeare, till *Protheus* make returne.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soules
 food? |
 Pitty the dearth that I have pined in,
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of Love, 20
 Thou wouldest as soone goe kindle fire with snow
 As seeke to quench the fire of Love with words.

II. vii. 21-52] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

Luc. I doe not seeke to quench your Loves hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,
Lest it should burne above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musicke with th'enameld stones, 30
Giving a gentle kisse to every sedge
He over-taketh in his pilgrimage.
And so by many winding nookes he straies
With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my course:
Ile be as patient as a gentle stremme,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my Love,
And there Ile rest, as after much turmoile
A blessed soule doth in *Elizium.* 40

Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?

Jul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weedes
As may beseeme some well reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.

Jul. No girle, Ile knit it up in silken strings,
With twentie od-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I shall shew to be. 50

Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compasse will you weare your Farthingale?
Why ev'n what fashion thou best likes (*Lucetta.*)

54. *Likes: likest-Pozz.*

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-peecce (Madam)]

Jul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfavourd.

Luc. A round hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Unlesse you have a cod-peecce to stick pins on.

Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'st me let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly. 60
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I feare me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dreame on Infamy, but go:
If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

Jul. That is the least (*Lucetta*) of my feare: 70
A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,
And instances of infinite of Love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitfull men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect;
But truer starres did governe *Protheus* birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heaven from earth. 80

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so when you come to him.

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deserve my love, by loving him,
And presently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey:

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
 My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
 Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence: 90
 Come; answere not: but to it presently,
 I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

[*Milan. The Duke's palace.*]

*Enter Duke, Tburio, Proteus, Valentine,
 Launce, Speed.*

Duke. Sir *Tburio*, give us leave (I pray) a while,
 We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit Tbu.*]
 Now tell me *Proteus*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold discover
 The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,
 But when I call to minde your gracious favours
 Done to me (undeserving as I am) 10
 My dutie pricks me on to utter that
 Which else, no worldly good should draw from me:
 Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend
 This night intends to steale away your daughter:
 My selfe am one made privy to the plot.
 I know you have determin'd to bestow her
 On *Tburio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,
 And should she thus be stolne away from you,
 It would be much vexation to your age.
 Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose 20
 To croase my friend in his intended drift,
 Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
 A pack of sorrowes, which would prease you downe
 (Being unprevented) to your timelasse grave.

9. *your:* your-2-4F.

Duke. *Prestheus,* I thank thee for thine honest care,
 Which to requite, command me while I live.
 This love of theirs, my selfe have often seene,
 Haply when they have^{judg'd} me fast asleepe,
 And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
 Sir *Valentine* her companie, and my Court. 30
 But fearing lest my jealous ayne might erre,
 And so (unworthily) disgrace the man
 (A rahaunesse that I ever yet have shun'd)
 I gave him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
 That which thy selfe hast now disclos'd to me.
 And that thou maist perceive my feare of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested,¹
 I nightly lodge her in an upper Towre, 1 *tempted*
 The key whereof, my selfe have^{ever} kept:
 And thence she cannot be convay'd away. 40

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they have devis'd a meane
 How he her chamber-window will ascend,
 And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
 For which, the youthfull Lover now is gone,
 And this way comes he with it presently.
 Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
 But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly
 That my discovery be not aimed at:
 For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence. 50

Duke. Upon mine Honor, he shall never know
 That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adiew, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is comming.

[*Exit.*]

[*Enter Valentine.*]

Duk. Sir *Valentine*, whether away so fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger

III. i. 53-84] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

That stayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duk. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure of them doth but signifie
My health, and happy being at your Court. 60

Duk. Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of some affaires
That touch me neere; wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and sure the Match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beseeming such a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him? 70

Duk. No, trust me, She is peevish, sullen, froward,
Prowd, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
(Upon advice) hath drawne my love from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have beene cherish'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in: 80
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my possessions she esteemes not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duk. There is a Lady in *Verona* heere
Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,
And naught esteemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my Tutor

(For long agone I have forgot to court,
 Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)
 How, and which way I may bestow my selfe 90
 To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,
 Dumb Jewels often in their silent kinde
 More then quicke words, doe move a womans minde.

Duk. But she did scorne a present that I sent her,

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best contents her.

. Send her another: never give her ore,
 For scorne at first, makes after-love the more.
 If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
 But rather to beget more love in you. 100
 If she doe chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
 For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
 Take no repulse, what ever she doth say,
 For, get you gon, she doth not meane away.
 Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:
 Though nere so blacke, say they have Angells faces,
 That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duk. But she I meane, is promis'd by her friends
 Unto a youthfull Gentleman of worth, 110
 And kept severely from resort of men,
 That no man hath accesse by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept safe,
 That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lett¹ but one may enter at her window?

Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
 And built so shelving, that one cannot climbe it
 Without apparant hazard of his life. 1 binders

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
 To cast up, with a paire of anchoring hookes, 121

III. i. 119-147] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

Would serve to scale another *Hero's* towre,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duk. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Advise me, where I may have such a Ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray sir, tell me that.

Duk. This very night; for Love is like a childe
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seaven a clock, ile get you such a Ladder.

Duk. But harke thee: I will goe to her alone, 130
How shall I best convey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Under a cloake, that is of any length.

Duk. A cloake as long as thine will serve the turne?

Val. I my good Lord.

Duk. Then let me see thy cloake,
Ile get me one of such another length.

Val. Why any cloake will serve the turn (my Lord)

Duk. How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake?
I pray thee let me feele thy cloake upon me. 140
What Letter is this same? what's here? to *Silvia*?
And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,
Ile be so bold to breake the scale for once. [Reads.]

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying.
Ob, could their Master come, and goe as lightly,
Himselfe would lodge, where (senceles) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bosome rest-them,
While I (their King) that thither them importune
Doe curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest
them, | 150
Because my selfe doe want my servants fortune.

149. *thither*: hither—GLOBE.

*I curse my selfe, for they are sent by me,
That they should barbour where their Lord should
be. |*

What's here? *Silvia*, this night I will enfranchise thee.
'Tis so: and heere's the Ladder for the purpose.
Why *Pbaeton* (for thou art *Merops* sonne)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly Car?
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Goe base Intruder, over-weening Slave, 160
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)
Is priviledge for thy departure hence.
Thanke me for this, more then for all the favors
Which (all too-much) I have bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royll Court,
By heaven, my wrath shall farre exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thy selfe. 170
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,
But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[Exit.]

Val. And why not death, rather then living torment?
To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,
And *Silvia* is my selfe: banish'd from her
Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment:
What light, is light, if *Silvia* be not seene?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unlesse it be to thinke that she is by
And feed upon the shadow of perfection. 180

153. *should be: would be*-2-4F.

Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
 There is no musicke in the Nightingale.
 Unlesse I looke on *Silvia* in the day,
 There is no day for me to looke upon.
 Shee is my essence, and I leave to be;
 If I be not by her faire influence
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
 I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
 Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
 But flie I hence, I flie away from life.

190

[Enter *Proteus* and *Launce*.]

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and seeke him out.
Lau. So-hough, Soa hough——
Pro. What seest thou?
Lau. Him we goe to finde,
 There's not a haire on's head, but t'is a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his Spirit?
Val. Neither,
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Lau. Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?
Pro. Who wouldest thou strike?
Lau. Nothing.
Pro. Villaine, forbeare.
Lau. Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you.
Pro. Sirha, I say forbeare: friend *Valentine*, a word.
Val. My eares are stopt, & cannot hear good newes,
 So much of bad already hath possest them.
Pro. Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine, 210
 For they are harsh, un-tuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Silvia*,
Hath she forsworne me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forsworne me.
What is your newes?

Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, that you are vanished. |

Pro. That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend. 221

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excesse of it will make me surfeit.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banish'd?

Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the doome
(Which un-reverst stands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;
Those at her fathers churlish feete she tenderd,
With them upon her knees, her humble selfe,
Wringing her hands, whose whitenes so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe: 231

But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighes, deepe grones, nor silver-shedding teares
Could penetrate her uncompassionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be tane, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeale was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more: unles the next word that thou speake'st
Have some malignant power upon my life: 241
If so: I pray thee breath it in mine care,
As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,

III. i. 242-274] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

And study helpe for that which thou lament'st,
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love:
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a lovers staffe, walke hence with that
And manage it, against despairing thoughts: 250
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milke-white bosome of thy Love.
The time now serves not to expostulate,
Come, Ile convey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Love-affaires:
As thou lov'st *Silvia* (though not for thy selfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me. 259

Val. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou seest my Boy
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Goe sirha, finde him out: Come *Valentine*.

Val. Oh my deere *Silvia*; haplesse *Valentine*.

[*Exeunt Val. and Pro.*]

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I have
the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knave: but
that's all one, if he be but one knave: He lives not now
that knowes me to be in love, yet I am in love, but a
Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me: nor who
'tis I love: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I
will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis
not a maid: for shee hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid,
for she is her Masters maid, and serves for wages. Shee
hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is
much in a bare Christian: [*Pulling out a paper.*] Heere
is the Cate-log of her | Condition. *Inprimis.* Shee can

fetch and carry: why | a horse can doe no more; nay,
 a horse cannot fetch, but | onely carry, therefore is shee
 better then a Jade. *Item.* | She can milke, looke you,
 a sweet vertue in a maid with | cleane hands. 279

[Enter Speed.]

Speed. How now Signior Launce? what newes with
 your Mastership?

La. With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea:

Sp. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what
 newes then in your paper?

La. The black' st newes that ever thou heard'st.

Sp. Why man? how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Inke.

Sp. Let me read them?

La. Fie on thee Jolt-head, thou canst not read.

Sp. Thou lyest: I can. 290

La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father.

La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the sonne of thy
 Grand-mother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Sp. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper.

La. There: and S. *Nicolas* be thy speed.

Sp. [Reads] Inprimis she can milke.

La. I that she can.

Sp. Item, she brewes good Ale.

299

La. And thereof comes the proverbe: (*Blessing of
 your beart, you brew good Ale.*)

Sp. Item, she can sowe.

La. That's as much as to say (*Can she so?*)

Sp. Item she can knit.

282. *Mastership:* master's ship—THEORALD.

297. *Inprimis:* Imprimis—3-4F.

III. i. 311-346] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

La. What neede a man care for a stock with a wench,
When she can knit him a stocke?

Sp. Item, she can wash and scour.

La. A speciall vertue: for then shee neede not be
wash'd, and scowr'd.

Sp. Item, she can spin.

310

La. Then may I set the world on wheeles, when she
can spin for her living.

Sp. Item, she hath many namelese vertues.

La. That's as much as to say *Bastard-vertues*: that
indeed know not their fathers; and therefore have no
names.

Sp. Here follow her vices.

La. Close at the heeles of her vertues.

Sp. Item, shee is not to be fasting in respect of her
breath.

320

La. Well: that fault may be mended with a break-
fast: read on.

Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.

La. That makes amends for her soure breath.

Sp. Item, she doth talke in her sleepe.

La. It's no matter for that; so shee sleepe not in her
talke.

Sp. Item, she is slow in words.

La. Oh villaine, that set this downe among her vices;
To be slow in words, is a womans onely vertue: 330
I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue

Sp. Item, she is proud.

La. Out with that too:

It was *Eves* legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her.

Sp. Item, she hath no teeth.

La. I care not for that neither: because I love crusts.

319. *be fasting*: be kissed fasting-Rowe.

Sp. Item, she is curst.

La. Well: the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. Item, she will often praise her liquor. 339

La. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Sp. Item, she is too liberal.

La. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ downe she is slow of: of her purse, shee shall not, for that ile keepe shut: Now, of another thing shee may, and that cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.

Sp. Item, shee hath more haire then wit, and more faults then haire, and more wealth then faults.

La. Stop there: Ile have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last Article: rehearse that once more. 351

Sp. Item, she hath more haire then wit.

La. More haire then wit: it may be ile prove it: The cover of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more then the salt; the haire that covers the wit, is more then the wit; for the greater hides the lesse: What's next?

Sp. And more faults then haire.

La. That's monstrous: oh that that were out.

Sp. And more wealth then faults. 360

La. Why that word makes the faults gracious: Well, ile have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible.

Sp. What then?

La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master staies for thee at the *North gate*.

Sp. For me?

La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath staid for a better man then thee.

Sp. And must I goe to him?

370

III. i. 387-ii. 19] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

La. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long,
that going will scarce serve the turne.

Sp. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love
Letters.

La. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter;
An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himselfe into se-
crets: Ile after, to rejoyce in the boyes correction. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

[*The same. The Duke's palace.*]

Enter Duke, Thurso, Proteus.

Du. Sir *Thurso*, feare not, but that she will love you
Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.

Tb. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworne my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Du. This weake impresse of Love, is as a figure
Trenched¹ in ice, which with an houres heate ¹carved
Dissolves to water, and doth loose his forme. ^{to}
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthlesse *Valentine* shall be forgot.

[*Enter Proteus.*]

How now sir *Proteus*, is your countriman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?

Pro. Gon, my good Lord.

Du. My daughter takes his going grievously?

Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.

Du. So I beleeve: but *Thurso* thinkes not so:
Proteus, the good conceit² I hold of thee, ³opinion
(For thou hast showne some signe of good desert) zo
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer then I prove loyall to your Grace,
Let me not live, to looke upon your Grace.

Du. Thou know'st how willingly, I would effect
The match betweene sir *Tburio*, and my daughter?

Pro. I doe my Lord.

Du. And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will?

Pro. She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Du. I, and perversly, she persevers so: 30
What might we doe to make the girle forget
The love of *Valentine*, and love sir *Tburio*?

Pro. The best way is, to slander *Valentine*,
With falsehood, cowardize, and poore discent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.

Du. I, but she'll thinke, that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. I, if his enemy deliver it.
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Du. Then you must undertake to slander him. 40
•*Pro.* And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Du. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him: 50
But say this weede her love from *Valentine*,
It followes not that she will love sir *Tburio*.

Tb. Therefore, as you unwinde her love from him;
Least it should ravell, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottome it on me:

Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you, in worth dispraise, sir *Valentine*.

Du. And *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kinde,
Because we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already loves firme votary, 60
And cannot soone revolt, and change your minde.
Upon this warrant, shall you have accessse,
Where you, with *Silvia*, may conferre at large.
For she is lumpish, heavy, mellancholly,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,
To hate yong *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you sir *Tburio*, are not sharpe enough: 69
You must lay Lime,¹ to tangle her desires ¹ *bird-lime*
By walefull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable voweds.

Du. I, much is the force of heaven-bred Poesie.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart:
Write till your inke be dry; and with your teares
Moist it againe: and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For *Orpheus* Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,
Whose golden touch could soften steele and stones; 80
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forsake unsounded deepes, to dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With some sweet Consort; To their Instruments
Tune a deploring dumpe:² the nights dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:
This, or else nothing, will inherit her. ² *slow.dance-tune*

Du. This discipline, shewes thou hast bin in love.

Tb. And thy advice, this night, ile put in practise:
Therefore, sweet *Proteus*, my direction-giver, 91
Let us into the City presently
To sort¹ some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musick.
I have a Sonnet, that will serve the turne ^{1 pick out}
To give the on-set to thy good advise.

Du. About it Gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Du. Even now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

[*The frontiers of Mantua. A forest.*]

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lawes.

1. *Out-l.* Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger.
2. *Out.* If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with 'em.

[*Enter Valentine and Speed.*]

3. *Out.* Stand sir, and throw us that you have about'ye.
If not: we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Sp. Sir we are undone; these are the Villaines
That all the Travailers doe feare so much.

Val. My friends.

1. *Out.* That's not so, sir: we are your enemies. 10
2. *Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.

3. *Out.* I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to loose;
A man I am, cross'd with adversitie:
My riches, are these poore habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

IV. i. 16-46]

THE TWO GENTLEMEN

2. *Qst.* Whether travell you?

Vol. To Verona.

1. Out. Whence came you?

20

Vol. From Millaine.

3. *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteene moneths, and longer might have
staide, |

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

i. Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Vol. I was.

2. *Ques.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse;
I kil'd a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight, 30
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1. *Out.* Why were you banisht for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doome.

2. *Out.* Have you the Tongues?

Val. My youthfull travaile, therein made me happy,
Or else I often had beene often miserable. —

3. Out. By the bare scalpe of *Robin Hoods* fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.

1. *Out.* We'll have him: Sirs, a word.

40

Sp. Master, be one of them:

It's an honourable kinde of theevery.

Val. Peace villain.

2. *Out.* Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3. *Out.* Know then, that some of us are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awfull men.

37. often miserable: often out-2-4F.

My selfe was from *Verona* banished,
For practising to steale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, alide unto the Duke. 50

2. *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,
Who, in my moode, I stab'd unto the heart.

1. *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse lives;
And partly seeing you are beautifide
With goodly shape; and by your owne report,
A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want. 60

2. *Out.* Indeede because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our Generall?
To make a vertue of necessity,
And live as we doe in this wildernesse?

3. *Out.* What saist thou? wilt thou be of our consort?¹
Say I, and be the captaine of us all: 1 band
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1. *Out.* But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest.
2. *Out.* Thou shalt not live, to brag what we have of-
fer'd. 71

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poore passengers.

3. *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practises.
Come, goe with us, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
And show thee all the Treasure we have got;
Which, with our selves, all rest at thy dispose. *Exeunt.*

51. *Neece:* near-THROBALD.

Scena Secunda.

[*Milan. Outside the Duke's palace, under Silvia's chamber.*]

Enter Proteus, Thurio, Julia, Host, Musitian, Silvia.

Pro. Already have I bin false to *Valentine*,
 And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio*,
 Under the colour of commanding him,
 I have accessse my owne love to prefer.
 But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy,
 To be corrupted with my worthlesse guifts;
 When I protest true loyalty to her,
 She twits me with my falsehood to my friend; 10
 When to her beauty I commend my vowes,
 She bids me thinke how I have bin forsworne
 In breaking faith with *Julia*, whom I lov'd;
 And notwithstanding all her sodaine quips,
 The least whereof would quell a lovers hope:
 Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my love,
 The more it growes, and fawneth on her still;
 But here comes *Thurio*; now must we to her window,
 And give some evening Musique to her care. 19

[*Enter Thurio and Musicians.*]

Tb. How now, sir *Proteus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that love
 Will creepe in service, where it cannot goe.

Tb. I, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence.

Tb. Who, *Silvia*?

Pro. I, *Silvia*, for your sake.

Tb. I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
 Let's tune: and to o it lustily a while.

[Enter, at a distance, Host, and Julia in boy's clothes.]

Ho. Now, my yong guest; me thinks your' allycholly;
I pray you why is it? 30

Ju. Marry (mine Host) because I cannot be merry.

Ho. Come, we'll have you merry: ile bring you where
you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that
you ask'd for.

Ju. But shall I heare him speake.

Ho. I that you shall.

Ju. That will be Musique. [Music plays.]

Ho. Harke, harke.

Ju. Is he among these?

Ho. I: but peace, let's heare'm. 40

Song. Who is Silvia? what is she?
That all our Swaines commend her?
Holy, faire, and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
that she might admired be.

Is she kinde as she is faire?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repaire,
To helpe him of his blindnesse:

And being help'd, inhabits there. 50
Then to Silvia, let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortall thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us Garlands bring.

Ho. How now? are you sadder then you were before;
How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not.

Ju. You mistake: the Musitian likes me not.

IV. ii. 58-87] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

Ho. Why, my pretty youth?

Ju. He playes false (father.)

60

Ho. How, out of tune on the strings.

Ju. Not so: but yet

So false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Ho. You have a quicke eare.

Ju. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me have a slowt
heart.

Ho. I perceive you delight not in Musique.

Ju. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Musique.

Ju. I: that change is the spight.

69

Ho. You would have them alwaies play but one thing.

Ju. I would alwaies have one play but one thing.

But Host, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,
Often resort unto this Gentlewoman?

Ho. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me,
He lov'd her out of all nicke.^{1 tally}

Ju. Where is *Launce*?

Ho. Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his
Masters command, hee must carry for a present to his
Lady.

Ju. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

80

Pro. Sir *Tburio*, feare not you, I will so please,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Tb. Where meete we?

Pro. At Saint *Gregories* well.

Tb. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Tbu. and Musicians. Enter Silvia above.*]

Pro. Madam: good ev'n to your Ladiship.
Sil. I thanke you for your Musique (Gentlemen)
Who is that that speake?

Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learne to know him by his voice. 90

Sil. Sir *Proteus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Proteus* (gentle Lady) and your Servant.

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compasse yours.

Sil. You have your wish: my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed:
Thou subtile, perjur'd, false, disloyall man:
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitlesse,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That has't deceiv'd so many with thy vowes? 100
Returne, returne and make thy love amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)
I am so farre from granting thy request,
That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite;
And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant (sweet love) that I did love a Lady,
But she is dead.

Ju. [Aside] 'Twere false, if I should speake it;
For I am sure she is not buried. 110

Sil. Say that she be: yet *Valentine* thy friend
Survives; to whom (thy selfe art witnesse)
I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise heare that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in her grave
Assure thy selfe, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Goe to thy Ladies grave and call hers thence,
Or at the least, in hers, sepulcher thine. 120

Ju. [Aside] He heard not that.

116. *ber.* his-2-4F.

IV. ii. 120-iii. 2] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

Pro. Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my love,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that ile speake, to that ile sigh and weepe:
For since the substance of your perfect selfe
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow, will I make true love.

Jul. [Aside] If'twere a substance you would sure
deceive it, | 139
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadowes, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and ile send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have ore-night
That wait for execution in the morne.

[*Exeunt Pro. and Sil. severally.*]

Jul. Host, will you goe? 140
Ho. By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe.
Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?
• *Ho.* Marry, at my house:
Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day.
Jul. Not so: but it hath bin the longest night
That ere I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Tertia.

[*The same.*]

Enter Eglamore, Silvia.

Eg. This is the houre that Madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her minde:

Ther's some great matter she'l employ me in.
Madam, Madam.

[Enter *Silvia* above.]

Sil. Who calls?

Eg. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladiships command.
Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thousand times good morrow.
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe: 11
According to your Ladiships impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. Oh *Eglamoure*, thou art a Gentleman:
Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not)
Valiant, wise, remorse-full, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I beare unto the banish'd *Valentine*:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry 20
Vaine Thurio (whom my very soule abhor'd.)
Thy selfe hast lov'd, and I have heard thee say
No grieve did ever come so neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-love dide,
Upon whose Grave thou vow'dst pure chastitie:
Sir *Eglamoure*: I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes aboard;
And for the waies are dangerous to passe,
I doe desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honor, I repose. 30
Urge not my fathers anger (*Eglamoure*)
But thinke upon my grieve (a Ladies grieve)
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a most unholy match,

21. *abber'd*: abhors—HANMER.

IV. iii. 31-iv. 10] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I doe desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,
To beare me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

40

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances,
Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd,
I give consent to goe along with you,
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much, I wish all good beforntune you.
When will you goe?

Sil. This evening comming.

Eg. Where shall I meeete you?

Sil. At Frier Patricke's Cell,
Where I intend holy Confession.

50

Eg. I will not faile your Ladiship:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)

Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir Eglamoure. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

[*The same.*]

Enter Launce, Proteus, Julia, Silvia.

Laun. When a mans servant shall play the Curre with
him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought up of
a puppy: one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or
fourre of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I have
taught him (even as one would say precisely, thus I
would teach a dog) I was sent to deliver him, as a pre-
sent to Mistris Silvia, from my Master; and I came no
sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her

44. *Wreaking: Recking-Pope.*

Trencher, and steales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all compaines: I would have (as one should say) one that takes uppon him to be a dog indeedg, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd for't: sure as I live he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge: Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, under the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (blesse the marke) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one) what cur is that (saies another) whip him out (saies the third) hang him up (saies the Duke.) I having bin acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters would doe this for his Servant? nay, ile be sworne I have sat in the stockes, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise he had bin executed: I have stood on the Pillorie for Geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had sufferd for't: thou think'st not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you serv'd me, when I tooke my leave of Madam *Silvia*: did not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when did'st thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a Gentlewoman's farthingale? did'st thou ever see me doe such a tricke?

[Enter *Proteus* and *Julia*.]

Pro. Sebastian is thy name: I like thee well, 40
And will imploy thee in some service presently.

Ju. In what you please, ile doe what I can.

IV. iv. 47-78] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

Pro. I hope thou wilt.

[*To Launce*] How now you whor-son pezant,
Where have you bin these two dayes loytering?

La. Marry Sir, I carried Mistris *Silvia* the dogge you
bad me.

Pro. And what saies she to my little Jewell?

La. Marry she saies your dog was a cur, and tels you
currish thanks is good enough for such a present. 50

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

La. No indeede did she not:
Here have I brought him backe againe.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

La. I Sir, the other Squirrill was stolne from me
By the Hangmans boyes in the market place,
And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog
As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guift the greater.

Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,
Or nere returne againe into my sight. 60

Away, I say: stayest thou to vexe me here;

[*Exit Launce.*]

A Slave, that still an end,¹ turnes me to shame:
Sebastian, I have entertained thee, ¹ *endlessly*
Partly that I have neede of such a youth,
That can with some discretion doe my businesse:
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lowt;
But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,
Which (if my Augury deceive me not)
Witnessse good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee. 70
Go presently, and take this Ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*;
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seemes you lov'd not her, not leave her token:
She is dead belike?

Pro. Not so: I thinke she lives.

Jul. Alas.

Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pitty her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pitty her? 80

Jul. Because, me thinkes that she lov'd you as well
As you doe love your Lady *Silvia*:
She dreames on him, that has forgot her love,
You doate on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pitty Love, should be so contrary:
And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well: give her that Ring, and therewithall
This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,
I claime the promise for her heavenly Picture:
Your message done, hye home unto my chamber, 90
Where thou shalt finde me sad, and solitarie. [Exit.]

Jul. How many women would doe such a message?
Alas poore *Proteus*, thou hast entertain'd
A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;
Alas, poore foole, why doe I pitty him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me,
Because I love him, I must pitty him.
This Ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To binde him to remember my good will: 100
And now am I (unhappy Messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtaine;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my Masters true confirmed Love,

74. *not leave*: to leave—2-4F. 78-9. *Why* .. *choose*: 1 l.—HANMER.
79-80. *but pitty* .. *pitty ber*: 1 l.—HANMER.

IV. iv. 109-138] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

But cannot be true servant to my Master,
Unlesse I prove false traitor to my selfe.
Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly,
As (heaven it knowes) I would not have him spred.

[Enter *Silvia* attended.]

Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane
To bring me where to speake with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I doe intreat your patience 113
To heare me speake the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my Master, Sir *Protbeus*, Madam.
Sil. Oh: he sends you for a Picture?
Jul. I, Madam.
Sil. *Ursula*, bring my Picture there,
Goe, give your Master this: tell him from me, 120
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget
Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this Letter;
Pardon me (Madam) I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the Letter to your Ladiship.

Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe.
Jul. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.
Sil. There, hold:
I will not looke upon your Masters lines: 130
I know they are stuff with protestations,
And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake
As easily as I doe teare his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your Ladiship this Ring.
Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;

108. woe: woe (wooe)-2-4F.

For I have heard him say a thousand times,
 His *Julia* gave it him, at his departure:
 Though his false finger have prophan'd the Ring,
 Mine shall not doe his *Julia* so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

140

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thanke you Madam, that you tender¹ her:
 Poore Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.

Sil. Do'st thou know her?

1 consider

Jul. Almost as well as I doe know my selfe.
 To thinke upon her woes, I doe protest
 That I have wept a hundred severall times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that *Proteus* hath forsook her?

Jul. I thinke she doth: and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing faire?

150

Jul. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then she is,
 When she did thinke my Master lov'd her well;
 She, in my judgement, was as faire as you.
 But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
 And threw her Sun-expelling Masque away,
 The ayre hath starv'd the roses in her cheeke,
 And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
 That now she is become as blacke as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for at *Pentecost*,
 When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
 Our youth got me to play the womans part,
 And I was trim'd in Madam *Julias* gowne,
 Which served me as fit, by all mens judgements,
 As if the garment had bin made for me:
 Therefore I know she is about my heighth,
 And at that time I made her weepe a good,² *3 in earnest*
 For I did play a lamentable part.
 (Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning

For *Thesus* perjury, and unjust flight; 170
 Which I so lively acted with my teares:
 That my poore Mistris moved therewithall,
 Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
 If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
 Alas (poore Lady) desolate, and left;
 I weepe my selfe to thinke upon thy words:
 Here youth: there is my purse; I give thee this
 For thy sweet Mistris sake, because thou lov'st her. Fare-
 well.] [Exit *Silvia*, with attendants.]

Ju. And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know
 her.] 180

A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull.
 I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,
 Since she respects my Mistris love so much.
 Alas, how love can trifle with it selfe:
 Here is her Picture: let me see, I think
 If I had such a Tyre,¹ this face of mine ^{1 bead-dress}
 Were full as lovely, as is this of hers;
 And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
 Unlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.
 Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*; 190
 If that be all the difference in his love,
 Ile get me such a coulour'd Perrywig:
 Her eyes are grey as glasse, and so are mine:
 I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
 What should it be that he respects in her,
 But I can make respective in my selfe?
 If this fond Love, were not a blinded god.
 Come shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
 For 'tis thy rivall: O thou sencelesse forme,
 Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;

179. Farewell: 1 l.-2-4F.

And were there sence in his Idolstry, 201
 My substance should be statuel in thy stead. ¹ *image*
 Ile use thee kindly, for thy Mistris sake
 That wold me so: or else by *Jove*, I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my Master out of love with thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.[*Milan. An abbey.*]*Enter Eglamoure, Silvia.*

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the westerne skie,
 And now it is about the very houre
 That *Silvia*, at Fryer *Patricks* Cell should meet me,
 She will not faile; for Lovers breake not houres,
 Unless it be to come before their time,
 So much they spur their expedition.
 See where she comes: Lady a happy evening.

[*Enter Silvia.*]

Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good *Eglamoure*) 10
 Out at the Posterne by the Abbey wall;
 I feare I am attended by some Spies.

Egl. Feare not: the Forrest is not three leagues off,
 If we recover that, we are sure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.[*The same. The Duke's palace.*]*Enter Thurio, Proteus, Julia, Duke.*

Tb. Sir *Proteus*, what saies *Silvia* to my suit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,

And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Tbu. What? that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Tbu. Ile weare a Boote, to make it somewhat rounder. |

Pro. [*Tbu. aside*] But love will not be spurd to what it loathes. |

Tbu. What saies she to my face? 10

Pro. She saies it is a faire one.

Tbu. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke.

Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is, Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.

Tbu. [*Jul. aside*] 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes, |

For I had rather winke, then looke on them.

Tbu. How likes she my discourse? "

Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.

Tbu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace.

Jul. [*Aside*] But better indeede, when you hold you peace. | 20

Tbu. What sayes she to my valour?

Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. [*Aside*] She needes not, when she knowes it cowardize. |

Tbu. What saies she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. [*Aside*] True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.

Tbu. Considers she my Possessions?

Pro. Oh, I: and pitties them.

Tbu. Wherfore?

Jul. [*Aside*] That such an Asse should owe¹ them.

Pro. That they are out by Lease. 1 own 31

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

[Enter Duke.]

Du. How now sir *Protbess*; how now *Tburio*?
Which of you saw *Eglamoure* of late?

Tbh. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Du. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Du. Why then

She's fled unto that pezant, *Valentine*; 40
And *Eglamoure* is in her Company:
'Tis true: for Frier *Laurence* met them both
As he, in penitance wander'd through the Forrest:
Him he knew well: and guesd that it was she,
But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.
Besides she did intend Confession
At *Patricks* Cell this even, and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meeete with me 50
Upon the rising of the Mountaine foote
That leads toward *Mantua*, whether they are fled:
Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.

Tbh. Why this it is, to be a peevious Girle,
That flies her fortune when it followes her:
Ile after; more to be reveng'd on *Eglamoure*,
Then for the love of reck-lesse *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia* love
Then hate of *Eglamoure* that goes with her. 59

Jul. And I will follow, more to crosse that love
Then hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. *Exeunt.*

34. saw *Eglamoure*: saw Sir *Eglamour*-3-4F.

V. iii. 1-iv. 5] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

Scena Tertia.

[*The frontiers of Mantua. The forest.*]

Silvia, Out-lawes.

1. *Out.* Come, come be patient:
We must bring you to our Captaine.

Sil. A thousand more mischances then this one
Have learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run us.

But *Moyses* and *Valerius* follow him: 10
Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,
There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our Captains cave.
Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,
And will not use a woman lawlesly.

Sil. O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

[*Another part of the forest.*]

*Enter Valentine, Proteus, Silvia, Julia, Duke, Thurio,
Out-lawes.*

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man?
This shadowy desart, unfrequented woods
I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes:
Here can I sit alone, un-seene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes

3-4. *be .. Captaine:* 8 I.-POPE.

Tune my distrestes, and record¹ my woes. 1 sing
 O thou that dost inhabit in my brest, 10
 Leave not the Mansion so long Tenant-lese,
 Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,
 And leave no memory of what it was,
 Repaire me, with thy presence, *Silvia*:
 Thou gentle Nymph, cherish thy for-lorne swaine.
 What hallowing, and what stir is this to day?
 These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
 Have some unhappy passenger in chace;
 They love me well: yet I have much to doe
 To keepe them from uncivill outrages. 20
 Withdraw thee Valentine: who's this comes heere?

[Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.]

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you
 (Though you respect not aught your servant doth;
 To hazard life, and reskew you from him,
 That would have forc'd your honour, and your love,
 Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one faire looke:
 (A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,
 And lese then this, I am sure you cannot give.)

Val. [Aside] How like a dreame is this? I see, and
 heare: |

Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. 30

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am.

Pro. Unhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:
 But by my comming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. [Aside] And me, when he approcheth to your
 presence. |

Sil. Had I beeene ceazed by a hungry Lion,

9. *distrestes*: distresses—2-4F.

I would have beeene a break-fast to the Beast,
 Rather then have false *Prothbeus* reskeue me:
 Oh heaven be judge how I love *Valentine*,
 Whose life's as tender to me as my soule, 40
 And full as much (for more there cannot be)
 I doe detest false perjur'd *Prothbeus*:
 Therefore be gone, sollicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death
 Would I not undergoe, for one calme looke:
 Oh 'tis the curse in Love, and still approv'd
 When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When *Prothbeus* cannot love, where he's belov'd:
 Read over *Julia's* heart, (thy first best Love)
 For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith 50
 Into a thousand oathes; and all those oathes,
 Descended into perjury, to love me,
 Thou hast no faith left now, unlesse thou'dst two,
 And that's farre worse then none: better have none
 Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:
 Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.

Pro. In Love,
 Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but *Prothbeus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words 60
 Can no way change you to a milder forme;
 Ile woe you like a Souldier, at armes end,
 And love you 'gainst the nature of Love: force ye.

Sil. Oh heaven.

Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my desire.

Val. Ruffian: let goe that rude uncivill touch,
 Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. *Valentine*.

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
 For such is a friend now: treacherous man, 70

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
 Could have perswaded me: now I dare not say
 I have one friend alive; thou wouldest disprove me:
 Who should be trusted, when ones right hand
 Is perfid to the bosome? *Prothens*

I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
 But count the world a stranger for thy sake:
 The private wound is deepest: oh time, most accurst:
 'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst?

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me: 80
 Forgive me *Valentine*: if hearty sorrow
 Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,
 I tender't heere: I doe as truely suffer,
 As ere I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
 And once againe, I doe receive thee honest;
 Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
 Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd:
 By Penitence th'Eternall's wrath's appeas'd:
 And that my love may appeare plaine and free, 90
 All that was mine, in *Silvia*, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy. [Seasons.]

Pro. Looke to the Boy.

Val. Why, Boy?

Why wag: how now? what's the matter? look up: speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring
 to Madam *Silvia*: which (out of my neglect) was never
 done. |

Pro. Where is that ring? boy?

Jul. Heere 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me see.

Why this is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul. Oh, cry you mercy sir, I have mistooke:
 This is the ring you sent to *Silvia*.

100

V. iv. 96-124] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart
I gave this unto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* her selfe did give it me,
And *Julia* her selfe hath brought it hither.

Pro. How? *Julia*?

Jul. Behold her, that gave syme to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart. 110
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the roote?
Oh *Proteus*, let this habit make thee blush.
Be thou ashame'd that I have tooke upon me,
Such an immodest rayment; if shame live
In a disguise of love?
It is the lesser blot modesty findes,
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.

Pro. Then men their minds? tis true: oh heven, were
man |
But Constant, he were perfect; that one error 119
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th'sins;
Inconstancy falls-off, ere it begins:
What is in *Silvia*'s face, but I may spie
More fresh in *Julia*'s, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'Twere pitty two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Beare witnes (heaven) I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

[Enter *Outlaws* with *Duke* and *Thurio*.]

Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.

Val. Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd, 131
Banished *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thb. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. *Thuris* give backe; or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the measure¹ of my wrath: ¹ *reach*
Doe not name *Silvia* thine: if once againe,
Verona, shall not hold thee: heere she stands,
Take but possession of her, with a Touch:
I dare thee, but to breath upon my Love. ¹⁴⁰

Thb. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a foole that will endanger
His Body, for a Girle that loves him not:
I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such ineanes² for her, as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions. ² *efforts*
Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And thinke thee worthy of an Emprease love: ¹⁵⁰
Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new state in thy un-rival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriv'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace, the gift hath made me happy:
I now beseech you (for your daughters sake)
To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you. ¹⁵⁹

Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:
They are reformed, civill, full of good,
And fit for great employmant (worthy Lord.)

Duke. Thou hast prevailed, I pardon them and thee:

V. iv. 159-173] GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.

Come, let us goe, we will include all jarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth; and rare solemnity. 170

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)

Duke. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.

Duke. What meane you by that saying?

Val. Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned:
Come *Protheus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare
The story of your Loves discovered. 180
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse. *Exeunt.*

The names of all the Actors.

Duke; Father to Silvia.

Valentine. } the two Gentlemen.

Protheus. }

Antbonio: father to Protheus.

Tburio: a foolish riviall to Valentine.

Eglamoure: Agent for Silvia in her escape.

Host: where Julia lodges.

Out-lawes with Valentine.

Speed: a clownish servant to Valentine.

Launce: the like to Protheus.

Pantbion: servant to Antonio.

Julia: beloved of Protheus.

Silvia: beloved of Valentine.

Lucetta: waighting-woman to Julia.

FINIS.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

First printed in Quartos, 1602, 1619

The First Folio, 1623, gives a better and fuller
text, supplying acts and scenes
missing in the Quartos

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR' is a broad comedy of contrivance and characterization.

Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, two worthy matrons of Windsor, are simultaneously besieged by the former companion of Prince Hal (now Henry IV), Sir John Falstaff.

He writes each a love-letter (Act II), which they compare and find similar in tenor. They thereupon plot to make sport of the doughty knight as well as bring him to shame. Mistress Ford makes an appointment with him, which appointment is also heard of by her husband, who does not know it to be a jest.

In Act III the two women plan to have a basket of soiled linen in readiness to hide Falstaff, under the pretense that Ford is at hand. The knight keeps his appointment, and the jest turns to earnest when the suspicious husband really arrives. Falstaff is carried out safely in the basket and dumped into the river. Shortly afterward, he receives invitation for a second interview with Mistress Ford.

This he follows up also, in Act IV, and again is surprised by Ford. The basket is sent down as before; and while Ford is going through it, Falstaff escapes disguised as a woman. Ford and Page are then told the secret of the pranks played upon Fal-

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

staff, and a final one is prepared, with their approval, for a night in Windsor Park.

In Act V Falstaff is sent to the park disguised under a buck's head, where he is set upon by pretended fairies and burned with tapers. The two 'merry wives' and their husbands then reveal themselves to their victim, upbraid him for his amorous schemes, and pardon him.

A secondary episode of the play likewise culminates here. Anne Page, daughter of Mr. and Mistress Page, has had four suitors, of whom her father has favoured one, her mother another, and herself a third. Anne utilizes this night masquerade, despite counterschemes, to marry the man of her choice.

SOURCES

The plot is Shakespeare's own, although it contains situations which were current in other stories of the time. Two Italian stories have come to light, in 'Il Tredeci Piacevoli Notti' of Strapola, which resemble 'Merry Wives' only in the baffling of suspicious husbands. A similar incident is recorded in the tale of 'Two Lovers of Pisa,' in Tarlton's 'Newes out of Purgatorie' (1590), which was probably founded on the Italian tales, and which resembles 'Merry Wives' even more nearly in containing three fruitless appointments made by a lover who comes to grief through unwittingly telling the husband of his plan. But even though Shakespeare may have been indebted for his leading chain of episodes to this or other stories, the machinery of his plot, the development of character, and the interweaving of the love-affairs of Anne Page with the main story are certainly his own.

The play is a comedy of contemporary society, written, according to generally accepted tradition, upon

INTRODUCTION

the command of Queen Elizabeth, who 'was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in the two parts of "Henry IV,"' that she commanded him [Shakspeare] to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love.' A further account states that the playwright was obliged to complete his play in a fortnight. It shows evidence of having been written in haste, while the title-page of the 1602 edition (see Early Editions) lends weight to the statement that it was a special product for the queen.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

Various Shakespearian editors have devoted many pages to solving the time element in this play, where a confusion of mornings and evenings may be traced to two causes: (1) the haste of its first production, and (2) its compression for stage purposes. The three interviews of Falstaff with Mistress Ford do not read chronologically, and are further confused by the interjection of scenes relating to Anne Page's suitors. It seems evident, without attempt at analysis here, that the action is limited to four days; and by changing three clashing references it can be reduced to three, which was probably the dramatist's intention.

The period of action follows the career of Falstaff after he has parted company with Henry IV, and belongs to the early years of that monarch's reign. Its context and local colouring, however, make it coincident with Elizabeth's time.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The date of 'Merry Wives of Windsor' readily falls between 1598 and 1602. The latter date is fixed by the appearance of the play in an imperfect Quarto edi-

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

tion. The former date is indicated by the facts (1) that Meres does not mention it in his 'Palladis Tamia' of the same year—an omission which would hardly have occurred if the play had 'been known; and (2) 'Merry Wives' follows the two parts of 'Henry IV,' which were produced about 1597. In the epilogue to the second part of 'Henry IV' the promise was made that Falstaff should appear in 'Henry V' (1599). It is plausible, therefore, that Shakespeare wrote 'Merry Wives' to please the queen in the latter part of 1598, and that, having done so, he lost interest in Falstaff, and contented himself with narrating his death in 'Henry V.'

'Merry Wives' was probably written and produced in 1598. A garbled copy taken from notes was printed in the Quarto of 1602. And the play was evidently revised and improved in 1603, when James I succeeded Elizabeth on the throne; for the later or Folio text refers to the 'king' where the Quarto refers to the 'council,' and the Folio alone has a fine passage in the fairy scene alluding to Windsor and the Order of the Garter, which seems to bear special reference to the sitting of the court at Windsor in 1603, when Shakespeare's friend Southampton, as well as Prince Arthur, was made Knight of the Garter.

Another bit of internal evidence bears on the traditional enemy of Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Lucy. It is said that the poet caricatured him in Justice Shallow. Lucy died in 1600, and the revised text published after his death introduces a close allusion to him in the opening scene. A coat of arms bearing a 'dozen white luces' (or fish) is spoken of as belonging to the justice's family, whereas Lucy's own coat bore three luces.

INTRODUCTION

EARLY EDITIONS

The first printing of 'Merry Wives of Windsor' was made in a Quarto edition of 1602, which bore the following title-page: .

• A most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr John Falstaffe, and the mersie Wivves of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr Hugh, the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin, M. Slender. With the swaggering vaine of Auncient Pistoll, and Corporal Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath bene divers times acted by the right Honorable my lord Chamberlaines servants. Both before her Majestie, and else-where. London Printed by T. C. for Arthur Johnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne. 1602.'

This Quarto was reprinted by the same bookseller in 1619.

• The First Folio version of the play (1623) places it third in the book, under the division of comedies. Here it is more than double the length of the previous Quarto versions, and supplies the acts and scenes, but does not append the names of the characters, as is the case with the two preceding plays.

The Quartos are so brief and imperfect as to lead to the belief that they are pirated versions taken from shorthand notes at a performance, or from an actor's manual. The trustworthy text is that of the First Folio, which is fairly correct, the Quartos giving little aid in supplying emendations.

**THE MERRY WIVES OF
WINDSOR**

[DRAMATIC PERSONÆ

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON, *a gentleman.*

SHALLOW, *a country justice.*

SLENDER, *cousin to Shallow.*

FORD, } *two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*
PAGE, }

WILLIAM PAGE, *a boy, son to Page.*

SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh parson.*

DOCTOR CAIUS, *a French physician.*

Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH,

PISTOL, } *sharers attending on Falstaff.*
NYM,

ROBIN, *page to Falstaff.*

SIMPLE, *servant to Slender.*

RUGBY, *servant to Doctor Caius.*

MISTRESS FORD.

MISTRESS PAGE.

ANNE PAGE, *her daughter.*

MISTRESS QUICKLY, *servant to Doctor Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE: *Windsor, and the neighbourhood.]*

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Actus primus, Scena prima.

[*Windsor. Before Page's house.*]

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Master Page, Falstoffe, Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page, Missesse Ford, Mistresse Page, Simple.

Shallow.

SIR Hugb, perswade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hec were twenty Sir John Falstoffe, he shall not abuse *Roberts Shallow* Esquire.

Slend. In the County of *Glocester*, Justice of Peace and Coram. |

10

Shal. I (Cosen *Slender*) and *Cust-alorum.*

Slend. I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himselfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero.*

Shal. I that I doe, and have done any time these three hundred yeeres.

Slend. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Sbal. It is an olde Coate.

20

Evans. The dozen white Lowses doe þecome an old Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Love.

Sbal. The Luse is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Conte.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz).

Sbal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Sbal. Not a whit.

29

Evans. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falstaffe* have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make attone-ments and compremises betweene you.

Sbal. The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.

Evans. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

40

Sbal. Ha; o'my life, if I were yong againe, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is better that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my praine, which peradventure prings goot disretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistris *Anne Page*? she has browne haire, and speakes small like a woman.

49

Evans. It is that ferrry person for all the orld, as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-sire upon his deaths-
30. per-lady: py'r lady-CAPELL.

bed, / Got deliver to a joyfull resurrections) give, when she is able to overtake seventeene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leave our' pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage betweene Master *Abraham*, and Mistris *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-sire leave her seaven hundred pound? 59

Evan. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good gifts.

Evan. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Sbal. Well, let us see honest M^r *Page*: is *Falstaffe* there? |

Evan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lyer, as I doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight Sir *John* is there, and I beseech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for M^r. *Page*. What hoa? Got-plesse your house heere. 70

M^r. Page. [*Witbin*] Who's there?

[Enter *Page*.]

Evan. Here is go't's plessing and your friend, and Justice *Sballow*, and heere yong Master *Slender*: that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

M^r. Page. I am glad to see your Worships well: I thanke you for my Venison Master *Sballow*.

Sbal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you: much good doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venison better, it was ill killd: how doth good Mistresse *Page*? and I thank you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart. 81

M. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Sbal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I 'doe.

M. Pa. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How do's your fallow¹ Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-run on *Cetsall* 1fawn-colored

M. Pa. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confesse: you'll not confesse.

Sbal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dogge. 90

M. Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Sbal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more said? he is good, and faire. Is Sir *John Falstaffe* heere?

M. Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a good office be tweene you.

Evan. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake.

Sbal. He hath wrong'd me (Master *Page*.)

M. Pa. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it. 99

Sbal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so (M. *Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleieve me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire, saith he is wronged.

Ma. Pa. Here comes Sir *John*.

[Enter *Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.*]

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Sbal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keepers daughter?

Sbal. Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd. 110

Fal. I will answere it strait, I have done all this: That is now answer'd.

Sbal. The Councell shall know this.

113-15. *Council* .. *council*: *council* .. *counsel*-*F*.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in coun-cell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Ev. *Pauca verba*; (Sir John) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slend. Marry sir, I have matter in thy head against you, and against your cony-catching Rascalls, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Pistoll*.

121

Bar. You Banbery Cheese.

Slend. I, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slend. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

Slend. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Cosen?

Eva. Peace, I pray you: now let us understand: there is three Umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master *Page* (fidelicet Master *Page*,) & there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host of the Gater.

132

Ma. Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them.

Evan. Ferry goo't, I will make a priece of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. *Pistoll*.

Pist. He heares with care.

Evan. The Tevill and his Tam: what phrase is this? he heares with care? why, it is affectations.

140

Fal. *Pistoll*, did you picke M. *Slenders* purse?

Slend. I, by these gloves did hee, or I would I might never come in mine owne great chamber againe else, of seaven groates in mill-aixpences, and two *Edward Shovelboards*,¹ that cost me two shilling and two pence a peece of *Yead Miller*: by these gloves. ¹*bread shillings*

132. *Gater*: Garter-3Q.

Fal. Is this true, *Pistoll*?

Evan. No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountaine Morreyner: Sir *John*, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine, Bilboe:¹ word of deniall in thy *labras*:³ here; word of denial; froth, and scum thou liest. ¹brass sword ²lips 152

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avis'd sir, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an asse.

Fal. What say you *Scarlet*, and *John*? 160

Bar. Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke himselfe out of his five sentences.

Ev. It is his five sences: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fap,³ sir, was (as they say) casheerd: and I so conclusions past the Car-eires.⁴

³drunk ⁴race-limits

Slen. I, you speake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunk whilst I live againe, but in honest, civil, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with those that have the feare of God, and not with drunken knaves. 170

Evan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuons minde.

Fal. You heare all these matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

[Enter *Anne Page*, with wine; *Mistress Ford* and *Mistress Page*, following.]

M^r. Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within. [Exit *Anne Page*.]

150. *Latine*: latten (laten)-1Q. 171. *vertuons*: virtuous-2-4F.

Slen. Oh heaven: This is Mistresse *Anne Page.*

M^r. Page. How now Mistris *Ford?*

Fal. Mistris *Ford*, by my troth you are very wel met: by your leaye good Mistris. [Kisses her.] 179

M^r. Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot Venison pasty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drinke downe all unkindnesse.

[*Exeunt all except Sbal.*, *Slen.*, and *Evans.*.]

Slen. I had rather then forty shillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: [Enter *Simple.*] How now *Simple*, where I have you beene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? you I have not the booke of Riddles about you, have you?]

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon Alhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas. 189

Sbal. Come Coz, come Coz, we stay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you understand me?

Slen. I Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that that is reason.

Sbal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Evans. Give eare to his motions; (*M^r. Slender*) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* saies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Justice of Peace in his Countrie, simple though I stand here. 202

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Sbal. I, there's the point Sir.

Ev. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi. *An Page.*

Slen. Why if it be so; I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Ev. But can you affection the 'o-man, let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for divers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therfore precisely, can you carry your good wil to the maid? |

212

Sb. Cosen *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope sir, I will do as it shall become one that would doe reason.

Ev. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake possitable, if you can carry-her your desires towards her.

Sbal. That you must:

Will you, (upon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, upon your request (Cosen) in any reason.

221

Sbal. Nay conceive me, conceive mee, (sweet Coz): what I doe is to pleasure you (Coz:) can y^tu love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your request; but if there bee no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say mary-her, I will mary-her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

231

Ev. It is a fery discretion-answere; save the fall is in the'ord, dissolutely: the ort is (according to our meaning) resolutely: his meaning is good.

Sb. I: I thinke my Cosen meant well.

Sl. I, or else I would I might be hang'd (la.)

Sb. Here comes faire Mistris *Anne*; would I were yong for your sake, Mistris *Anne*.

218-19. prose-POPE.

229. content: contempt-THROBALD.

232. discretion-discretion-2-4F.

233. 'ord: ort-aRowz

[*Re-enter Anne Page.*]

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires
your worships company. 240

Sb. I will wait on him, (faire Mistris *Anne.*)

Ev. Od's blessed-wil: I wil not be absence at the
grace. | [Exeunt *Shallow* and *Evans.*]

An. Wil't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Sb. No, I thank you forsooth, hartely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Sb. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forsooth: goe,
Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait upon my Cosen
Shallow: [Exit *Simple.*] a Justice of peace sometime may
be beholding | to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but
three Men, and a | Boy yet, till my Mother be dead:
but what though, yet | I live like a poore Gentleman
borne. | 251

An. I may not goe in without your worship: they
will not sit till you come.

Sb. I'faith, ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as
though I did.

An. I pray you Sir walke in.

Sb. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd
my shin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger
with a Master of Fence (three veney's¹ for a dish of
stew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell
of hot meate since. Why doe your dogs barke so? be
there Beares ith' Towne? ¹fencing boates 262

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sb. I love the sport well, but I shall as soone quarrell
at it, as any man in *England:* you are afraid if you see the
Beare loose, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Sb. That's meate and drinke to me now: I have seene

Sackerson loose, twenty times, and have taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women have so cride and shrekt at it, that it past: But women indeede, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things. 272

[Re-enter Page.]

Ma. Pa. Come, gentle *M. Slender*, come; we stay for you. |

Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma. Pa. By cocke and pie, you shall not chooze, Sir: come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma. Pa. Come on, Sir.

Sl. Mistris *Anne*: your selfe shall goe first.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on. 280

Sl. Truely I will not goe first: truely-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Sl. Ile rather be unmannerly, then troublesome: you doe your selfe wrong indeede-la. *Exount.*

Scena Secunda.

[*The same.*]

Enter Evans, and Simple.

Ev. Go your waies, and aske of Doctor *Casus* house, which is the way; and there dwels one Mistris *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry-Nurse; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer.

Sl. Well Sir.

Ev. Nay, it is better yet: give her this letter; for it is

6. *Ringer: Wringer-THEOBALD*

a'oman that altogeathers acquaintance with Mistris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to sollicite your Masters desires, to Mistris *Anne Page*: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pip-pins and Cheese to come.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

[*A room in the Garter Inn.*]

*Enter Falstaffe, Host, Bardolfe, Nym, Pistoll, Page
[Robin].*

Fal. Mine *Host* of the *Garter*?

Ho. What saies my *Bully Rooke*? speake schollerly, and wisely.

Fal. Truely mine *Host*; I must turne away some of my followers.

Ho. Discard, (*bully Hercules*) casheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a weeke.

10

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (*Cesar, Keiser and Pbeazar*) I will entertaine *Bardolfe*: he shall draw; he shall tap; said I well (*bully Hector*)

Fal. Doe so (good mine *Host*).

Ho. I have spoke: let him follow: [*To Bard.*] let me see thee froth, | and live: I am at a word: follow.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. *Bardolfe*, follow him: a *Tapster* is a good trade: an old Cloake, makes a new Jerkin: a wither'd Serving-man, a fresh *Tapster*: goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive. 20

Pist. O base hungarian wight: wilt thou the spigot wield. | [*Exit Bardolpb.*]

16. *Ho:* *lime* (*lyme-Qq.*)—*CAPELL.*

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor conceited? |

Fal. I am glad I am to acquit of this *Ti*dderbox: his Thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.

Pist. Convay: the wise it call: Steale? foh: a fico¹ for
the phrase. ¹ fig

Fal. Well sirs, I am almost out at heeles.

Pist. Why then let Kibes³ ensue. ² *chibblains* 30

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, ³I must shift. | ³ cheat

Piss. Yong Ravens must have foode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now *Pistol*: (Indeede I am in the waste
two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am a-
bout thrift) briefly: I doe meane to make love to *Fords*
wife: I spie entertainment in her: shee discourses: shee
carvea: she gives the leere of invitation: I can construe
the action of her familiere stile, & the hardest voice of her
behavior (to be english'd rightly) is, *I am Sir John Fal-
staffs.* | 43

Pist. He hath studied her will; and translated her will: out of honesty, into English.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor passe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purse: he hath a legend of Angels.⁴ "gold coins

Pist. As many divels enterteine: and to her Boy say I.

Ni. The humor rises: it is good: humor me the angels. | 50

43. *Legend: legion (legions-10.)-Pop.*

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: & here another to *Pages* wife, who ~~even~~ now gave mee good eyes too; examining my parts with most judicious illiads:¹ sometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote: sometimes my portly belly. ^{1 glances}

Pist. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour.

57

Fal. O she did so course o're my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme to scorch me up like a burning-glasse: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purse too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thou this Letter to Mistris *Page*; and shew this to Mistris *Ford*: we will thrive (Lads) we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my side weare Steele? then Lucifer take all.

Ni. I will run no base humor: here take the humor-Letter; I will keepe the havior of reputation.

71

Fal. [To *Robin*] Hold Sirha, beare you these Letters tightly,² ^{2 briskly} Saile like my Pinnasse to these golden shores. Rogues, hence, avaunt, vanish like haile-stones; goe, Trudge; plod away ith' hoofe: seeke shelter, packe: *Falstaffe* will learne the honor of the age, French-thrift, you Rogues, my selfe, and skirted *Page*.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.*]

Pist. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd,³ and Fullam³ holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore,

³ *false dice*

53. *Illiads*: *illades*—CAPELL.

62. *Cheaters*: *cheater*—THROBOLD.

76. *honor*: *humour*—Q2.

Tester¹ Ile have in pouch when thou shalt lacke, 80
 Base *Pbrygian* Turke. ^{1 sixpence}

Ni. I have opperations,
 Which be humors of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Ni. By Welkin,² and her Star. ^{2 heaven}

Pist. With wit, or Steele?

Ni. With both the humors, I:
 I will discusse the humour of this Love to *Ford*.

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold

How *Falstaffe* (varlet vile) ⁹⁰

His Dove will prove; his gold will hold,
 And his soft couch defile.

Ni. My humour shall not coole: I will incense *Ford*
 to deale with poyson: I will possesse him with yellow-
 nesse,³ for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that ³ is my
 true humour. ^{3 jealousy}

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents*: I second
 thee: troope on. *Exeunt.*

Scaena Quarta.

[*A room in Doctor Caius's bouse.*]

*Enter Mistris Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doctor,
 Caius, Fenton.*

Qu. What, *John Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Cas-
 ment, and see if you can see my Master, Master Docter
Caius comming: if he doe (I'faith) and finde any body
 in the house; here will be an old abusing of Gods pati-
 ence, and the Kings English.

Ru. Ile goe watch. ⁹

Qu. Goe, and we'll have a posset for't soone at night,
 88, 89, 93. *Ford* .. *Page* .. *Ford*: *Page* .. *Ford* .. *Page-Q9.*

(in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: [Exit *Rugby*.] An honest, | willing, kinde fellow, as ever servant shall come in house | withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breedē- | bate:¹ his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; hee is | something peevish that way: but no body but has his | fault: but let that passe. *Peter Simple*, you say your | name is?

¹ debate-breedēr

Si. I: for fault of a better.

Qs. And Master *Slender*'s your Master?

Si. I forsooth.

20

Qs. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Gloves pairing-knife?

Si. No forsooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard: a Caine colourd Beard.

Qs. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

Qs. How say you: oh, I should remember him: do's he not hold up his head (as it were?) and strut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

31

Qs. Well, heaven send *Anne Page*, no worse fortune: Tell Master Parson *Evans*, I will doe what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good girle, and I wish—

[Re-enter *Rugby*.]

Rs. Out alas: here comes my Master.

Qs. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man: goe into this Closset: he will not stay long: [Sings *Simple in the closet*.] what | *John Rugby*? *John*: what *John* I say? goe *John*, goe en- | quire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that hee | comes not home: [Singing] (and downe, downe, adowne'a. Ec. | 40

[Enter Doctor Caius.]

Ca. Wat is you sing? I doe not like des-boyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Cloäset, unbo/teene veri;
a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I spe/ke? a greene-a-Box.

Qu. I forsooth ile fetch it you: [Aside]
I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if he had found the yong man he would have bin horne-mad.

Ca. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foy, si fast for ebando, Je man voi a le | Court la grand affaires.*

Qu. Is it this Sir? 50
Ca. *Ouy mette le au mon pocket, de-peech quickly:*

Vere is dat knave *Rugby*?

Qu. What *John Rugby, John?*

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jacke Rugby*.
Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-me: *que ay je oublié*: dere is some Simples in my Cloäset, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behinde. 61

Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad.

Ca. O *Diable, Diable*: vat is in my Cloäset?

Villanie, La-roone: *Rugby*, my Rapier.

[Pulling Simple out.]

Qu. Good Master be content.

Ca. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

42. *unbo/teene*: un boitier-Rowe.

48-9. *mai foy, ... for ebando, Je man voi a le Court la grand affaires*: ma foi, .. fort chaud, Je m'en vais à la cour—la grande affaire-Rowe. 51. *de-peech*: dépêche-CAMBRIDGE

59-60. *que ay je oublié*: Qu'al-j'-oubliel-JOHNSON

64. *Villanie*: villainy-3Q *La-roone*. larriol-Rowe.

Qu. The yong man is an honest man.

Ca. What shall de honest man do in my Closset: dere
is no honest man dat shall come in my Closset. 69

Qu. I bewitch you be not so flegmaticke: heare the
truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parson
Hugb.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forsooth: to desire her to —

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: speake-a-your Tale.

Si. To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid)
to speake a good word to Mistris *Anne Page*, for my Ma-
ster in the way of Marriage.

Qu. This is all indeede-la: but ile nere put my finger
in the fire, and neede not. 81

Ca. Sir *Hugb* send-a you? *Rugby*, ballow¹ mee some
paper: tarry you a littell-a-while. [Writes.] ¹fetcb

Qui. [Aside to Simple] I am glad he is so quiet: if
he had bin through- ly moved, you should have heard
him so loud, and so me- lancholly: but notwithstanding
man, Ile doe yoe your Master what good I can:
and the very yea, & the no is, the French Doctor my
Master, (I may call him my Master, I looke you, for I
keepe his house; and I wash, ring, brew, I bake, scowre,
dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and I doe all
my selfe.) 91

Simp. [Aside to Quickly] 'Tis a great charge to come
under one bodies hand.

Qui. [Aside to Simple] Are you a-vis'd o'that? you
shall finde it a great charge: and to be up early, and
down late: but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your
care, I wold have no words of it) my Master himselfe

82. *ballow*: baile-CAMBRIDGE.

86. *yoe*: you-CAMBRIDGE.

89. *ring*: wring-aRowe.

is in love with Mistris *Anne Page*: but notwithstanding that I know *Ans* mind, that's | neither heere nor there. |

Caius. You, Jack 'Nape: give-'a this Letter to Sir *Hugb*, by gar it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scurvy Jack-a-nape Priest to meddle, or make:—you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two stones: by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dogge.

[*Exit Simple.*]

Qui. Alas: he speakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat: do not you tell-a-me dat I shall have *Anne Page* for my selfe? by gar, I vill kill de Jack-Priest: and I have appointed mine Host of de Jartere to measure our weapon: by gar, I wil my selfe have *Anne Page*.

* 111

Qui. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall bee well: We must give folkes leave to prate: what the good-jer.¹

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turne your head out of my dore: follow my heeles, *Rugby*. ^{1 an oath}

[*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*]

Qui. You shall have *An-fooles* head of your owne: No, I know *Ans* mind for that: never a woman in *Wind-sor* knowes more of *Ans* minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heaven.

120

Fenton. [*Witbin*] Who's with in there, hoa?

Qui. Who's there, I troa? Come neere the house I pray you.

[*Enter Fenton.*]

Fen. How now (good woman) how dost thou?

Qui. The better that it pleases your good Worship to aske?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Mistris *Anne*?

Qui. In truthe Sir, and shee is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heaven for it. 130

Fen. Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding (Master *Fenton*) Ile be sworne on a booke shee loves you: have not your Worship a wart above your eye?

Fen. Yes merry have I, what of that?

Qui. Wel, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another *Nan*; (but (I detest) an honest maid as ever broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I shall never laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) shee is given too much to Allicholy and musing: but for you—well—goe too— 143

Fen. Well: I shall see her to day: hold, there's monney for thee: Let mee have thy voice in my behalfe: if thou seest her before me, commend me. —

Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haste now. 150

Qui. Fare-well to your Worship: [Exit *Fenton*.] truely an honest Gentleman: but *Anne* loves him not: for I know *Anne* | minde as well as another do's: out upon't: what have I | forgot. 152. *Him: him-2-4.F.* Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

[Before Page's house.]

Enter Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Pistoll, Nym, Quickly, Host, Shallow.

[Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.]

Mist. Page. What, have scap'd Love-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see? [Reads]

Aske me no reason why I love you, for though Love use Reason for his precision, bee admits him not for his Counsailour: you are not yong, nomore am I: goe to ben, tbere's simpaticie: you are merry, so am I: ba, ba, then tbere's more simpaticie: you love sacke, and so do I: would you desire better simpaticie? Let it suffice thee (Mistris Page) at the least if the Love of Souldier can suffice, that I love thee: I will nege say pitieg mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like pbrase; but I say, love me;

By me, thine owne true Knights, by day or night:

•Or any kinde of light, with all his might,

For thee to fight. John Falstaffe.

What a Herod of Jurie is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To show himselfe a yong Gallant? What an unwaied 20 Behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with The Devills name) out of my conversation, that he dares In this manner assay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice

4. have scap'd: have I escaped—2-4F.

8. precision: physician—Dyce.

15-17. new l. at Thine, 5 rhymed ll.—Capell.

18-26. prose—Pope.

In my Company: what should I say to him? I was then
 Frugall of my mirth: (heaven forgive mee:) why Ile
 Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe
 of men: how shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I
 will be² as sur³ as his guts are made of puddings.

[Enter Mistress Ford.]

Mis. Ford. Mistris Page, trust me, I was going to your
 house. 30

Mis. Page. And trust me, I was comming to you: you
 looke very ill. 31

Mis. Ford. Nay, Ile nere beleeee that; I have to shew
 to the contrary.

Mis. Page. 'Faith but you doe in my minde.

Mis. Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I say, I could shew
 you to the contrary: O Mistris Page, give mee some
 counsaile. 32

Mis. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mis. Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling re-
 spect, I could come to such honour. 33

Mis. Page. Hang the triflc (woman) take the honour:
 what is it³ dispence with trifles: what is it?

Mis. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall
 moment, or so: I could be knighted.

Mis. Page. What thou liest? Sir Alice Ford: these
 Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldest not alter the ar-
 ticle of thy Gentry. 34

Mis. Ford. Wee burne day-light: heere, read, read:
 perceive how I might bee knighted, I shall thinke the
 worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make diffe-
 rence of mens liking: and yet hee would not sweare:
 praise womens modesty: and gave such orderly and wel-

33. *believe*: believe-2-4F.

53. *praise*: praised-THEOBALD.

beahed reproofo to al uncomelinesse, that I would have sworne his disposition wou'd have gone to the truth of his words: but they doē no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Psalms to the tune of Green-sleeves: What tempest (I troa) threw th's Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'sh'are at Windsor? How shall I bee revenged on him? I think the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his owne greace: Did you e-
ver heare the like? 63

Mis. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs: to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blancke-space for different names (sure morey): and these are of the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the presse, when he would put us two: I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye under Mount Pelion: Well; I will find you tywenty lascivious Turtles ere one chaste man. 74

Mis. Ford. Why this is the very same: the very hand: the very words: what doth he thinke of us?

Mis. Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine owne honesty: He entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for sure unlesse hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would never have boorded me in this furie. 82

Mi. Ford. Boording, call you it? Hee bee sure to keepe him above decke.

Mis. Page. So will I: if hee come under my hatches,

Ile never to Sea againe: Let's bee reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: give him a shew of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hec hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mi. Ford. Nay, I wil consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter: it would give eternall food to his jealousie. 93

Mis. Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from jealousie, as I am from giving hir cause, and that (I hope) is an unmeasurable di-
stance.

Mis. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mis. Page. Let's consult together against this greasie Knight: Come hither. [They retire.] 100

[Enter *Ford* with *Pistol*, and *Page* with *Nym*.]

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtall-dog in some affaires: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loves the Gally-mawfry¹ (*Ford*) perpend.² ¹medley ²consider

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver, burning hot: prevent:

Or goe thou like Sir *Acteon* he, with 110
Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Pist. The horne I say: Farewell:
Take heed, have open eye, for theves doe foot by night.

105-7. 3 five-accent ll.-POPE.

110-11. new ll. at Like and O-CAPELL.

Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing.
Away air Corporall *Nim*: *

Believe it (*Page*) he speaks sence. [Exit.] 117

Ford. [Aside] I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nim. [To *Page*] And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: I hee hath wronged thee in some humors: I should have I borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I have a sword: I and it shall bite upon my necessitie: he loves your wife; I There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall I *Nim*: I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nim*: I and *Falstaffe* loves your wife: adieu, I love not the hu- I mour of bread and cheese: [And theres the humor of it.] adieu. I [Exit.]

Page. The humour of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seeke out *Falstaffe*. *

Page. I never heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well. 131

Page. I will not beleieve such a *Cataian*, though the Priest o' th'Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well. *

Page. How now *Meg*?

[*Mrs. Page* and *Mrs. Ford* come forward.]

Mist. Page. Whether goe you (*George?*) harke you.

Mis Ford. How now (*sweet Frank*) why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:
Get you home: goe. 140

Mis. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head,
Now: will you goe, *Mistris Page*?

Mis. Page. Have with you: you'll come to dinner
George? [Aside to *Mrs. Ford*] Looke who comes yonder: shee shall bee our I Messenger to this paltrie Knight.

126. bracketed words—Qn.

141. crochets—4F.

Mis. Ford. [Aside to *Mrs. Page*] Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit ye. |

[Enter *Mistress Quickly*.]

Mis. Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?
Qui. I forsooth: and I pray how do's good Mistresse *Anne*?

Mis. Page. Go in with us and see: we have an hours talk with you. 151

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*]
Page. How now Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em slaves: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoake of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men? 160

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the beter for that,
 Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him; and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confident: I would have nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied. 171

Page. Looke where my ranting-Host of the Garter comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his

162. *Enter: better-2-4.F.*

162-3. *prose-Pors.*

purse, when hee lookest so merrily: [Enter Host.] How now mine | Host?

Host. How now Bully-Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman Caveleiro Justice, I say.

[Enter Shallow.]

Shal. I follow, (mine Host) I follow: Good-even, and twenty (good Master Page.) Master Page, wil you go with us? we have sport in hand. 180

Host. Tell him Caveleiro-Justice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Hugb* the Welch Priest, and *Casus* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o'th' Garter: a word with you.

[Drawing him aside.]

Host. What saist thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (believe mee) I heare the Parson is no Jester: harke, I will tell you what our sport shall be. 191

[They converse apart.]

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight? my guest-Cavaleire?

Shal. [Ford] None, I protest: but Ile give you a pottle of | burn'd sacke, to give me recourse to him, and tell him | my name is *Broome*: onely for a jest.

Host. My hand, (Bully:) thou shalt have egress and regress, (said I well?) and thy name shall be *Broome*. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?

Shal. Have with you mine Host.

200

196, 198, and throughout. *Broome.* Brook-Qg.

Page. I have heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Sba. Tut sir: I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance: your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the 'cart (Master *Page*) 'tis heere, 'tis heere: I have scene the time, with my long-sword, I would have made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rattes.

Host. Heere boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?

Page. Have with you: I had rather heare them scold, then fight.

211

Ford. Though *Page* be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wives frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at *Pages* house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I wil looke further into't, and I have a disguise, to sound *Falstaffe*; if I finde her honest, I loose not my labor: if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

[*A room in the Garter Inn.*]

Enter Falstaffe, Pistol, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine Oyster, which I, with sword will open.

6

Fal. Not a penny: I have beene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three Repreeves for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Gemini of Babooones: I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were

good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Mistresse *Briget* lost the handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteene pence? 17

Fal. Reason, you roague, reason: thinkst thou Ile endanger my soule, *gratis?* at a word, haue no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a short knife, and a throng, to your Manner of *Picket-hatch*: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you roague? you stand upon your honor: why, (thou unconfinable basenesse) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my hononor precise: I, I, I my selfe sometimes, leaving the feare of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am faine to shuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-sconce your raggs; your *Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes*, your red-lattice¹ phrases, and your bold-beating-oathes, under the shelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you? 1 public-house 31

Pist. I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

[Enter *Robin*.]

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would speake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

[Enter *Mistress Quickly*.]

Qui. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not so, and't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid then.

24. *hononor:* honour-2-4F.

25, 54. *heaven:* God-Q2.

27. *shuffle:* shuffle-2-4F.

Qui. Ile be sworne,
As my mother was the firste shoure I was borne. 40

Fal. I doe beleive the swearer; what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word, or
two?

Fal. Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchsafe
thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one Mistresse *Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a
little neerer this waies: I my selfe dwell with M. Doctor
Caius:

Fal. Well, on; Mistresse *Ford*, you say.

Qui. Your worship saies very true: I pray your wor-
ship come a little neerer this waies. 51

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares: mine owne
people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they so? heaven-blesse them, and make
them his Servants.

Fal. Well; Mistresse *Ford*, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; shee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord,
you: Worship's a wanton: well: heaven forgive you,
and all of us, I pray_____.

Fal. Mistresse *Ford*: come, Mistresse *Ford*. 60

Qui. Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you
have brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonder-
full: the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay
at *Windsor*) could never have brought her to such a Ca-
narie: yet there has heene Knights, and Lords, and Gen-
tlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after
Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweet-
ly; all Muske, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silke
and golde, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine
and suger of the best, and the fairest, that would have
wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could
never get an eye-winke of her: I had my selfe twentie

Angels¹ given me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty: and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sipp^{1 coins} on a cup with the proudest of them all, and yet there has beene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what saies shee to mee? be briefe my good shee-*Mercurie*. 80

Qus. Marry, she hath receiv'd your Letter: for the which she thankes you a thousand times; and she gives you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, betweene ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten, and eleven.

Qus. I, forsooth: and then you may come and see the picture (she says) that you wot of: Master *Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the sweet woman leades an ill life with him: hee's a very jealousie-man; she leads a very frampold² life with him, (good hart.) 90

Fal. Ten, and eleven. 2 quarrelsome
Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.*

Qus. Whv, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistresse *Page* hath her heartie commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your eare, shee's as fartuous a civill modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who ere bee the other: and shee bade me tell your worship, that her husband is sel-dome from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doate upon a man; surely I thinke you have charmes, la: yes in truth. 102

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charmes.

Qus. Blessing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this: has *Ford's* wife,

and | *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they love me? |

Qu. That were a jost indeed: they have not so little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Mistris *Page* would desire you to send her your littie *Page* of al loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the littie *Page*: and truely Master *Page* is an honest man: never a wife in *Windsor* leades a better life then she do's: doe what shée will, say what she will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windsor*, she is one: you must send her your *Page*, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

118

Qu. Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both: and in any case have a nay-word,¹ that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy never neede to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednes: o'de folkes you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

¹ password

Fal. Farethee-well, commend mee to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debter: Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes distracts me.

[*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.*]

Pist. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers, 129
Clap on more sailes, pursue: up with your fightes:²
Give fire: she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

[*Exit.*] ² ship's canvas

Fal. Saist thou so (old *Jacke*) go thy waies: Ile make more of thy olde body then I have done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee: let them say 'tis grossely done, so it bee fairely done, no matter.

[Enter *Bardolph*.]

Bar. Sir *John*, there's one Master *Broome* below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. *Broome* is his name?

141

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in: [Exit *Bar.*] such *Broomes* are welcome to mee, | that ore'flowes such liquor: ah ha, Mistresse *Ford* and Mi- | stresse *Page*, haye I encompass'd you? goe to, via.

[Re-enter *Bardolph* with *Ford* disguised.]

Ford. 'Blesse you sir.

Fal. And you sir: would you speake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? give us leave Drawer. [Exit *Bar.*] 151

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that have spent much, my name is *Broome*.

Fal. Good Master *Broome*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I thinke my selfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this unseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

161

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money heere troubles me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *John*) take all, or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.

144. ore'flowes: o'erflow—CAPELL.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to bee your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you sir, if you will give mee the hearing.

Fal. Speake (good Master Broome) I shall be glad to be your Servant. 171

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you have been a man long knowne to me, though I had never so good means as desire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I shal very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir John) as you have one eye upon my follies, as you heare them unfolded, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reprove the easier, sith you your selfe know how easie it is to be such an offender. 181

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doating obseruance: Ingross'd opportunities to meeete her: see'd every slight occasion that could but nigardly give mee sight of her: not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what shee would have given: briefly, I have pursu'd her, as Love hath pursued mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I have received none, unlesse Experience be a Jewell, that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this,

“Love like a shadow flies, when substance Love pursues,
“Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues. 200

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what qualitie was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it. 209

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all: Some say, that though shee appeare honest to mee, yet in other places shee enlargeth her mirth so farre, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now (Sir *John*) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir. 220

Ford. Believe it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have, onely give me so much of your time in enchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Ford's* wife: use your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soone as any. 226

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinkes you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift: she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule dares not present it selfe: shee is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my desires had instance and argument to

commend themselves, I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-strongly embattail'd against me: what say you too't, Sir *John*? 239

Fal. Master *Broome*, I will first make hold with your money: next, give mee your hand: and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Ford's* wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *John*) you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistresse *Ford* (Master *Broome*) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, even as you came in to me, her assistant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleven: for at that time the jealous-rascally-knave her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed. 252

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knave) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They say the jealous wittolly-knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seemes to me well-favour'd: I will use her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my harvest-home. 260

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, sir, that you might a-void him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-salt-butter rogue; I wil stare him out of his wits: I will awe-him with my cudgell: it shall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Master *Broome*, thou shalt know, I will predominate o-ver the pezzant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me soone at night: *Ford's* a knave, and I will aggra-

vate his stile: thou (*Master Broome*) shalt know him for knave, and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night.

[*Exit.*] 270

Ford. What a damn'd Episurian-Rascall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatiencē: who saies this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a false woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputatiōn gnawne at, and I shall not onely receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does mee this wrong: Termes, names: *Amaimon* sounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbason*, well: yet they are Divels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Divell himselfe hath not such a name. *Page* is an Asse, a secure *Asse*; hee will trust his wife, hee will not be jealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, Parson *Hugb* the *Welsb-man* with my *Cheese*, an *Irish-man* with my *Aqua-vitæ*-bottle, or a *Theefe* to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then she plots, then shee ruminates, then shee devises: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect: they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heaven bee prais'd for my jealousy: eleven o' clocke the howre, I will prevent this, detect my wife, bee reveng'd on *Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three hours too soone, then a my-nute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exit. 296

288-9. *ruminates*: ruminates-2-4F.

291. *Heaven*: God-Q2.

296. *Exit*: Exit-2-4F.

Scena Tertia.

[A field near Windsor.]

Enter *Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host.**Caius.* Jacke *Rugby*?*Rug.* Sir.*Caius.* V^t is the clocke, *Jack*.*Rug.* 'Tis past the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugb* promis'd to meet.*Cai.* By gar, he has save his soule, dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar (*Jack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come. 10*Rug.* Hee is wise Sir: hee knew your worship would kill him if he came.*Cai.* By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him: take your Rapier, (*Jacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.*Rug.* Alas sir, I cannot fence.*Cai.* Villanie, take your Rapier.*Rug.* Forbeare: heer's company.[Enter *Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.*]*Host.* 'Blesse thee, bully-Doctor.*Shal.* 'Save you M'. Doctor *Caius*. 20*Page.* Now good M'. Doctor.*Slen.* 'Give you good-morrow, sir.*Caius.* Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?*Host.* To see thee fight, to see thee soigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see thee passe thy puncto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha Bully? what saies my *Esculapius*? my *Galien*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

5. the: de-3-4F.

28. *Galien*: Galen-Rawn.

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Jack-Priest of de vorld: he is not show his face. 31

Host. Thou art a C^ostallion-king-Urinall: *Hector of Greece* (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare wittesse, that me have stay, sixe or seven, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiser man (M. Docto) rhe is a curer of soules, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you goe against the haire of your professions: is it not true, Master *Page*? 40

Page. Master *Shallow*; you have your selfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins M. *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though wee are Justices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M. *Page*) wee have some salt of our youth in us, we are the sons of women (M. *Page*.)

Page. 'Tis true, M^r. *Shallow*. 48

Shal. It wil be found so, (M. *Page*:) M. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peace: you have show'd your selfe a wise Physician, and Sir *Hugb* hath shounse himselfe a wise and patient Church-man: you must goe with me, M. Doctor.

Host. Pardon, Guest-Justice; a Mounseur Mock-water.

Cai. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I have as much Mock-vater as de Englishman: scurvy-Jack-dog-Priest: by gar, mee vill cut his ears. 61

37. *Docto*)rbe: doctor: he-2-4F.

54. a *Mounseur*: a word, Mounseur-(Q).

Host. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By-gar, me doe Jooke hee shall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Host. And moreover, (Bully) but first, M^r. Ghuest, and M^r. Page, & eeke Cavaleiro Slender, goe you through the Towne to Frogmore. [Aside to them.] 71

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there, see what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good M^r. Doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*]

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a Jack-an-Ape to Anne Page. 78

Host. Let him die: sheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through Frogmore, I will bring thee where Mistris Anne Page is, at a Farm-house a Feasting: and thou shalt wooe her: Cride-game, said I well?

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I love you: and I shall procure'a you de good Guest: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page: said I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

90

Cai. Come at my heelcs, Jack Rugby.

Exeunt.

83. *Cride-game:* Cried I aim?—Dyce.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

[A field neaq^g Frogmore.]

Enter Evans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Caius, | Rugby.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend *Simple* by your name; which way have you look'd for Master *Caius*, that calls himselfe Doctor of Phisicke.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: every way: olde *Windsor* way, and every way but the Towne-way. 10

Evan. I most fehemently desire you, you will also looke that way.

Sim. I will sir.

[Exit.]

Evan. 'Plesse my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and trempling of minde: I shall be glad if he have deceived me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Urinalls about his knaves costard,¹ when I have good oportunitiess for the orke: 'Plesse my soule: [Sings] *To shallow Rivers* to whose | falls: melodious Birds sings Madrigalls: There will we make | our Peds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posies. *To shal-* | *lore:* 'Mercie on mee, I have a great dispositions to cry. | [Sings] *Melodious birds sing Madrigalls:*—*Wben as I sat in Pa-* | *bilon:* and a thousand vagram Posies. *To shallow, &c.* | ¹ bead 23

[Re-enter Simple.]

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir *Hugb.*

Evan. Hee's welcome: [Sings] *To shallow Rivers,*

18. *Rivers:* rivers—2-4F.

18-21. verse, 4 ll., and 1 broken-Poer.

22-3. verse, 4 ll.—CAPELL.

to whose fates: | Heaven prosper the right: what weapons is he? |

Sim. No weapons, Sir: these comes my Master, M^r. *Shallow*, and another Gentleman; from *Frogmore*, over the stile, this way.

Evan. Fray you give mee my gowne, or else keepe it in your armes.

31

[Enter *Page*, *Shallow*, and *Slender*.]

Shal. How now Master Parson? good morrow good Sir *Hugb*: keepe a Gamester from the dice, and a good Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slend. [Aside] Ah sweet *Anne Page*.

Page. 'Save you, good Sir *Hugb*.

Evan. 'Please you from his mercy-sake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word?
Doe you study them both, M^r. Parson?

Page. And youthfull still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rumaticke day?

41

Evan. There is reasons, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, M^r. Parson.

Evan. Fery-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend Gentleman; who (be-like) having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

49

Shal. I have lived foure-score yeeres, and upward: I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

Evan. What is he?

Page. I think you know him: M^r. Doctor *Caius* the renowned French Physician.

Evan. Got's-will, and his passion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a messe of porredge.

Page. Why?

Evan. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and hee is a knave besides: a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withall! 61.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

Slen. [Aside] O sweet *Anne Page*.

Sbal. It appeares so by his weapons: keepe them asunder: here comes Doctor *Caius*.

[Enter *Host, Caius, and Rugby.*]

Page. Nay good M^r. Parson, keepe in your weapon.

Sbal. So doe you, good M^r. Doctor.

Host. Disarme them, and let them question: Set them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our English. 70

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee speake a word with your eare; wherfore vill you not meet-a me?

Evan. [Aside to *Caius*] Pray you use your patience in good time. |

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Jack dog: John Ape.

Evan. [Aside to *Caius*] Pray you let us not be laughing-stocks to other mens humors: I desire you in friend-

ship, and I will one way or other make you amends: [Aloud] I will knog your Urinal | about your knaves Cogs-combe | for missing | your meeetings and appoint-
ments]. 79

Cai. Diable: Jack Rugby: mine Host de Jarteer: have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not at de place I did appoint?

61. acquainted: acquainted-2-4F.

79. bracketed words-Q2.

78. Urinal: urinals-Q2.

Evan. As I am a Christians-soule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, Ile bee judgement by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaule*, *French* & *Welch*, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Host. Peace, I say: heare mine Host of the Garter, Am I politike? Am I subtle? Am I a Machivell? 90 Shall I loose my Doctor? No, hee gives me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir *Hugb*? No, he gives me the Proverbes, and the No-verbes. [Give me thy hand, terestiall,^a | So.] Give me thy hand (Celestiall) so: Boyes of | Art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to | wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are whole; and let burn'd Sacke be the issue: Come, lay their swords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Sbal. Trust me, a mad Host: follow Gentlemen, follow.

101

Slen. [Aside] O sweet *Anne Page*.

[*Exeunt Sbal., Slen., Page, and Host.*]

Cai. Ha' do I perceive dat? Have you make-a-de-sot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlowting-stog: I desire you that we may be friends: and let us knog our praines together to be revenge on this same scall-scurvy-cogging-companion the Host of the Garter.

108

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page*: by gar he deceive me too.

Evan. Well, I will smite his noddles: pray you follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

89-90. prose-Pope.

94. bracketed words-Q9.

98. *Lad*: lads-Q9.

90. *Macbruell*: Machiavel-2Rowe.

^a *terestiall*: terrestrial-Theobald.

Scena Secunda.

[A street.]

Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, | Evans, Caius.

Mist. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarf.

M. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'l be a Courtier. | 10

[Enter *Ford.*]

Ford. Well met mistris *Page*, whether go you.

M. Pa. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company: I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. Pa. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name sirrah? |

Rob. Sir *John Falstaffe.* 20

Ford. Sir *John Falstaffe.*

M. Pa. He,he, I can never hit on's name; there is such a league betweene my goodman, and he: is your wife at home indeed? |

Ford. Indeed she is.

M. Pa. By your leave sir, I am sicke till I see her.

[Exeunt *Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no use of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point² blanke twelve score: hee peeces out his wives inclination: he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, & *Falstaffes* boy with her: A man may heare this shou're sing in the winde; and *Falstaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaille of modestie from the so-seeming Mist. *Page*, divulge *Page* himselfe for a secure and wilfull *Acteon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry ayme. [Clock is beard.] The clocke gives me my Qu, | and my assurance bids me search, there I shall finde Fal- | staffe: I shall be rather praisd for this, then mock'd, for | it is as possitive, as the earth is firme, that *Falstaffe* is | there: I will go.

[Enter *Page*, *Shallow*, *Slender*, *Host*, *Sir Hugb Evans*, *Caius*, and *Rugby*.]

Shal. *Page*, &c. Well met M^r *Ford*. 44

Ford. Trust me, a good knotte; I have good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my selfe M^r *Ford*.

Slen. And so must I Sir,
We have appointed to dine with Mistris *Anne*,
And I would not breake with her for more mony 50
Then Ile speake of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match betweene *An*
Page, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee shall have
our answer.

48-51. prose-Pope.

Slen. I hope I have your good will Father *Page*.

Pag. You have M^r *Slender*, I stand wholly for you, But my wife (M^r Doctor)^{*} is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid_{is} love-a-me: my nursh-a-Quickly tell me so mush. 59

Host. What say you to yong M^r *Fenton*? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verses, hee speakes holliday, he smels April and May, he wil carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman is of no having, hee kept companie with the wilde Prince, and *Pointz*: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, hee shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way. 70

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner: besides your cheere you shall have sport, I will shew you a monster: M^r Doctor, you shal go, so shall you M^r *Page*, and you Sir *Hugb*.

Sbal. Well, fare you well:
We shall have the freer woing at M^r *Pages*.

[*Exit Sbal. and Slen.*]

Cai. Go home *John Rugby*, I come anon.

[*Exit Rugby.*]

Host. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight *Falstaffe*, and drinke Canarie with him. [*Exit.*]

Ford. [*Aside*] I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with [him, I]lc make him dance. Will you go, Gentles? | 81

All. Have with you, to see this Monster. *Exeunis*

Scena Tertia.

[A room in Ford's house.]

Enter M. Ford, M. Page, Servants, Robin, Falstaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Evans.

Mist. Ford. What *John*, what *Robert*.

M. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket —

Mis. Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I say.

[Enter Servants with a basket.]

Mis. Page. Come, come, come.

Mist. Ford. Here, set it downe.

8

M. Pag. Give your men the charge, we must be briefe,

M. Ford. Marrie, as I told you before (*John & Robert*)
be ready here hard-by in the Brew-house, & when I so-
dainly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or
staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done,
trudge with it in all hast, and carry it among the Whit-
sters in *Datchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddie
ditch, close by the *Thames* side.

M. Page. You will do it?

M. Ford. I ha told them over and over, they lacke no
direction. |

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

M. Page. Here comes little *Robin*.

20

[Enter *Robin*.]

Mist. Ford. How now my *Eyas-Musket*,¹ what
newes with you? | 1 little hawk

Rob. My M. Sir *John* is come in at your backe doore
(*Mist. Ford*, and requests your company.

15. *Datchet--2Rowe.*

M. Page. You little Jack-a-lent,¹ have you bin true to us
Rob. I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your
 being heere: and hath threatned to put me into everla-
 sting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he sweares he'll turne
 me away. ^{1puppet}

Mist. Pag. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrety of thine
 shall be a Tailor to thee, and shal make thee a new dou-
 blet and hose. Ile go hide me. ³¹

Mi. Ford. Do so: go tell thy Master, I am alone: Mi-
 stris Page, remember you your Qu. [Exit Robin.]

Mist. Pag. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hisse me.
 [Exit.]

Mist. Ford. Go-too then: we'l use this unwholsome
 humidity, this grosse-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him
 to know Turtles from Jayes.

[Enter Falstaff.]

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly Jewell? Why
 now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough: This is the
 period of my ambition: O this blessed houre. ⁴

Mist. Ford. O sweet Sir John.

Fal. Mistris Ford, I cannot cog,² I cannot prate (Mist.
 Ford) now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy Husband
 were dead, Ile speake it before the best Lord, I would
 make thee my Lady. ^{2beat}

Mist. Ford. I your Lady Sir John? Alas, I should bee a
 pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another:
 I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou
 hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes
 the Ship-tyre,³ the Tyre-valiant,³ or any Tire of Venetian
 admittance. ^{3fashions in hair-dressing} ⁵²

Mist. Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir John:
 My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. [By the Lord] Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make | an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, | would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi- | circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy | foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not | hide it. 60

Mist. Ford. Beleeve me, ther's^o no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that perswade thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a manie of these^q lisping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparell, and smell like Bucklers-berry in simple time: I cannot, but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deserv'st it.

M. Ford. Do not betray me sir, I fearyou love M. *Page*.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill. 72

Mis. Ford. Well, heaven knowes how I love you, And you shall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deserve it.

Mist. Ford: Nay, I must tell you, so you doe; Or else I could not be in that minde.

Rob. Mistris *Ford*, Mistris *Ford*: heere's Mistris *Page* at | the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, | and would needs speake with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me, I will ensconce mee behinde the Arras. 82

M. Ford. Pray you do so, [Falstaff bides himself.] she's a very tatling woman. |

55. bracketed words—Qo.

55. *tyrant*: traitor—Qo.

58-9. *thy foe, were not Nature*: thy foe were not, Nature—2-4F.

73-4. prose—Rowe.

[Re-enter Mistress Page and Robin.]

Whats the matter? How now?

Mist. Page. O mistris *Ford* what have you done?
You'r sham'd, y'are overthowrne, y'are undone for ever.

M. Ford. What's the matter, good mistris *Page*?

M. Page. O weladay, mist. *Ford*, having an honest man
to your husband, to give him such cause^o of suspition.

M. Ford. What cause of suspition? 90

M. Page. What cause of suspition? Out upon you:
How am I mistooke in you?

M. Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

M. Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman)
with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentle-
man, that he sayes is heere now in the house; by your
consent to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are
undone.

M. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope. 99

M. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such
a man heere: but 'tis most certaine your husband's com-
ming, with halfe Windsor at his heeles, to serch for such
a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your selfe
cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here,
convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your
senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to
your good life for ever.

M. Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my
deere friend: and I feare not mine owne shame so much,
as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were
out of the house. 111

M. Page. For shame, never stand (you had rather, and
you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke
you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide
him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? Looke, heere is a

91-2. prose-Rowe.

basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking:¹ Or it is whiting² time, send him by your two men to Datchet-Meade. ¹bleaching ²wasbing

M. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Fal. [Coming forward] Let me see't, let me see't, O le^{te}. me see't; | 121

Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.

M. Page. What Sir John Faistaff? Are these your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: ile never: —

[Gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.]

M. Page. Helpe to cover your master (Boy:) Call your men (Mist. Ford.) You dissemling Knight.

MaFord. What John, Robert, John; [Exit Robin. Re-enter Servants.] Go, take up these | cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-staffe? Look | how you drumble³? Carry them to the Landresse in Dat- | chet mead: quickly, come. | 3 dawdle 132

[Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.]

Ford. Pray you come nere: if I suspect without cause, Why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landresse forsooth?

M. Ford. Why, what have you to doe whether they beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my selfe of the Buck: |

Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke, And of the season too; it shall appeare. 141

[Exeunt Servants with the basket.]

Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my Chambers, search, seeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee'le unkennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: [Locking the door] so, now I uncape.

Page. Good master *Ford*, be contented: You wrong your selfe too much.

Ford. True (master *Page*) up Gentlemen, You shall see sport anon: 150
Follow me Gentlemen. [Exit.]

Evans. This is fery fantasticall humors and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no-the fashion of France: It is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) see the yssue of his search. [Exeunt *Page*, *Caius*, and *Evans*.]

Mist. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mist. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, That my husband is deceived, or Sir *John*.

Mist. Page. What a taking was hee in, when your husband askt who was in the basket? 161

Mist. Ford. I am halfe afraid he will have neede of washing: so throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Mist. Page. Hang him dishonest rascal: I would all of the same straine, were in the same distresse.

Mist. Ford. I thinke my husband hath some speciall suspition of *Falstaff's* being heere: for I never saw him so grosse in his jealousie till now. 169

Mist. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will yet have more trickes with *Falstaffe*: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mis. Ford. Shall we send that foolishion *Carion*, *Mist.*

Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mist. Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to morrow eight a clocke to have amends.

[*Re-entes Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.*]

Ford. I cannot finde him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compasse. 180

Mis. Page. [*Aside to Mrs. Ford*] Heard you that?

Mis. Ford. You use me well, M. Ford? Do you?

Ford. I, I do so.

M. Ford. Heaven make you better then your thoghts

Ford. Amen.

Mj. Page. You do your selfe mighty wrong (M. Ford)

Ford. I, I: I must beare it.

Ev. If there be any pody in the house, & in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses: heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgement. 190

Caius. Be gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, M. Ford, are you not ashem'd? What spirit, what divell suggests this imagination? I wold not ha your distemper in this kind, forthe welth of *Windsor castle*.

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M. Page) I suffer for it.

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman. 199

Ford. Well, I promisd you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I wil hereafter make knowne to you why I have done this. Come wife, come Mi. Page, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

192. *ashem'd:* ashame'd-2-4F. 203. *hartly:* heartily-4F.

Page. Let's goin Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'l mock him: I doe invite you to morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after we'll a Birding together, I have a fine Hawke for the bush. Shall it be so:

Ford. Any thing.

Eo. If there is one, I shall make two in the Companie

Ca. If there be one, or two, I shall make-a-theturd.

Ford. Pray you go, M. *Page.*

211

Eva. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowsie knave, mine Host.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart. -

Eva. A lowsie knave, to have his gibes, and his mckerries.

Exeunt.

Scœna Quarta.

[*A room in Page's house.*]

*Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender,
Quickly, Page, Mist. Page.*

Fen. I see I cannot get thy Fathers love,
Therefore no more turne me to him (sweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou must be thy selfe.
He doth object, I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth. 10
Besides these, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots past, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

An. May be he tels you true.

[*Fent.*] No, heaven so speed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth

Was the first motive that I woo'd thee (*Anne*)
 Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valem
 Then stampes in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges: 20
 And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,
 That now I ayme at.

An. Gentle M. Fenton,
 Yet seeke my Fathers love, still seeke it sir,
 If opportunity and humblest suite
 Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

[They converse apart.]

[Enter *Shallow*, *Slender*, and *Mistress Quickly*.]

Shal. Breake their talke Mistris Quickly,
 My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe.
Slen. Ile make a shaft or a bolt on't, slid, tis but venturing. |

Shal. Be not dismayed. 30
Slen. No, she shall not dismay me:
 I care not for that, but that I am affard.

Qui. Hark ye, M. Slender would speak a word with you
An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:
 [Aside] O what a world of vilde ill-favour'd faults
 Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

Qui. And how do's good Master Fenton?
 Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:
 O boy, thou hadst a father. 40

Slen. I had a father (M. An) my uncle can tel you good
 jests of him: pray you Uncle, tel Mist. *Anne* the jest how
 my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Uncle.

Shal. Mistris *Anne*, my Cozen loves you.
Slen. I that I do, as well as I love any woman in Glo-
 cestershire.

Sbal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, under the degree of a Squire.

Sbal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds joynture. 51

Anne. Good Mairger *Shallow* let him woo for himself.

Sbal. Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for that good comfort: she cals you (Coz) Ille leave you.

Anne. Now Master *Slender*.

Slen. Now good Mistris *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie jest indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heaven:) I am not such a sickely creature, I give Heaven praise. 52

Anne. I meane (M. *Slender*) what wold you with me?

Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.

[Enter *Page* and *Mrs. Page*.]

Page. Now M^r *Slender*; Love him daughter *Anne*.
Why how now? What does M^r *Fenter* here? 70
You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house.
I told you Sir, my daughter is disposd of.

Fen. Nay M^r *Page*, be not impatient.

Mist. Page. Good M. *Fenton*. come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good M. Fenton.
 Come M. Shallow: Come sonne Slender, in;
 Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. Fenton.)

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]

Qui. Speake to Mistris Page. 80
Fen. Good Mist. Page, for that I love your daughter
 In such a righteous fashion as I do,
 Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners,
 I must advance the colours of my love,
 And not retire. Let me have your good will.

An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.
Mist. Page. I meane it not, I seeke you a better hus-
 band.

Qui. That's my master, M. Doctor.
An. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth, 90
 And hawl'd to death with Turnips.

Mist. Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M.
 Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
 My daughter will I question how she loves you,
 And as I finde her, so am I affected:
 Tyl then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,
 Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle Mistris: farewell Nan.
 [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, saide I, will you
 cast away your childe on a Foole, and a Physitian: 100
 Looke on M. Fenton, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night,
 Give my sweet Nan this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Qui. Now heaven send thee good fortune, [*Exit*
Fenton.] a kinde | heart he hath: a woman would run
 through fire & wa- | ter for such a kinde heart. But

yet, I would my Maister I had Mistris *Anne*, or I would M. *Slender* had her: or (in I sooth) I would M. *Fenton* had her; I will do what I can I for them all three, for so I have promisd, and Ile be as I good as my word, but speciously for M. *Fenton*. Well, I I mut: of another errand to Sir *John Falstaffe* from my two I Mistresses: what a beast am I to slacke it. *Exeunt* 112

Scena Quinta.

[*A room in the Garter Inn.*]

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. Bardolfe I say.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a tost in't.

[*Exit Bardolpb.*]

Have I liv'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be serv'd such another tricke, Ile have my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and give them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse, as they would have drown'de a blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kinde of alacrity in sinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I shold down. I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water swelles a man; and what a thing should I have beene, when I had beene swel'd? I should have beene a Mountaine of Mummie.

[*Re-enter Bardolpb with sack.*]

Bar. Here's M. *Quickly* Sir to speake with you. 20

Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sack to the Thames

water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-bals, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bar. Come in woman.

[Enter *Mistress Quickly*.]

Qui. By your leave: I cry you mercy?
Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these Challices:
Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

29

Fal. Simple of it selfe: Ile no Pullet-Spersme in my
brewage. How now? [Exit *Bardolph*.]

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from *M. Ford*.

Fal. Mist. Ford? I have had Ford enough: I was thrown
into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her
fault: she do's so take on with her men; they mistooke
their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish Womans
promise. | 38

Qui. Well, she laments Sir for it, that it would yern
your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a
birding; she desires you once more to come to her, be-
twene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly,
she'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so: and bidde her
thinke what a-man is: Let her consider his fraiety, and
then judge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Betweene nine and ten saist thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not misse her. 50

Qui. Peace be with you Sir.

[Exit.]

Fal. I mervaire I heare not of M^r *Broome*: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well.
Oh, heere be comes.

[Enter *Ford*.]

Ford. Blesse you Sir.

Fal. Now M. *Broome*, you come to know What hath past betweene me, and *Fords* wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir *John*) is my busynesse.

Fal. M. *Broome* I will not lye to you, I was at her house the houre she appointed me. 60

Ford. And sped you Sir?

Fal. very ill-favouredly M. *Broome*.

Ford. How so sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No (M. *Broome*) but the peaking Curnuto her husband (M. *Broome*) dwelling in a continual larum of jelou-sie, coms me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrast, kist, protested, & (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his comp-nions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forsooth) to serch his house for his wives Love. 70

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke would have it, comes in one *Mist. Page*, gives intelligence of *Fords* approch: and in her invention, and *Fords* wives distraction, they convey'd me into a bucke-basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

78

Fal. Yes: a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasic

54. *be: he-3-4F.*

56-7. *prose-Rowz.*

70. *wives: wife's-Rowz.*

79. *Tell: a: By the Lord, a-Qd.*

Napkins, that (Master *Broome*) there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there? 84

Fal. Hey, you shall heare (Master *Broome*) what I have sufferd, to bring this woman to evill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaves, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Mistris, to carry mee in the name of soule Cloathes to *Datchet-lane*: they tooke mee on their shoulders: met the jealous knave their Master in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare least the Lunatique Knave would have search'd it: but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cackold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for a search, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But marke the sequell (Master *Broome*) I suffered the pangs of three severall deaths: First, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be stopt in like a strong distillation with stinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne grease: thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that, that am as subject to heate as butter; a man of continuall dissolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe stew'd in grease (like a Dutch-dish) to be throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing-hot, in that serge like a Horse-shoo; thinke of that; hissing hot: thinke of that (Master *Broome*.) 112

Ford. In good sadnessse Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you have sufferd all this.

My suite then is desperate: You'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master *Broome*: I will be throwne into *Etna*, as I have beene into Thames, ere I will leave her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Blding: I have received from her another ambassie of mee-
ting: 'twixt eight and nine is the 'houre (Master *Broome*.)

122

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addresse mee to my appoint-
ment: Come to mee at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speede: and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adiew: you shall have her (Master *Broome*)Master *Broome*, you shall cuckold *Ford*.

129

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dreame? doe I sleepe? Master *Ford* awake, awake Master *Ford*: ther's a hole made in your best coate (Master *Ford*:) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to have Lynnen, and Buck-
baskets: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my house: hee cannot scape me: 'tis impossible hee should: hee can-
not creepe into a halfe-penny purse, nor into a Pepper-
Boxe: But least the Divell that guides him, should aide him, I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot avoide; yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I have hornes, to make one mad, let the proverbe goe with me, He be horne-
mad.

Exeunt. 143

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

[A Street.]

Enger Mistris Page, Quickly, William, Evans.

Mist. Pag. Is he at M. *Fords* already think'st thou?
Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be presently; but
 truely he is very couragious mad, about his throwing
 into the water. *Mistris Ford* desires you to come so-
 dainely.

Mist. Pag. He be with her by and by: He but bring
 my yong-man here to Schoole: looke where his Master
 comes; 'tis a playing day I see: [Enter *Sir Hugb Evans.*] how now *Sir Hugb*, no | Schoole to day? 11

Eva. No: Master *Slender* is let the Boyes leave to play.

Qui. 'Blessing of his heart.

Mist. Pag. Sir *Hugb*, my husband saies my sonne pro-
 fits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske
 him some questions in his Accidence.

Ev. Come hither *William*; hold up your head; come.

**Mist. Pag.* Come-on Sirha; hold up your head; an-
 swere your Master, be not afraid.

Eva. *William*, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two. 21

Qui. Truely, I thought there had bin one Number
 more, because they say od's-Nownes.

Eva. Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*) *William*?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Qu. Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcats,
 sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity o'man: I pray you
 peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

Will. A Stone.

Eva. And what is a Stone (*William*)?

30

Will. A Peeble.

Eva. No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remewber in your
praine.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good *William*: what is he (*William*) that
do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune; and be
thus declined. *Singulariter nominativo hic, hæc, hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo big, bag, bog*: pray you marke: *geni-
tivo bujus*: Well: what is your *Accusative-case*? 41

Will. *Accusative binc*.

Eva. I pray you have your remembrance (childe) *Ac-
cusative bing, bang, bog*.

Qu. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prables (o'man) What is the *Foca-
tive case* (*William*)?

Will. O, *Vocativo, O*.

Eva. Remember *William*, *Focative*, is *caret*.

Qu. And that's a good roote.

50

Eva. O'man, forbear.

Mist. *Pag*. Peace.

Eva: What is your *Genitive case plurall* (*William*)?

Will. *Genitive case?*

Eva. I.

Will. *Genitive borum, barum, borum*.

Qu. 'Vengeance of Ginyes case; sic on her; never
name her (childe) if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame o'man.

59

Qu. You doe ill to teach the childe such words: hec
teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe fast
enough of themselves, and to call *borum*; sic upon you.

33. *remember*: remember-2-4F.

45. *latten*: Latin (Latine)-3-4F.

57. *Ginyes*: Jenny's-CARELL.

Evans. O'man, art thou Lunaties? Hast thou no understandings for thy Cases, & the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

M^r. Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Ev. Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

70

Ev. It is *Qui*, *que*, *quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches: Goe your waies and ^{1 ready} play, go.

M. Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

Ev. He is a good sprag^l-memory: Farewel *Mis. Page.*

Mis. Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh*: [Exit *Sir Hugh*.] Get you home boy, Come we stay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

[A room in *Ford's* house.]

Enter Falstoffe, Mist. Ford, Mist. Page, Servants, Ford, | Page, Caius, Evans, Shallow.

Fal. *Mi. Ford,* Your sorrow hath eaten up my suffe-
rance; I see you are obsequious in your love, and I pro-
fesse requitall to a haires breadth, not onely *Mist. Ford*,
in the simple office of love, but in all the accustrement,
complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of
your husband now?

Mis. Ford. Hec's a birding (sweet *Sir John*). 10

Mis. Page. [Witbin] What hoa, gossip *Ford*: what
hoa. |

Mis. Ford. Step into th'chamber, *Sir John*.

[Exit Falstaff.]

63. *Lunaties*: lunatics (lunaticks) - *CAPELL.*

71-2. *que* .. *Ques*: *que* .. *quod* - *POPE.*

[Enter *Mistress Page.*]

Mis. Page. How now, (sweete heart) whose at home besides your selfe?

Mis. Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Mis. Page. Indeed?

Mis. Ford. No certainly: [Aside to, ber] Speake louder. |

Mist. Pag. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mist. Ford. Why? 19

Mis. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so railles against all married mankinde; so curses all *Eves* daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffettes himselfe on the for-head: crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madnesse I ever yet beheld, seem'd but faine-nesse, civility, and patience to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

Mist. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him? 28

Mist. Page. Of none but him, and sweares he was carried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket: Protests to my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspition: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now he shall see his owne foo-lerie.

Mist. Ford. How neere is he *Mistris Page?*

Mist. Pag. Hard by, at street end; he wil be here anon. |

Mist. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is heere. 38

Mist. Page. Why then you are utterly sham'd, & hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better shame, then smurther.

21. lines: Iunes-THEOBALD.

Mist. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

[*Re-enter Falstaff.*]

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket:
May I not go out ere he come?

Mist. Page. Alas: three of M^r. Fords brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: otherwise you might slip away ere hee came: But what make you heere? 49

Fal. What shall I do? Ile creepe up into the chimney.

Mist. Ford. There they alwaies use to discharge their Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mist. Ford. He will seeke there on my word: Neyther Presse, Coffer, Chest, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. Ile go out then. 59

Mist. Ford. [Page] If you goe out in your owne sem-blance, | you die Sir John, unlesse you go out disguis'd.

Mist. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mist. Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwise he might put on a hat, a mussler, and a kerchiefe, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremitie, rather then a mischiefe.

Mist. Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of Brain-ford, has a gowne above. 69

Mist. Page. On my word it will serve him: shee's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd¹ hat, and her muf-fler | too: run up Sir John. ¹ tufted

68-9, 78-9, etc. *Brainford: Brentford-Qq.*

Mist. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: *Mistress Page* and I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mist. Page. Quicke, quicke, we'lle come dresse you straight: put on the gowne the while.

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mist. Ford. I would my husband would meeete him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; he sweares she's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatned to beate her. 80

Mist. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the divell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Mist. Ford. But is my husband comming?

Mist. Page. I in good sadnessse is he, and talkes of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mist. Ford. We'll try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meeete him at the doore with it, as they did last time.

Mist. Page. Nay, but he'll be heere presently: let's go dresse him like the witch of Brainford. 90

Mist. Ford. Ile first direct direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe up, Ile bring linnen for him straight. [*Exit.*]

Mist. Page. Hang him dishonest Varlet,
We cannot misuse enough:
We'll leave a proofe by that which we will doo,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not acte that often, jest, and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh. 99

[*Exit.*]

73. *Mistress*: *Mistress*-2-4F. 91. *direct* *direct*: *direct*-2-4F.

95. *misuse enough*: *misuse him enough*-2-4F.

99. *draugh*: *draft*-CAPELL.

[Re-enter Mrs. Ford with two Servants.]

Mist. Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if hee bid you set it downe, obey him: quickly, dispatch. [Exit.]

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Ser.* Pray heaven it be not full of Knight againe.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had liefe as beare so much lead.

[Enter *Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Sir Hugb Evans.*]

Ford. I, but if it prove true (Mr. *Page*) have you any way then to unfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villaine: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a gin,¹ a parke, a conspiracie against me: Now shall the devell be sham'd. What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what honest cloathes you send forth to bleaching. ¹gang 112

Page. Why, this passes M. *Ford*: you are not to goe loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Evans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed M. *Ford*, thi is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too Sir, come hither Mistris *Ford*, Mistris *Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the jealous foole to her husband: I suspect without cause (Mistris) do I? 121

Mist. Ford. Heaven be my witnesse you doe, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said Brazon-face, hold it out: Come forth sirrah. [Pulling clothes out of the basket.]

105. *liefe as:* as lief-2-4F

117. *thi:* this-2-4F.

109. *gin:* ging-2-4F.

Page. This passes.

Mist. Ford. Are you not sham'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I shall finde you agon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wives
clothes? Come, away. 130

Ford. Empty the basket I say.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one con-
vay'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: why
may not he be there againe, in my house I am sure he is:
my Intelligence is true, my jealousie is reasonable, pluck
me out all the linnen.

Mist. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Fleas
death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Sbal. By my fidelity this is not well M^r. *Ford*: This
wrongs you.

Evans. M^r *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the
imaginacions of your owne heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I seeke for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine. *

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find
not what I seeke, shew no colour for my extremity: Let
me for ever be your Table-sport: Let them say of me, as
jealous as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his
wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more serch
with me. 152

M. Ford. What hoa (Mistris *Page*,) come you and
the old woman downe: my husband will come into the
Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M. Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane:
Have I not forbid her my house. She comes of errands

do's she? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's brought to passe under the profession of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th' Figure, & such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say. 165

Mist. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him strike the old woman.

[*Re-enter Falstaff in woman's clothes, and Mistress Page.*]

Mist. Page. Come mother Prat, Come give me your hand. 169

Ford. Ile Prat-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you Bagge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out: Ile conjure you, Ile fortune-tell you.

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mist. Page. Are you not ashamed? I thinke you have kill'd the poore woman.

Mist. Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Eva. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I spie a great peard under his muffler. 180

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you follow: see but the issue of my jealousie: If I cry out thus upon no traile, never trust me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shal., Caius, and Evans.*]

Mist. Page. Trust me he beate him most pittifullly.

171. *Bagge: bag-3-4F.*

173-4. *prose-PoPz.*

Mist. Ford. Nay by th' Massc that he did not: he beate him most unpittiffully, me thought.

Mist. Page. Ile have th' cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meyitorious service. 190

Mist. Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witnesse of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

M. Page. The spirit of wantonnesse is sure scar'd out of him, if the divell have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never (I thinke) in the way of waste, attempt us againe.

Mist. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee have serv'd him. 199

Mist. Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore unvertuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, wee two will still bee the ministers.

Mist. Ford. Ile warrant, they'l have him publiquely sham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publiquely sham'd.

Mist. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things coole. *Exeunt* 209

Scena Tertia.

[*A room in the Garter Inn.*]

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane desires to have three of your horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly?

3. Germane desires: Germans desire—CAPELL.

I heare not of him in the Court: let mee speake with the Gentlemen, they speake English?

Bar. I Sir? Ile call him to you.

9

Host. They shall have my horses, but Ile make them pay: ~~He~~ sauce them, they have had my houses a week at commaund: I have turn'd away my other guests, they must come off, Ile sawce them, come.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

[*A room in Ford's house.*]

Enter Page, Ford, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, and Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a o'man as e-
ver I^o did looke upon.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an instant?

Mist. Page. Within a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what thou wilt: I^o father will suspect the Sunne with gold, 10
Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor stand
(In him that was of late an Heretike)
As firme as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wives
Yet once againe (to make us publike sport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it. 19

Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of.

11. *houses*: house—Q₂.

10. *gold*: cold—Rowe.

15. *new* i. at *As in—Capell.*

Page. How? to send him word they'll meeete him in the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

Ev. You say he has bin throwne in the Rivers: and has bin greevously peatch, as anold o'man: me-thinkes there should be terrors in him, that he should note come: Me-thinkes his flesh, is punish'd, hee shall have no desires.

Page. So thinke I too.

M. Ford. Devise but how you'l use him when he comes, |

And let us two devise to bring him thether. 30

Mis. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter (sometime a keeper heere in Windsor Forrest) Doth all the winter time, at still midnight Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes, And there he blasts the tree, and takes¹ the cattle, And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and shakes a chaine In a most hideous and dreadfull manner. ¹bewitches You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know The superstitious idle-headed-Eld Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age 40 This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare In deepe of night to walke by this Hernes Oake: But what of this?

Mist. Ford. Marry this is our devise, That *Falstaffe* at that Oake shall meeete with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come, And in this shape, when you have brought him thether, What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Mist. Pa. That likewise have we thought upon: & thus: *Nan Page* (my daughter) and my little sonne, 51

32. new l. at Sometime-Pope.

34. rag'd: ragg'd (ragged)-Pope.

And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l dresse
 Like Urchins, Ouphes,¹ and Fairies, greene and white,
 With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,
 And rattles in their hands; upon a sodaine,
 As *Falstaffe*, she, and I, are newly met, ¹*changelings*
 Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
 With some diffused song: Upon their sigh:
 We two, in great amazednesse will flye:
 Then let them all encircle him about, 60
 And Fairy-like to pinch the uncleane Knight;
 And aske him why that houre of Fairy Revell,
 In their so sacred pathes, he dares to tread
 In shape prophane.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
 Let the supposed Fairies pinch him, sound,
 And burne him with their Tapers.

Mist. Page. The truth being knowne,
 We'll all present our selves; dis-horne the spirit,
 And mocke him home to Windsor. 70

Ford. The children must
 Be practis'd well to this, or they'll nev'r doo't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours: and I
 will be like a Jacke-an-Apes also, to burne the Knight
 with my Taber.

Ford. That will be excellent,
 Ile go buy them vizards.

Mist. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queene of all the
 Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silke will I go buy, and in that time
 [Aside] 81
 Shall *M. Slender* steale my *Nan* away,

And marry her at *Eaton*: go, send to *Falstaffe* straight.

72. nev'r: ne'er-Rowz.

76-7. 1 L-Pope.

79. new l. at Finely-aRowz.

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of *Brome*,
Hee'l tell me all his purpose: sure hee'l come.

Mist. Page. Feare not you that: Go get us properties
And tricking for our Fayries.

Evans. Let us about it,
It is admirable pleasures, and ferrу honest knaveryes.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*]

Mis. Page. Go *Mist. Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *John*, to know his minde: 90

[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*]

Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*:
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Ideot:
And he, my husband best of all affects:
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

Scena Quinta.

[*A room in the Garter Inn.*]

*Enter Host, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Evans,
Caius, Quickly.*

Host. What wouldst thou have? (Boore) what? (thick
skin) speake, breathe, discusse: breefe, short, quicke,
snap.

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir *John Fal-
staffe* from M. *Slender*. 8

Host. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle,
his standing-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about
with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new: go, knock
and call: hee'l speake like an Anthropophaginian unto
thee: Knocke I say.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber: Ile be so bold as stay Sir till she come downe: I come to speake with her indeed.

Host. Haſt A fat wōman? The Knight may be robb'd: Ile call Bully-Knight, Bully Sir John: speake from thy Lungs Military: Art thou there? 20 It is thine Host, thine Ephesian calls.

Fal. [Above] How now, mine Host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the comming downe of thy fat-woman: Let her descend (Bully) let her descend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, privacy? Fie.

[Enter Falstaff.]

Fal. There was (mine Host) an old-fat-woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wise-woman of Brainford?

Fal. I marry was it (Mussel-shell) what would you with her? 31

Simp. My Master (Sir) my master *Slender*, sent to her seeing her go thorough the streets, to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine, or no.

Fal. I speake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what sayes she, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry shee sayes, that the very same man that beguil'd Master *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the Woman her selfe, I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him. 42

Fal. What are they? let us know.

32. (Sir) my master: Sir, Master-SLENDER.

Host. I: come: quicke.

Fal. [Sim.] I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Host. Conceale them, or thou di'st.

Sim. Why sir, they were nothing but about Mistris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Masters for~~the~~ to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

50

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: goe; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thanke your worship: I shall make my Master glad with these tydings. [Exit.]

Host. Thou are clearly: thou art clearly (Sir *John*) was there a wise woman with thee? 59

Fal. I that there was /mine *Host*) one that hath taught me more wit, then ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

[Enter *Bardolph.*]

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Host. Where be my horses? speake well of them varletto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for so soone as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off, from behinde one of them, in a slough of myre; and set spurres, and away; like three *Germane*-divels; three *Doctor Faustuses*. 71

Host. They are gone but to meeete the Duke (villaine) doe not say they be fled: *Germanes* are honest men.

58. are: art-1Q.

[Enter Sir Hugh Evans.]

Evan. Where is mine Host?

Host. What is the master Sir?

Evan. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three Cozen-Jermans, that has cozend all the *Hosts of Readins*, of *Maidagbead*; of *Cole-brooke*, of horses and money: I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wise, and full of gibes, and vouting-stocks: and 'tis not convenient you should be cozoned. Fare you well. [Exit.] 82

[Enter Doctor Caius.]

Cai. Ver' is mine Host de Jarteere?

Host. Here (Master Doctor) in perplexitie, and doubtfull delemma.

• *Cai.* I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke de Jamanie: by my trot: der is no Duke that the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu. [Exit.]

Host. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: assist me Knight, I am undone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am undone. [Exeunt Host and Bard.] 92

Fal. I would all the world might be cozond, for I have beene cozond and beaten too: if it should come to the eare of the Court, how I have beene transformed; and how my transformation hath beene washd, and cudgeld, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Fishermens-boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-falne as a dride-peare: I never prosper'd, since I forswore my selfe at *Primero*: well, if my winde were but long enough [to say my prayers]; I would repent: Now? Whence come | you?

103

102. bracketed words—Q2.

[Enter Mistress Quickly.]

Qui. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The Divell take 'one partie, and his Dam the other: and so they shall be both bestow'd; I have suffer'd more for their sakes; more then the villanous inconstancy of mans disposition is able to beare.

Qui. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; specially one of them; Mistris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'at thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my selfe into all the colours of the Raine-bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Braineford*, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliver'd me, the knave Constable had set me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks, for a Witch.

Qui. Sir: let me speake with you in your Chamber, you shall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will say somewhat: (good-hearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

[Another room in the Garter Inn.]

Enter Fenton, Host.

Host. Master *Fenton*, talke not to mee, my minde is heavy: I will give over all.

Fen. Yet heare me speake: assist mee in my purpose,

And (as I am a gentleman) ile give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more then your losse.

Host. I will heare you (Master *Fenton*) and I will (at the least) keepe your counseil.

Fox. From time to time, I have acquainted you 10
With the deare love I beare to faire *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
(So farre forth, as her selfe might be her chooser)
Even to my wish; I have a letter from her
Of such contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter,
That neither (singly) can be manifested
Without the shew of both: fat *Falstaffe*
Hath a great Scenc; the image of the jest
Ile show you here at large (harke good mine *Host:*) 20
To night at *Hernes-Oke*, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet *Nan* present the *Faerir-Queene*:
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise
While other Jests are something ranke on foote,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*
Immediately to Marry: She hath consented: Now Sir,
Her Mother, (even strong against that match
And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffe her away, 30
While other sports are tasking of their mindes,
And at the *Deanry*, where a *Priest* attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She seemingly obedient) likewise hath
Made promise to the *Doctor*: Now, thus it rests,
Her Father meanes she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when *Slender* sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,
She shall goe with him: her Mother hath intended

IV. vi. 39-V. i. 11] THE MERRY WIVES

(The better to devote her to the *Doctor*: 40
For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded)

That quaint in greene, she shall be loose en-roab'd,
With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which meanes she to deceive? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Host) to go along with me:
And heere it rests, that you'l procure the Vicar 50
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, Ile make a present recompence. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

[*A room in the Garter Inn.*]

Enter Falstoffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more pratling: go, Ile hold, this is
the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers:
Away, go, they say there is Divinity in odde Numbers,
either in nativity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. Ile provide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can
to get you a paire of hornes. 8

Fal. Away I say, time weares, hold up your head &
mince. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*] [*Enter Ford.*] How
now M. Broome? Master Broome, the mat- | ter will be

40. *devote. denote.* CAPELL. 7 *Qar : Quick. (Qui)-2-4F*

knowne to night, or never. Bee you in the | Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall | see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed? 15

Ford. I went to her (Master *Broome*) as you see, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master *Broome*) like a poore-old-woman; that same knave (Ford his husband) hath the finest mad divell of jealousie in him (Master *Broome*) that ever govern'd Frensic. I will tell you, he beate me greevously, in the shape of a woman: (for in the shape of Man (Master *Broome*) I feare not Goliah with a Weavers heame, because I know also, life is a Shuttle) I am in hast, go along with mee, Ile tell you all (Master *Broome*:) since I pluckt Geese, plaide Trewant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this knave *Ford*, on whom to night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow, straunge things in hand (M. *Broome*) follow. *Exennt.* 30

Scena Secunda.

[Windsor Park.]

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember son *Slender*, my [daughter]

Slcn. I forsooth, I have spoke with her, & we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that we know one another. 9

16. *Broome*: misprint 1F. only.

5. bracketed word 2-4F.

30. *Exennt*: *Exeunt* 2-4F.

6. *Slcn.*: *Slcn.* 2-4F.

Sbal. That's good too: But what needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath strooke tenem' clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it wel: Heaven prosper our sport. No man ~~sheans~~ evill but the devill, and we shal know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

[*A street leading to the Park.*]

Enter Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Caius.

Mist. Page. M Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into the Parke: we two must go together.

Cai. I know vat I have to do, adieu.

Mist. Page. Fare you well (Sir:) [*Exit Caius.*] my husband will not | rejoice so much at the abuse of *Falstaffe*, as he will chafe | at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no mat- | ter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart- | break. 12

Mist. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welch-devill *Herne*?

Mist. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Hernes Oake*, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant of *Falstaffes* and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mist. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mist. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd. 21

Mist. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

14. *Herne:* Hugh-CAPELL.

Mist. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them, do no treachery.

Mist. Ford. The houredrawes-on: to the Oake, to the
Oake.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

[*Windsor Park.*]

Enter Evans [disguised] *and Fairies.*

Evans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your
parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and
when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you: Come,
come, trib, trib.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

[*Another part of the Park.*]

*Enter Falstaffe, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, Evans,
Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly,
Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistoll.*

Fal. [Disguised as Herne] The Windsor-bell hath
stroke twelve: the M- | nute drawes-on: Now the hot-
bloodied-Gods assist me: | Remember Jove, thou was't
a Bull for thy *Europa*, Love | set on thy hornes. O
powerfull Love, that in some re- | spectes makes a Beast
a Man: in som other, a Man a beast. | You were also
(Jupiter) a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: O | omnipotent
Love, how nere the God drew to the com- | plexion
of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a | beast,
(O Jove, a beastly fault:) and then another fault, | in
the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Jove) a fowle- |
fault. When Gods have hot backes, what shall poore
men do? For me, I am heere a Windsor Stagge, and the
fattest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time

2. *Enter:* Enter-2-4F.

3. *Come:* Come-2-4F.

(Jove) or who can blame me to pissee my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe? 19

[Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.]

M. Ford. Sir Jobz? Art thou there (my Deere?)
My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie
raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-
sleeves, haile-kissing Comfits, and snow Eringoes: Let
there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter mee
heere.

M. Ford. Mistris Page is come with me (sweet hart.)

Fal. Divide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch:
I will keepe my sides to my selfe, my shoulders for the
fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your
husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like Herne
the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience,
he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

[Noise witbin.]

M. Page. Alas, what noise?

34

M. Ford. Heaven forgiue our sinnes.

Fal. What should this be?

M. Ford. *M. Page.* Away, away. [They run off.]

Fal. I thinke the divell wil not have me damn'd,
Least the oyle that's in me should set hell on fire;
He would never else crosse me thus. 40

Enter Fairies [Evans, disguised as before, Pistol as Hob-
goblin, Quickly, Anne Page, and others, with tapers].

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white,
You Moone-shine revellers, and shades of night.
You Orphan heires of fixed destiny,

28. *brib'd:* bribe—TREBOLD.

38-40. *prose-CARELL.*

Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Pist. Elves, list your names: Silence you aiery toyes.
 Cricket, to Windsor-chimnies, shalt thou leape;
 Wh're fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
 There pinch the Maids as blew ga Bill-berry, 50
 Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die,
 Ille winke, and couch: No man their workes must eie.

[*Lies down upon his face.*]

Ev. Wher's *Bede?* Go you, and where you find a maid
 That ere she sleepe has thrice her prayers said,
 Raise up the Organs of her fantasie,
 Sleepe she as sound as carelesse infancie,
 But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their sins,
 Pinch them armes, legs, backes, shoulders, sides, & shins.

Qu. About, about: 60
 Search Windsor Castle (Elves) within, and out.
 Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on every sacred roome,
 That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,
 In state as wholsome, as in state 'tis fit,
 Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
 The severall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre
 With juyce of Balme; and every precious flowre,
 Each faire Instalment, Coate, and sev'rall Crest,
 With loyall Blazon, evermore be blest.

And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing 70
 Like to the *Garters-Compass*, in a ring,
 Th'expressure that it beares: Greene let it be,
 Mote fertile-fresh then all the Field to see:
 And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write
 In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,

70. *Nightly-meadow-Fairies:* nightly, meadow-fairies—CAPELL.

73. *Mote:* More—Q. 2-4F. 75. *Emrold-tuffe:* emerald tufts—2-4F.

Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroidery,
 Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;
 Fairies use Flowres for their characterie.
 Away, disperse: But till 'tis one, a clocke,
 Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke 80
 Of Herne the Hunter, let us not forget.

Evan. Pray you lock hand in hand: your selves in
 order set: |
 And twenty glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes bee
 To guide our Measure round about the Tree.
 But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh Fairy,
 Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheese.

Pist. Vilde worme, thou wast ore-look'd even in thy
 birth.

Qu. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end: 90
 If he be chaste, the flame will backe descend
 And turne him to no paine: but if he start,
 It is the flesh of a corrupted hart.

Pist. A triall, come.

Eva. Come: will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*]

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.
 About him (Fairies) sing a scornfull rime,
 And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song.

100

*Fie on sinnefull phantasie: Fie on Lust, and Luxurie:
 Lust is but a bloody fire, kindled with unchaste desire,
 Fed in heart whose flames aspire,
 As thoughts do blow them bigger and bigger.*

76. *Saphire-pearle:* sapphire, pearl—THEOBALD.

86-7. *prose-Pope.*

101. *2 rhymed ll.—Pope.*

Pinch bim (Fairies) mutually: *Pinch bim for bis villanie.*

Pinch bim, and burne him, and turne him about,

Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-shine be out.

[During this song they pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a boy in white; Fenton comes and steals away Anne Page. A noise of busting is heard within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.]

[Enter *Page, Ford, Mistress Page, & Mistress Ford.*]

Page. Nay do not flye, I thinke we have watcht you now: Will none but *Herne* the Hunter serve your turne? 110

M. Page. I pray you come, hold up the jest no higher. Now (good Sir *John*) how like you *Windsor* wifes? See you these husband? Do not these faire yoakes Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now? 121
M^r Broome, Falstaffes a Knave, a Cuckoldly knave,
Heere are his hornes Master Broome:
And Master Broome, he hath enjoyed nothing of Fords,
but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of
money, which must be paid to M^r Broome, his horses are
arrested for it, M^r Broome.

M. Ford. Sir *John*, we have had ill lucke: wee could never meete: I will never take you for my Love againe, but I will always count you my Deere.

Fal. I do begin to perceve that I am made an Asse.

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies: 128
I was three or four times in the thought they were not
108-10. a five-accent ll.-Rowe.

Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my minde, the sodaine surprize of my powers, drove the grossenesse of the foppery into a receiv'd' beleefe, in despight of the teeth of all rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jacke-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employmen .

Evant. Sir *John Falstaffe*, serve Got, and leave your desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said Fairy *Hugb*.

Evans. And leave you your Jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to prevent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I haye a Coxcombe of Frize? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toasted Cheese.

Ev. Seese is not good to give putter; your belly is al putter.

Fal. Seese, and Putter? Have I liv'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is e-¹⁴⁹nough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme.

Mist. Page. Why Sir *John*, do you thinke though wee would have thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given our selves without scruple to hell, that ever the devill could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Mist. Page. A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

136. *Evant: Evans (Evan)-2-4F.*

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evan. And given to Fornications, and to Tavernes, and Sache, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you have the start of me, I am dejected: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, use me as you will. 172

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windsor to one M^r Broome, that y^eu have cozon'd of money, to whom you should have bin a Pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her M^r Slender hath married her daughter. 181

Mist. Page. [Aside] Doctors doubt that; If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctour Caius wife.

[Enter Slender.]

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Page. Sonner? How now? How now Sonne, Have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? Ile make the best in Glostershire know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what sonne? 190

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mistris *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would have swing'd him, or hee should have swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene *Anne*

Page, would I might never stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Upon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slen. What neede you tell me that? I think so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparrell) I would not have had him.

201

Page. Why this is your owne folly, Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter, By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in *greene*, and cried Mum, and she cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-masters boy.

Mist. Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeede she is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and there married.

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[Enter *Caius*.]

Cai. Ver is Mistris *Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon Garsoon, a boy; oon pesant, by gar. A boy, it is not *An Page*, by gar, I am cozened.

M. Page. Why? did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile raise all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgives me, here comes M^r Fenton. How now M^r Fenton?

220

[Enter *Fenton and Anne Page*.]

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Page. Now Mistris:

How chance you went not with M^r Slender?

205. *greene*: white—POPE.

209. *white*: green—POPE.

213. *oon Garsoon*, .. *oon pesant*: un gargon, .. un paysan—CAPELL.

M. Page. Why went you not with M^r Doctor, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it,
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion^r held in love:
The ~~truth~~ is, she and I (long since contracted)
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us:
Th'offence^r is holy, that she hath committed,230
And this deceit^r looses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title,
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:
In Love, the heavens themselves do guide the state,
Money buyes Lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have tane a special stand
to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.240

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heaven give thee
joy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all sorts of Deere are
chac'd.

Mist. Page. Well, I will muse no further: M^r *Fenton*,
Heaven give you many, many merry dayes:
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire,
Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be so (Sir *John*:)250
To Master *Broome*, you yet shall hold your word,
For he, to night, shall lye with Mistris *Ford*: *Exeunt*

242. new l. at What-2Rowe.

FINIS.

GLOSSARY

ABBREVIATIONS IN GLOSSARIES

All's Well	All's Well that Ends Well
Ant. & Cleo.	Antony and Cleopatra
As You	As You Like It
Cor.	Coriolanus
Cymb.	Cymbeline
Errors	The Comedy of Errors
Ham.	Hamlet
1 Hen. IV	The First Part of King Henry IV
2 Hen. IV	The Second Part of King Henry IV
Hen. V	The Life of King Henry V
1 Hen. VI	The First Part of King Henry VI
2 Hen. VI	The Second Part of King Henry VI
3 Hen. VI	The Third Part of King Henry VI
Hen. VIII	The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII
John	The Life and Death of King John
Jul. Cces.	Julius Cesar
Lear	King Lear
Lov. Comp.	A Lover's Complaint
Love's Lab.	Love's Labour's Lost
Lucrece	The Rape of Lucrece
Macb.	Macbeth
Meas. for Meas.	Measure for Measure
Mer. of Ven.	The Merchant of Venice
Mer. Wives	The Merry Wives of Windsor
Mids. Night Dr.	A Midsummer Night's Dream
Much Ado	Much Ado about Nothing
Otho	Othello
Pass. Pilg.	The Passionate Pilgrim
Per.	Pericles
Phoen. & Tur.	The Phoenix and the Turtle
Rich. II	The Tragedy of King Richard II
Rich. III	The Tragedy of King Richard III
Rom. & Jul.	Romeo and Juliet
Sonn.	Sonnets
Sonn. Mus.	Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music
Tam. of Shr.	The Taming of the Shrew
Temp.	The Tempest
Tim. of Ath.	Timon of Athens
Tit. And.	Titus Andronicus
Tro. & Cres.	Troilus and Cressida
Tw. Night	Twelfth Night
Two Gen. of Ver.	The Two Gentlemen of Verona
Ven. & Ad.	Venus and Adonis
Wint. Tale	The Winter's Tale

THE TEMPEST

A GLOSSARY OF WORDS

Grammatical Usage and Pronunciation

<i>Abhorred</i> , I. ii. 413, three syllables.	<i>Backward</i> , I. ii. 61, background.
<i>Absolute</i> , I. ii. 128, actual; cf. Mer. Wives, III. iii. 56, Ham., V. ii. 112.	<i>Barnacles</i> , IV. i. 273, geese, supposed to grow from the shellfish.
<i>Abuse</i> , V. i. 127, deceive; Much Ado, V. ii. 93.	<i>Base</i> , III. iii. 124, sound in deep voice.
<i>Aches</i> , I. ii. 422, two syllables, <i>ā'-ches</i> .	<i>Bat-fowling</i> , II. i. 192, hunting birds at night.
<i>Admire</i> , V. i. 179, wonder; Tw. Night, III. iv. 153.	<i>Brake</i> (<i>beak</i>), I. ii. 229, bow of a vessel.
<i>Advance</i> , I. ii. 472, IV. i. 80, lift; Tw. Night, II. v. 33.	<i>Bear</i> (<i>bear</i>) <i>up</i> , III. ii. 4, take your course, sail up; Oth., I. iii. 12.
<i>Afeard</i> , II. ii. 153, III. ii. 141, archaic form of afraid, Sh. uses both forms; Mids. Night Dr., III. i. 27; Mer. of Ven., II. vii. 31.	<i>Bermontes</i> , I. ii. 269, the Spanish form for the Bermudas, used commonly by Elizabethans.
<i>Againe</i> (<i>again</i>), I. ii. 454, again and again, used with the sense of repeatedly by the Elizabethans.	<i>Beseech</i> , I. ii. 555, the subject <i>I</i> is omitted.
<i>Against</i> , III. i. 38, governs <i>it</i> .	<i>Betid</i> , I. ii. 38, betided, happened; Rich. II., V. i. 45.
<i>A hold</i> (<i>a-hold</i>), I. i. 57, close to the wind.	<i>Blasphemy</i> , V. i. 260, blasphemous one.
<i>Amazement</i> , I. ii. 17, 231, terror.	<i>Blessed</i> , V. i. 239, two syllables.
<i>Amen</i> , II. ii. 101, so be it; Mer. Wives, III. iii. 185.	<i>Blew-ey'd</i> (<i>blue-eyed</i>), I. ii. 317, with livid eyelids.
<i>And</i> , II. i. 187, IV. i. 264, if; Meas. for Meas., II. i. 197.	<i>Blow</i> , III. i. 76, soil; cf. V. i. 337.
<i>Anthony</i> , I. ii. 82, 151, stress on second syllable, <i>An-tho'-nee-o</i> .	<i>Boile</i> (<i>boil'd</i>), V. i. 72, seething, mad; Wint. Tale, III. iii. 70.
<i>Ariger</i> , I. ii. 309, Algiers.	<i>Bootelesse</i> (<i>bootless</i>), I. ii. 43, profitless.
<i>Ariel</i> , I. ii. 220, stress on first syllable, <i>A'-ree-el</i> ; last two syllables frequently elided as in I. ii. 225.	<i>Borne</i> (<i>bourn</i>), II. i. 158, boundary.
<i>As</i> , II. i. 122, as if; I. ii. 86, redundant in expression of time.	<i>Boskie</i> , IV. i. 90, wooded; <i>z</i> Hea. IV, V. i. 6.
<i>Aspersion</i> , IV. i. 21, shower.	<i>Boudge</i> (<i>budge</i>), V. i. 15, stir.
<i>Attach'd</i> (<i>attached</i>), III. iii. 9, seized; Hen. VIII., I. i. 118.	<i>Brave</i> , I. ii. 510, V. i. 310, fine.
<i>Attend</i> , I. ii. 328, listen to.	<i>Bumbard</i> (<i>bombard</i>), II. ii. 24, leather bottle.
<i>Avoid</i> , IV. i. 163, begone, away; Ant. & Cleo., V. ii. 295.	<i>Burthen</i> , I. ii. 446, undersong, base accompaniment; <i>As You</i> , III. ii. 243.
<i>Ayris</i> (<i>airy</i>), V. i. 61, magical.	<i>But</i> , I. ii. 140, otherwise than; 478, except that.
	<i>By and by</i> , III. ii. 135, at once.

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<i>Caliban</i> , I. ii. 333, 370, stress on first syllable, <i>Cal-e-ban</i> .	<i>Correspondent</i> , I. ii. 348, obedient.
<i>Can</i> , IV. i. 39, can suggest.	<i>Courses</i> , I. i. 57, lower parts ; <i>cf.</i> I. 44.
<i>Candied</i> , II. i. 307, Congealed : Tim. of Ath., IV. iii. 246.	<i>Coyse</i> , I. ii. 241, turmoi? : Two Gen. of Ver., I. ii. 208.
<i>Canker</i> , I. ii. 479, canker worl.	<i>Crabs</i> , II. ii. 276, wild apples.
<i>Capable</i> , I. ii. 415, retentive : All's Well, I. i. 99.	<i>Crispe</i> (<i>crisp</i>), IV. i. 146, 211, winding, or else ruffe 1 by the wind.
<i>Carriage</i> , V. i. 5, burden : Mer. Wives, II. ii. 165.	
<i>Case</i> , III. ii. 26, <i>in case</i> , able.	<i>Deare</i> (<i>dear</i>), I. ii. 167, heartfelt.
<i>Cast</i> , II. i. 273, cast up.	<i>Debosh'd</i> , III. ii. 27, Elizabethan spelling for debauched ; Lear, I. iv. 223 ; All's Well, V. iii. 238.
<i>Cat o' mountain</i> (<i>mountain</i>), IV. i. 280, wild cat, catamount.	<i>Deck'd</i> , I. ii. 183, covered ; Love's Lab., IV. iii. 275.
<i>Catch</i> , III. ii. 224, part-song : Tw. Night, II. iii. 22.	<i>Deepe</i> (<i>deep</i>), II. i. 291, wise.
<i>Celebration</i> , IV. i. 33, five syllables.	<i>Deere</i> (<i>dear</i>), I. ii. 211 (?), II. i. 139, precious, valuable.
<i>Certes</i> , III. iii. 42, two syllables : certainly ; sometimes pronounced as one syllable : Oth., I. i. 19.	<i>Deer'st</i> (<i>dear'st</i>), II. i. 139, one syllable ; <i>cf.</i> IV. i. 30, V. i. 219.
<i>Chang'd</i> , I. ii. 514, exchanged.	<i>Deliver</i> , II. i. 49, V. i. 269, relate ; Two Gen. of Ver., III. ii. 37.
<i>Chat</i> , II. i. 291, talk.	<i>Demanded</i> , I. ii. 165, asked.
<i>Cheerely</i> (<i>cheerily</i>), I. i. 11, cheerily ; for the adverb formed with 'ly' from a noun, <i>cf.</i> <i>angerly</i> , Macb., III. v. 4.	<i>Discase</i> , V. i. 97, undress ; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 218.
<i>Cherubin</i> , I. ii. 180, cherub ; the usual form for the singular in Sh. : Oth., IV. ii. 73 ; <i>cf.</i> Mer. of Ven., V. i. 72.	<i>Discharge</i> , II. i. 277, performance, a theatrical expression.
<i>Chirurgeonly</i> , II. i. 244, like a surgeon.	<i>Discovery</i> , II. i. 264, what is found.
<i>Chough</i> , II. i. 291, jackdaw.	<i>Dismissed</i> , IV. i. 76, three syllables.
<i>Cleere</i> (<i>clear</i>), III. iii. 203, blameless.	<i>Distemper'd</i> , IV. i. 167, out of humour ; <i>Hum.</i> , III. ii. 325.
<i>Closenes</i> (<i>closeness</i>), I. ii. 208, retirement.	<i>Distinctly</i> , I. ii. 233, separately ; Cor., IV. iii. 44.
<i>Cloudy</i> , II. i. 146, gloomy.	<i>Doit</i> , II. ii. 35, half a farthing.
<i>Cockrell</i> (<i>cockerel</i>), II. i. 35, young cock.	<i>Doubt</i> , II. i. 264, distrust.
<i>Come by</i> , II. i. 321, get, win.	<i>Dowle</i> , III. iii. 86, fibre of down.
<i>Complexion</i> , I. i. 37, appearance.	<i>Drawn</i> , II. i. 341, with swords drawn ; ii. 156, having taken a draught.
<i>Conduct</i> , V. i. 290, conductor, guide ; Rom. & Jul., III. i. 130.	<i>Drie</i> (<i>dry</i>), I. ii. 131, thirsty.
<i>Confederates</i> , I. ii. 130, agrees.	<i>Drolerie</i> (<i>drollery</i>), III. iii. 31, humorous picture, or puppet-show ; a Hen. IV. II. i. 127.
<i>Confines</i> , IV. i. 134, stress on second syllable : abodes.	
<i>Constant</i> , I. ii. 241, self-possessed : II. ii. 122, well-settled.	<i>Earth'd</i> , II. i. 253, buried.
<i>Content</i> , II. i. 293, desire.	<i>Earth'y</i> , I. ii. 327, base, low.
<i>Content</i> , V. i. 193, please.	<i>Ebbing</i> , II. i. 243, of declining fortunes ; <i>cf.</i> Ant. & Cleo., I. iv. 49.
<i>Controll</i> (<i>control</i>), I. ii. 523, refuse.	<i>Eld'st</i> , V. i. 219, one syllable : <i>cf.</i> <i>deer'st</i> , II. i. 139, <i>strongst</i> , IV. i. 30.
<i>Ceragio</i> , V. i. 307, courage.	
<i>Corolary</i> (<i>corollary</i>), IV. i. 66, surplus.	<i>Else</i> , I. ii. 578, other.
	<i>Engine</i> , II. i. 168, mechanical

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device ; Tro. & Cres., I. iii. 215 ;
 cf. Ham., III. iv. 204 [5].
Envie, I. ii. 305, malice ; Mer. of
 Ven., IV. i. 14.
Estate, IV. i. 94, settle, beslow ;
 As You, V. ii. 13.
Event, I. ii. 137, III. i. 89, result.
Extaste (ecstasy), III. iii. 135,
 madness ; Much Ado, II. iii.
 148 ; Ham., III. iv. 148.
Eye, II. i. 59, appearance ; Ham.,
 I. iii. 235.
Eyther's (either's), I. ii. 525,
 each other's.

Fadom (fathom), I. ii. 460, singular form for the plural, as often
 with measures when used with a
 numeral.

Fall, II. i. 326, V. i. 76, let fall ;
 Oth., IV. i. 213.

Feater, II. i. 301, neater ; cf.
 feate, Cymb., V. v. 106.

Featly, I. ii. 445, neatly, adroitly ;
 Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 207.

Fellow, II. i. 302, III. i. 106, equal.
Few, I. ii. 170, few words, short ;
 Meas. for Meas., III. i. 247.

Filth, I. ii. 407, contemptuous for
 a person ; Oth., V. ii. 288.

Fire, I. ii. 7, two syllables.

Flat-long, II. i. 187, with the side
 of the blade.

Flote, I. ii. 274, flood, sea.

Feile (fool), III. i. 57, disadvantage,
 defeat ; 1 Hen. VI, V. iii.
 28.

Foote (foot) *it*, I. ii. 445, dance.

Footing, IV. i. 155, dancing.

For, I. i. 54, against ; I. ii. 272,
 because.

Foule (foul), II. ii. 24, old, worn.

Founderd (founder'd), IV. i. 34,
 lamed by over-use.

Fourth (forth-) rights, III. iii. 6,
 straight paths ; Tro. & Cres.,
 III. iii. 265.

Foyson (forsen), II. i. 170, rich
 harvest ; Meas. for Meas., I. iv.
 47.

Franghting, I. ii. 25, making the
 burden ; cf. Mer. of Ven., II.
 viii. 33.

Freshes, III. ii. 70, springs.

Fringrd, I. ii. 473, two syllables.

Frustrate, III. iii. 14, unavailing ;
 cf. Ant. & Cleo., V. i. 4.

Full, I. ii. 25, completely ; cf. I. ii.
 183, 460.

Gaberdine, II. ii. 41, coarse cloak.

Gentle, I. ii. 548, high-born,
 spirited.

Gines, III. iii. 133, begins ; Macb.,
 V. v. 56.

Glasses, I. ii. 282, V. i. 266, hours,
 in seaman's language ; cf. All's
 Well, II. i. 183.

Glut, I. i. 70, swallow.

Go, III. ii. 20, walk.

Gonzalo (Gonzallo), I. ii. 190, II.
 i. 176, 326, 352, V. i. 29, etc.,
 stress on second syllable, Gon-
 sa'-lo.

Good, I. i. 7, 23, vocative, 'good
 fellow,' or perhaps deprecatory
 'I pray you' ; Errors, IV. iv.
 24 ; Wint. Tale, V. i. 25.

Grace, V. i. 165, favour.

Grudge, I. ii. 294, murmuring ; cf.
 Much Ado, III. iv. 83.

He, II. i. 32, him ; cf. Rom. &
 Jul., III. v. 90.

Hearkens, I. ii. 244, listens to ;
 2 Hen. IV, II. iv. 278.

Heed, II. i. 234, the subject 'you'
 is omitted.

Hests, I. ii. 322, III. i. 47, IV. i.
 74, commands.

Him, V. i. 19, loosely constructed
 in the same case as the accom-
 panying relative.

Hint, I. ii. 157, II. i. 6, theme,
 occasion ; Ant. & Cleo., III. iv.
 10.

His, II. i. 121, its, the latter form
 being recent in Sh.'s time and not
 in full use.

Hollowly, III. i. 84, insincerely.

Holpe (holp), I. ii. 78, more
 common in Sh. than the regular
 helped.

Holy, V. i. 74, pious, worthy.

Home, V. i. 83, effectively, fully ;
 Wint. Tale, V. iii. 8.

Hoyst (hoist), I. ii. 174, hoisted ;
 such contractions occur espe-
 cially with verbs ending in *or d*.

Hudwinke (hoodwink), IV. i.
 232, hide.

I (ay), II. i. 49, 71, III. i. 107,
 yes.

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I, IV. i. 244, loosely constructed for 'me,' object of 'make.'

Impertinent, I. ii. 162, irrelevant; used only here and (mistakenly) in *Mer. of Ven.*, II. ii. 131.

Importun'd, II. i. 131, stress one second syllable, *im-por'-tun'd*.

Incharitable, I. i. 50, unfeeling.

Infest, V. i. 293, vex.

Infused, I. ii. 182, three syllables: inspired.

Inherit, II. ii. 184, take possession: IV. i. 176, possess.

Inly, V. i. 237, inwardly.

Into, I. ii. 325, 423, for *in*, after *confine*, implying movement.

Inquisition, I. ii. 43, enquiry.

Invert, III. i. 84, reverse, change for the opposite.

Is, I. ii. 562, used with a plural subject, especially after 'there': *Cymb.*, III. i. 43.

It, II. i. 170, for 'its,' especially before own, and as usual in Sh. 'its' not becoming common until later in the century.

Jacke (jack), IV. i. 224, knave, deceiver.

Yorkin, IV. i. 262, doublet, jacket: Two Gen. of Ver., II. iv. 22.

Justifie (justify), V. i. 146, prove.

Key, I. ii. 100, tuning instrument.

Kybe, II. i. 304, chilblain; *Mer. Wives*, I. iii. 30; *Ham.* V. i. 145.

Lakin, III. iii. 4, ladykin, the Virgin.

Lass'd, IV. i. 246, lawn; cf. *laund*, 3 *Hen. VI.*, III. i. 4.

Lasse-lorne (lass-lorn), forsaken by his lass.

Learning, I. ii. 427, teaching.

Lien, I. ii. 145, *in lieu of*, in return for.

Life, III. iii. 210, representation of the life.

Like, IV. i. 265, please, impersonal, in the original construction of 'please' in 'if you please.'

Lime, IV. i. 270, bird lime.

Lime, IV. i. 262, lime tree.

Lime-grove, V. i. 14, lime grove.

Loathnesse (loathness), II. i. 133, reluctance: *Ant. & Cleo.*, III. xi. 50.

Lorded, I. ii. 115, made a lord.

Lust, II. i. 56, luxuriant.

Lusty, II. i. 56, vigorous.

Lyne (lyn), IV. i. 268, rule.

Maddes (mad), I. ii. 244, delirium.

Maid, III. i. 101, servant.

Maine (maie) -course, I. i. 44, main sail.

Make, II. i. 290, turn into; ii. 33, make the fortune of.

Mannage (manage), I. ii. 86, government.

Massie (massy), III. iii. 88, heavy.

Master, I. i. 4, I. ii. 8, captain.

Matter, II. i. 248, thing of importance.

Me, I. ii. 128, loosely constructed, perhaps as a dative; V. i. 336, 364, redundant object with verbs not usually reflexive.

Meanders, III. iii. 6, round or winding paths.

Measure, II. i. 284, make one's way over: Two Gen. of Ver., II. vii. 12.

Medie (meddle), I. ii. 28, mingle.

Meerly (merely), I. i. 65, absolutely, III. vii. 10.

Merchant, II. i. 8, merchantman.

Mettal (mettle), II. i. 188, spirit.

Mine, III. iii. 117, used for my sometimes when separated from the noun: cf. 'yours,' II. i. 277.

Mirion, IV. i. 209, darling, mistress.

Miranda, I. ii. 59, etc., stress on second syllable, *Mi-ran'-da*.

Misse (miss), I. ii. 368, do without: *Cor.*, II. i. 268.

Mistakings, I. ii. 293, used by Sh. for 'mistakes': *Meas.* for *Meas.*, III. ii. 139.

Mo, II. i. 136, V. i. 279, more.

Momentarie (momentary), I. ii. 235, instantaneous.

Moone (moon) -calf, II. ii. 113, deformed monster.

Mop, IV. i. 53, pout: cf. *Lear*, IV. i. 72[4].

More, I. ii. 24, 522, making a double comparative not uncommon in Sh.

Morsell (morsel), II. i. 314, rem-

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nant, contemptuous for a person ; Meas. for Meas., III. ii. 54.

Mount, II. ii. 14, raise.

Mows (*mow*), IV. i. 53, grimace.

Muse, III. iii. 50, wonder at.

Mushrumps (*mushrooms*), V. i. 46, old form of the word used only here by Sh.

My, IV. i. 230, often so placed after an adjective, with the vocative ; Jul. Caes., II. i. 289.

Myself (*myself*), I. ii. 505, V. i. 28, 176, the reflexive pronoun used for the nominative.

Naturall (*natural*), III. ii. 34 ; *As You*, I. ii. 54.

Nature, V. i. 88, natural affection.

Neates (*neat's*)-leather, II. ii. 75, leather of cowhide.

Nerves, I. ii. 570, sinews, muscles.

Nonpareil (*nonpareil*), III. ii. 105, paragon.

Nooke (*nook*), I. ii. 267, bay.

Nor no, I. ii. 470, emphatic double negative.

Not, II. i. 122, V. i. 45, 128, 357. put before the verb as if *do* or *does* were used.

Note, II. i. 271, news, information.

Nothing, II. i. 177, nonsense ; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 123.

Nuptiall (*nuptial*), V. i. 362, three syllables, *nup-she-al* ; regularly used in the singular by Sh.

Observation, III. iii. 121, attention, careful performance ; cf. Mid. Night Dr., IV. i. 118.

Occasion, II. i. 217, favourable opportunity ; Mer. Wives, II. ii. 189.

Odde (*odd*), I. ii. 261, remote, deserted.

Of, V. i. 165, from ; 275, with ; II. i. 83, on ; III. i. 68, redundant after the verb.

Omit, I. ii. 215, II. i. 202, neglect.

On, I. ii. 104, 425, 531, II. i. 151, IV. i. 179, of.

Oose, I. ii. 298, III. iii. 125, soft bottom of the sea ; cf. V. i. 176.

Opportune, IV. i. 30, stress on second syllable, *op-por-tune* ; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 560.

Out, I. ii. 50, fully, V. i. 266, up.

Over-topping, I. ii. 8, outrunning the pack, a hunting term.

Owe, I. ii. 471, 529, III. i. 56, own, have.

Owne (*own*), V. i. 251, master of one's self.

Painfull (*painful*), III. i. 3, laborious.

Passes, I. iii. 284, tasks ; Tam. of Shr., III. i. 14.

Passe (*pass*), IV. i. 268, thrust, sally, a fencing term.

Passion, I. ii. 456, grief ; IV. i. 164, three syllables.

Passion, V. i. 30, feel deeply ; Two Gen. of Ver., IV. iv. 169.

Patch, III. ii. 66, fool ; Errors, III. i. 39.

Pate, IV. i. 269, wit.

Patience, V. i. 161, three syllables.

Paunch, III. ii. 95, run through the belly.

Pece (*piece*), I. ii. 69, pattern ; Ant. & Cleo., III. ii. 33.

Pertly, IV. i. 67, briskly.

Pioned, IV. i. 73, three syllables, stress on first ; 'peonied,' covered with marsh-marigold.

Place, I. ii. 398, perhaps for the plural, 'places,' the omission of the plural 's' occurs especially in words ending with an 's' sound.

Plantation, II. i. 148, colonization.

Point, I. ii. 227, exactness, detail.

Pole-clift, IV. i. 77, twined on poles ; for *clift*, embrace, see Ant. & Cleo., IV. viii. 10.

Poore (*poor*), John, II. ii. 30, salted hake, a coarse hsh.

Premises, I. ii. 145, first conditions : All's Well, II. i. 221.

Presented, IV. i. 101, represented ; Much Ado, III. iii. 73.

Princessse, I. ii. 204, princesses ; the sound of 's' being regarded as plural, cf. *As You*, I. ii. 160.

Professes, II. i. 255, makes it a business ; *As You*, III. ii. 386.

Profit, I. ii. 203, gain, a verb.

Prospero, I. ii. 25, etc., stress on first syllable ; shortened to *Prosper*, with same accent, III. iii. 224.

Purchas'd (*purchased*), IV. i. 17, won ; Love's Lab., III. i. 27.

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<i>Putter out</i> , III. iii. 65, insured traveller.	<i>Sans</i> , I. ii. 215, without; <i>Errose</i> , IV. iv. 80; used as an English word at this time.
<i>Py'de (pied)</i> , III. ii. 66, motley coated.	<i>Save</i> , II. i. 296, God save.
<i>Qualitie (quality)</i> , I. ii. 225, abil- ity, power; Two Gen. of Ver., III. i. 273.	<i>Scamels</i> , II. ii. 190, possibly sea- news.
<i>Quaint (quaint)</i> , I. ii. 375, dex- trous, artistic; <i>Mer. Wives</i> , IV. vi. 42.	<i>Scandal'd (scandal'd)</i> , IV. i. 100, defame; <i>Cor.</i> , III. i. 58.
<i>Quicke (quick)</i> , III. ii. 70, living; <i>Mer. Wives</i> , III. iv. 90.	<i>Scap'd (scaprd)</i> , II. ii. 64, escaped, not a shortening of 'escaped.'
<i>Quichens</i> , III. i. 8, makes alive.	<i>Sebastian</i> , II. i. 240, 215, 228, etc., three syllables, stress <i>at the end</i> , <i>Se-bas-tyan</i> .
<i>Quit</i> , I. ii. 174, shortened participle, common in verbs ending in a 't' or 'd' sound; <i>cf.</i> 'betid', I. 38.	<i>Securing</i> , II. i. 344, guarding.
<i>Rabble</i> , IV. i. 42, crowd, not nec- essarily contemptuous.	<i>Sedg'd (sedged)</i> , IV. i. 145, made of sedges or reeds.
<i>Race</i> , I. ii. 420, breed; <i>Ant. &</i> <i>Cleo.</i> , I. iii. 50.	<i>Senser</i> , II. i. 107, feelings.
<i>Racke (rack)</i> , IV. i. 178, floating mist; <i>Ant. & Cleo.</i> , IV. xiv. 14.	<i>Sensible</i> , II. i. 181, sensitive, with quick feeling; <i>Meas. for Meas.</i> , III. i. 138.
<i>Rare</i> , IV. i. 137, for rarely, modi- fying <i>wondred</i> .	<i>Setebos</i> , I. ii. 437, stress on first syllable.
<i>Rate</i> , I. ii. 110, II. i. 109, estima- tion, judgment.	<i>Set</i> , III. ii. 10, rigid; <i>Tw. Night</i> ; V. i. 211.
<i>Razor-able (razorable)</i> , II. i. 273, fit to be shaved.	<i>Set off</i> , III. i. 4, make attractive.
<i>Reasonable</i> , V. i. 93, of reason.	<i>Several (several)</i> , III. i. 53, va- rious, different, <i>Meas. for Meas.</i> , II. iv. 4.
<i>Recover</i> , II. ii. 73, 82, 100, restore; As You, IV. iii. 159.	<i>Shak'd (shaked)</i> , II. i. 355, less common in Sh. than 'shook': 1 Hen. IV, III. i. 21, etc.
<i>Red-plague</i> , I. ii. 426, leprosy.	<i>She</i> , III. ii. 106, her; this usage occurs especially when the object is separated from the verb, as here.
<i>Remember</i> , I. ii. 285, remind; 469, mention; 2 Hen. IV, V. ii. 150.	<i>Shrowd (shroud)</i> , II. ii. 43, take shelter; <i>cf.</i> <i>Ant. & Cleo.</i> , III. xiii. 86.
<i>Remorse</i> , V. i. 88, pity.	<i>Siege</i> , II. ii. 113, seat.
<i>Requit</i> , III. iii. 92, requited; <i>cf.</i> <i>quit</i> .	<i>Single</i> , I. ii. 503, solitary, mere; <i>Mer. of Ven.</i> , I. iii. 50.
<i>Resolve</i> , V. i. 295, rid of ignorance; <i>Meas. for Meas.</i> , IV. ii. 220.	<i>Skillesse (skilless)</i> , III. i. 65, igno- rant.
<i>Revenew (revenue)</i> , I. ii. 116, stress on second syllable, <i>re- ven'-ew</i> .	<i>Sociable</i> , V. i. 75, sympathetic; John, III. iv. 69.
<i>Rid</i> , I. ii. 426, destroy.	<i>Sodaine (sudden)</i> , II. i. 339, quick.
<i>Rife</i> , V. i. 332, drunk.	<i>Solemnized</i> , V. i. 363, four syllables, stress on the second, <i>sol-em'-ni- zed</i> .
<i>Rounded</i> , IV. i. 180, rounded out, finished.	<i>Something</i> , I. ii. 478, somewhat.
<i>Sacke (sack)</i> , II. ii. 129, Spanish white wine.	<i>Sore</i> , V. i. 341, sorry; 2 Hen. IV, IV. vii. 10.
<i>Safly</i> , V. i. 264, the adverb modi- fying the verb, in place of the adjective modifying the object.	<i>Sot</i> , III. ii. 98, fool; not used by Sh. with reference to drunken- ness.
<i>Sanctimonious</i> , IV. i. 19, sacred.	<i>Spoke</i> , IV. i. 36, 'n' dropped, as often in participles, at this time.

GLOSSARY

Sprytting (*Springing*), I. ii. 349, magic service.

Spungie (*spongy*), IV. i. 74, watery; Cymb., IV. ii. 433.

Stain'd (*stained*), I. ii. 478, disfigured.

Stale, IV. i. 211, decay : **Tam.** of **Shop**, III. i. 91.

Standard, III. ii. 17, standard-bearer, ensign.

Stare, III. iii. 119, dazes.

Steedes (*steaded*), I. ii. 194, been useful, help : **Two Gen. of Ver.**, II. i. 109.

Stephano, III. ii. 163, IV. i. 248, stress on first syllable, *Stef-fa-no*.

Still, I. ii. 269, III. iii. 85, V. i. 253, ever, always.

Stockfish, III. iii. 74, dried cod.

Stomacke (*stomach*), I. ii. 185, courage : II. i. 107, liking.

Stover, IV. i. 79, fodder for cattle.

Strange, III. iii. 111, rare.

Strangely, IV. i. 9, wonderfully.

Study, II. i. 84, wonder.

Substitution, I. ii. 121, being a substitute, delegated authority.

Subtleties, V. i. 142, illusions, originally applied to cookery : **Per.**, II. v. 46.

Suffered, II. ii. 39, been killed.

Suggestion, II. i. 316, IV. i. 30, prompting, temptation.

Supportable, V. i. 169, main stress on first syllable.

Swabber, II. ii. 49, deck cleaner : **Tw. Night**, I. v. 203.

Sycorax, I. iii. 305, 339, etc., stress on first syllable, *Sy'-co-rax*.

Tabour, IV. i. 199, small drum : **Cor.**, I. vi. 32.

Tabourer, III. ii. 160, player on a tabour.

Talking, II. i. 96, used with a dependent clause, like 'saying.'

Tang, II. ii. 53, sharp sound.

Teene (*teen*), I. ii. 89, grief, tears : **Love's Lab.**, IV. iii. 169.

Tell, II. i. 19, count.

Temperance, II. i. 47, climate.

Temperate, IV. i. 148, chaste.

Tender, II. i. 206, regard, care for : **Two Gen. of Ver.**, IV. iv. 142.

That, III. ii. 103, the thing, that which : 147, so that ; V. i. 336, for 'as,' after 'such.'

Thatched (*thatched*), IV. i. 79, covered, strewn.

Third (*thread*), IV. i. 5, strand.

Throughly, III. iii. 18, thoroughly.

Throwes (*throes*), II. i. 249, pains, the verb.

Tillt, II. i. 158, tillage, cultivation.

To, II. i. 78, for : **Mer. Wives**, III. iii. 89.

Trash, I. ii. 98, call back, check : *lop off*.

Trenchering, II. ii. 192, trenchers.

Triflle (*triffe*), V. i. 127, phantom.

Trinckulo, II. ii. 108, etc., stress on first syllable.

Troule (*troll*), III. ii. 124, sing around.

True, V. i. 319, honest : **Love's Lab.**, IV. iii. 193.

Try, I. i. 44, *i.e.* keep close to the wind and see if she will bear the main course.

Twilled, IV. i. 73, two syllables : meaning not certain.

Twinke (*twink*), IV. i. 49, twinkling.

Undergoing, I. ii. 185, enduring.

Up-staring, I. ii. 248, standing on end.

Urchins, I. ii. 385, imps.

Urchyn-shewes (*urchin-shows*), II. i. 8, apparitions of hobgoblins. **Use**, II. i. 181, are accustomed.

Utensils, III. ii. 101, perhaps with stress on first syllable.

Valiant, III. ii. 25, three syllables.

Vanity, IV. i. 46, illusion.

Vast, I. ii. 386, void, a noun.

Verily, II. i. 357, adverb used instead of the adjective, modifying the subject.

Vertue, I. ii. 34, soul, spring.

Villanous, IV. i. 274, an adjective is often used in place of an adverb, with another adjective.

Visitation, III. i. 40, seizure of feeling.

Visitor, II. i. 15, visiting priest.

Voucht (*vouched*), II. i. 64, attested.

Waigh'd (*weighed*), II. i. 133, considered.

Ward, I. ii. 552, attitude of defence : **Mer. Wives**, II. ii. 236.

THE TEMPEST

Waste (waist), I. ii. 230, middle part.
Weather, I. i. 46, storm : Tw. Night, I. v. 234.
Weather-fends, V. i. 14, ^fprotects from the weather.
Welkins (welkin's), I. i. 6, sky's : Mer. Wives, I. iii. 85 ; Tw. Night, III. i. 58.
Wench, I. ii. 265, 477, used as a term of endearment.
Wesand, III. ii. 96, windpipe.
When, I. ii. 374, an exclamation of impatience.
Where (whether), V. i. 126, whether : Errors, IV. i. 67.
Which, III. i. 8, whom, used of a person.
Whil'reare (while ere), III. ii. 125, just now.
Whiles, I. ii. 403, while.
Whist, I. ii. 444, adjective, silent, to silence.
Who, I. ii. 9, 97, II. i. 229, whom, III. iii. 83, which, used of things ; I. ii. 97, 271, whom.
Whom, III. iii. 226, who ; cf. John, IV. ii. 171 ; attracted to the accusation by the influence of the next following verb.
Wicked, I. ii. 380, harmful.
Wide-chopt (chapped), I. i. 66, wide mouthed.
Windring, IV. i. 144, winding.
Winke (wink), II. i. 353, sleep, closing of the eyes ; Wint. Tale, I. ii. 367 ; II. i. 261, time of a wink ; Wint. Tale, V. ii. 220.
Wink'st, II. i. 229, b^fst the eyes closed.
Wiseſt, II. ii. 80, 'fashion' is understood.
Withall (withal), III. ii. 102, for ^f'with' at the end of a sentence ^fwhen the object (here *which*) precedes.
Woe, V. i. 161, sorry.
Wondred (wonder'd), IV. i. 137, wonder-working.
Workes (works), IV. ^{Twink}, 165, affects.
Worme (worm), III. i. 39, expression of pity.
Worser, IV. i. 31, double comparative.
Wracks (wrack), I. ii. 33, wreck.
Wrong, I. ii. 516, made a mistake : Mer. Wives, III. iii. 186.
Yare, I. i. 12, 43, V. i. 267, ready ; Meas. for Meas., IV. ii. 58.
Yarely, I. i. 8, quickly : Ant. & Cleo., II. ii. 247.
Yare (year), I. ii. 65, plural ^s often omitted with words of measure after a numeral.
Ynch-meale (inchmeal), II. ii. 6, inch by inch.
Yond, I. ii. 473, over there.
Your, V. i. 15, subjective genitive, 'made by you.'
Yours, II. i. 277, for 'your' because separated from its noun, cf. mine, III. iii. 117.
Zenith, I. ii. 213, maximum of fortune.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

GLOSSARY

<i>Access</i> (<i>access</i>), IV. ii. 6, stress on second syllable.	<i>Beskrew</i> , I. i. 127, evil befall ; <i>Much Ado</i> , V. i. 63.
<i>Account</i> of, II. i. 61, esteem.	<i>Bestow</i> , III. i. 90, conduct, behave ; <i>As You</i> , IV. iii. 91.
<i>Admired</i> , IV. ii. 5, three syllables.	<i>Bid the fare</i> , I. ii. 106, challenged ; term used in a game of ball.
<i>Adventure</i> , III. i. 123, venture ; <i>Wint. Tale</i> , I. ii. 48.	<i>Blanke</i> (<i>black</i>), V. ii. 12, dark-complexioned ; <i>Much Ado</i> , III. i. 68.
<i>Advice</i> , II. iv. aro, knowledge ; III. i. 76, reflection.	<i>Blunt</i> , II. vi. 43, dull, stupid ; <i>Hen. IV.</i> In. 21.
<i>A good</i> (<i>agood</i>), IV. iv. 167, in earnest.	<i>Boots</i> , I. i. 30, make a laughing stock.
<i>Aimed at</i> , III. i. 48, guessed, suspected ; cf. <i>Ham.</i> , IV. v. 11.	<i>Boots</i> , I. i. 31, profits, benefits.
<i>Ale</i> , II. v. 55, ale house.	<i>Bottome</i> (<i>bottom</i>), III. ii. 55, wind in a ball ; cf. <i>Tam. of Shr.</i> , IV. iii. 143.
<i>Allycholly</i> , IV. ii. 29, melancholy ; cf. <i>Mer. Wives</i> , I. iv. 142.	<i>Broke</i> (<i>break</i>), I. iii. 47, III. i. 62, broach a matter.
<i>And (an) if</i> , I. i. 79, III. i. 260, if ; <i>Temp.</i> , II. ii. 127.	<i>Broken</i> , II. v. 19, fallen out, quarrelled ; cf. <i>Cor.</i> , IV. vi. 61.
<i>Angerly</i> , I. ii. 65, angrily ; <i>John</i> , IV. i. 90.	<i>Broker</i> , I. ii. 43, go-between.
<i>Apparent</i> , III. i. 119, manifest ; <i>Meas. for Meas.</i> , IV. ii. 150.	<i>Burden</i> , I. ii. 91, base accompaniment ; cf. <i>As You</i> , III. ii. 243.
<i>Approv'd</i> (<i>approved</i>), V. iv. 46, tested by experience ; cf. <i>All's Well</i> , III. vii. 16.	<i>Buried</i> , IV. ii. 110, three syllables.
<i>As</i> , II. iv. 137, that : <i>as much</i> , IV. iii. 45, as I wish much.	<i>By</i> , II. iv. 152, concerning.
<i>Auburne</i> (<i>auburn</i>), IV. iv. 100, flaxen (?), cf. <i>abram</i> , <i>Cor.</i> , II. iii. 19.	<i>Canker</i> , I. i. 47, cancer-worm ; <i>Mids. Night Dr.</i> , II. ii. 4.
<i>Awfull</i> (<i>awful</i>), IV. i. 48, having respect for authority ; <i>Per. II. Pro. 5.</i>	<i>Ceased</i> , V. iv. 36, two syllables.
<i>Ayme</i> (<i>aim</i>), III. i. 31, suspicion, conjecture ; V. iv. 109, object.	<i>Censu're</i> , I. ii. 21, pass judgment ; cf. <i>Ham.</i> , III. ii. 91.
<i>Bare</i> , III. i. 274, mere.	<i>Cestern'd</i> (<i>testerned</i>), I. i. 143, given a sixpence or testril ; cf. <i>Tw. Night</i> , II. iii. 34-6.
<i>Beades-man</i> (<i>beadsman</i>), I. i. 18, one hired to say prayers ; <i>Kich.</i> II. III. ii. 117.	<i>Character'd</i> , II. vii. 6, stress on second syllable ; written.
<i>Beckance</i> , I. i. 65, happen ; cf. <i>Mer. of Ven.</i> , I. i. 42.	<i>Circumstance</i> , I. i. 40, 88, deduction from evidence ; cf. <i>Cymb.</i> , II. iv. 78 ; I. i. 41, condition ; <i>Ham.</i> , I. iii. 109 ; III. ii. 38, details ; <i>Errors</i> , V. i. 19.
<i>Befortune</i> , IV. iii. 45, happen well to, betide.	<i>Cite</i> , II. iv. 83, incite, invite ; 3 <i>Hen. VI</i> , II. i. 37.
<i>Beholding</i> , IV. iv. 175, under obligation ; <i>Mer. Wives</i> , I. i. 248.	

TWO GENTLEMEN QF VERONA

Clerkly, II. i. 104, like a good penman : a Hen. VI, III. i. 188.
Close, V. iv. 125, union : Tw. Night, V. i. 169.
Coile (coil), I. ii. 108, ~~com~~moil : Temp., I. ii. 241.
Cold, IV. iv. 182, coldly received : Mer. of Ven., II. vii. 76.
Commit, V. iv. 84, sin, offend.
Compassé (compass), II. iv. 217, IV. ii. 94, win, obtain.
Competitor, II. vi. 37, confederate : Love's Lab., II. i. 88.
Compleat (complete), II. iv. 71, perfect, accomplished : Hen. VIII, III. ii. 68.
Composed, III. ii. 71, three syllables.
Conceit, III. ii. 19, opinion : Much Ado, II. i. 283.
Conceitless, IV. ii. 98, stupid.
Condition, III. i. 275, character, quality : Meas. for Meas., I. i. 62; V. iv. 127, four syllables.
Confession, V. ii. 46, four syllables, con-fe'shōn.
Confirmed, IV. iv. 105, three syllables.
Consort, III. ii. 85, stress on first syllable ; band of musicians ; IV. i. 66, stress on second syllable ; company.
Contents, III. i. 66, stress on second syllable ; pleases.
Converse, I. iii. 34, converst (conversed), II. iv. 6x, associate, associated.
Crewes (crews), IV. i. 76, bands : cf. Rich. II, V. iii. 14.
Cry you mercy, V. iv. 102, I beg your pardon : Mer. Wives, III. v. 25.
Curst, III. i. 337, ill-tempered : Much Ado, II. i. 21.
Daigne (design), I. i. 150, not disdain : Aut. & Cleo., I. iv. 72.
Dassel'd (dazzled), II. iv. 213, apparently three syllables, ~~daz~~-el-ed.
Deepest (deep'st), V. iv. 78, time of one syllable.
Depart, V. iv. 104, departure : a Hen. VI, I. i. 9.
Descant, I. ii. 108, stress on first syllable ; second part, treble.
Deliver'd (delivered), IV. iv. 73, the subject 'who' is omitted.
Discover, III. ii. 78, show, express : Much Ado, II. iii. 107 ; discovered, V. v. 180, three syllables.
Dispose, II. vii. 88, IV. i. 78, disposal.
Doublet, II. iv. 22, inner coat or waistcoat.
Dumpe (dump), III. ii. 86, a slow melody : Rom. & ~~Jul.~~ IV. v. 111[1].
Earnest, II. i. 154, token, preliminary payment ; Errors, II. ii. 26.
Else, IV. ii. 127, otherwise, elsewhere.
Empresse (empress'), V. iv. 150, the possessive ending is often omitted with words ending in an 's' sound.
Enforce, IV. iii. 20, used without 'to' before the dependent infinitive.
Engine, III. i. 142, instrument : Temp., II. i. 168.
Entertaine (entertain), II. iv. 102, take into service ; entertained, IV. iv. 63, four syllables.
Exhibition, I. iii. 72, allowance : Oth., I. iii. 263.
Exile, III. ii. 5, stress on second syllable.
Expedition, V. i. 8, five syllables, ex-pe-di-ti-on.
Extreme (extreme), II. vii. 24, stress on first syllable.
Farthingale, II. vii. 53, IV. iv. 38, hoop petticoat ; Mer. Wives, III. iii. 58.
Feature, II. iv. 71, outward appearance : Temp., III. i. 64.
Figure, II. i. 145, trick of rhetoric : Ham., II. ii. 109.
Fire, I. ii. 32, II. vii. 24, two syllables, fi'er.
Flatter with, IV. iv. 189, flatter : Tw. Night, I. v. 306.
Fond, I. i. 56, IV. iv. 197, doting.
Foole (fool), IV. iv. 95, expressing pity or tenderness rather than contempt.
For, I. ii. 144, for fear of.
For, II. iv. 178, III. i. 152, IV.

GLOSSARY

iii. 23; *For why*, III. i. 102, because.

Forlorn (*Forlorn*), I. ii. 133, stress on first syllable.

Forth, II. iv. 189, out; *Temp.*, V. i. 240.

Fortuned, V. iv. 178, these syllables happened.

Give us leave, III. i. 4, pray withdraw: *Mer. Wives*, II. ii. 150.

Give ye, II. i. 96, God give you.

Going, III. i. 373, walking; cf. *go*, *Temp.*, III. ii. 20.

Graced, I. iii. 61, two syllables.

Greed (*greed*), II. iv. 186, agreed, *Tam. of Shr.*, II. i. 295.

Grieffs (*griefs*), V. iv. 151, grievances; *Jul. Caes.* I. iii. 129.

Grievance, I. i. 20, IV. iii. 41, grief.

Hallidome (*halidom*), IV. ii. 139, holiness, Christian faith.

Hallow-Masse (*Hallowmas*), II. i. 96, All Saints' Day, November.

Have, IV. i. 35, know, be skilled in.

Hindered, II. vii. 29, three syllables.

Homely, I. i. 5, plain, dull.

Hose, II. i. 76, vii. 57, breeches.

Houres (*hour's*), III. ii. 9, two syllables, *ow-ers*.

How ever (*however*), I. i. 38, in any case.

I (ay), I. i. 100³, ii. 5, etc., yes.

Impeachment, I. iii. 18, discredit, reproach; *Rich.* III. II. ii. 25.

Importunacy, IV. ii. 114, main stress on third syllable, *im-por-tu-na-cy*, urgent demanding.

Importune, I. iii. 16, III. i. 148, stress on second syllable.

Impose, IV. iii. 12, command.

Impresse (*impress*), III. ii. 8, stress on second syllable.

Infinite, II. vii. 72, an infinity; *Much Ado*, II. iii. 103.

Inherit, III. ii. 88, get possession of; *Temp.*, II. ii. 184.

Inly, II. vii. 20, inner, within; 3 *Hen. VI*, I. iv. 182.

Integrity, III. ii. 78, sincerity; *Meas. for Meas.*, IV. ii. 801.

Jade, III. i. 277, poor horse worthless woman.

Jarres (*jars*), V. iv. 169, quarrel, discords; *Errors*, I. i. 15.

Jerkin, II. iv. 21, short jacket worn over the doublet.

Jolthead, III. i. 289, blockhead; *Tam. of Shr.*, IV. i. 160.

Keep (*keep*), IV. iv. 12, restrain.

Kinde (*kind*), II. iii. 4, kindred; *Temp.*, V. i. 29.

Knowst (*know'st*), V. iv. 168, one syllable; a common contraction.

Lac'd (*laced*), I. i. 101, perhaps 'finely dressed,' or 'loose in character.'

Leander, stress on second syllable, *Le-an-der*.

Learne (*learn*), II. vi. 15, V. iii. 6, teach.

Lease, V. ii. 31, let to others.

Leave, II. vi. 19, III. i. 185, cease; IV. iv. 74, give up.

Letts (*lets*), III. i. 116, hinders; *Errors*, II. i. 110.

Liberall (*liberal*), III. i. 342, wanton, loose; *Mer. of Ven.*, II. ii. 181.

Lies, IV. ii. 140, lodges; *Mer. Wives*, II. i. 163.

Likes, IV. ii. 57, 58, pleases; *Tam. of Shr.*, IV. iv. 65.

Lime, III. ii. 70, bird-lime.

Makes it strange, I. ii. 111, pretends to be shocked; *Tit. And.*, II. i. 90.

Manage, III. i. 250, wield; *Rom. & Jul.*, I. i. 67.

Meane (*mean*), I. ii. 104, tenor; *Wint. Tale*, IV. iii. 46; II. vii. 7, III. i. 41, IV. iv. 110, for the usual 'means'; *meanes* (*means*), V. iv. 146, contrive a way; *Rich.* III. V. iii. 46.

Measure, V. iv. 136, reach.

Meat, I. ii. 73, perhaps pronounced 'mate.'

Minion, I. ii. 96, 101, spoiled favorite.

Months minde (*moneth's mind*), I. ii. 145, months two syllables; yearning.

Moude (*mood*), IV. i. 53, rage; *Errors*, II. ii. 171.

THE GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Mast, IV. ii. 144, double superlative : cf. Wint. Tale, I. ii. 166.
Motion, II. i. 93, puppet-show : Wint. Tale, IV. iii. 98.
Mouth, III. i. 323, a sweet ~~mouth~~, a sweet tooth.
Muse, I. iii. 67, wonder : All's Well, II. v. 70.
Mutton, I. i. 100, 102, woman of low repute : Mer. of Ver., V. iii. 172.
Nicke (nick), IV. ii. 75, notch, tally, reckoning.
Noddy, I. i. 125, 126, simpleton.
Ocean, II. vii. 34, three syllables, o'-she-an.
Omitting, II. iv. 63, neglecting : cf. Temp., I. ii. 215.
On, IV. ii. 12, of.
One, II. i. 5, pronounced like on, I. 4; III. i. 266, single, not double.
On-set (onset), III. ii. 95, beginning : Sonn. 90, 11.
Ore-look'd (o'erlooked), I. ii. 53, read : Mids. Night Dr., II. ii. 127.
Owe, V. ii. 30, own, possess : Meas. for Meas., I. iv. 93.
Padua, II. v. 3, apparently a mistake for 'Milan.'
Pageants, IV. iv. 161, show, drama : Temp., IV. i. 177.
Panthino, I. iii. 3, 79, stress on second syllable, Pan-thee'-no.
Pardon, III. ii. 99, excuse for absence.
Parle (parle), I. ii. 7, talk, conversation : Ham., I. i. 78.
Parted, I. i. 75, parting, II. iii. 14, 15 : parts, IV. ii. 80, departed, departure, etc.
Passenger, IV. i. 3, 74, V. iv. 18, passer-by.
Passioning, IV. iv. 169, passionately grieving : cf. Temp., V. i. 30.
Prevish, III. i. 71, V. ii. 54, wayward.
Premptory, I. iii. 74, stress on first syllable.
Perfected, I. iii. 26, stress on first syllable.
Perfections, II. iv. 214, four syllables, per-fec'-she-ons.

Persevers, III. ii. 30, stress on second syllable, per-see'-vers ; continues.
Phaeton, III. i. 156, three syllables, say'-et-on.
Pla'ce, I. i. 111, pen, place for confining animals : Lear, II. ii. 10.
Post, I. i. 151, messenger.
Practising, IV. i. 50, plotting : cf. John, IV. i. 25.
Praise, III. i. 339, appraise, &c. it : Tro. & Cres., III. ii. 89.
Presently, II. iv. 84, immediately : Temp., I. ii. 147.
Pretence, III. i. 50, design : Wint. Tale, III. ii. 19.
Pretended, II. vi. 39, intended : 1 Hen. VI, IV. i. 9.
Principalities (principality), II. iv. 153, angel of highest order.
Print, II. i. 165, in print, to the letter, exactly.
Proper, IV. i. 28, fine-looking : Temp., II. ii. 65.
Protestation, I. iii. 108, five syllables, pro-test-a-she-on.
Proteus, I. i. 4, 15, etc., generally two syllables, stress on first, Pro'-thys, sometimes three, Pro-the-us.
Publisher, III. i. 50, discloser : Luct., I. 33.
Puling, II. i. 26, whining : Rom. & Jul., III. v. 199.
Quality, IV. i. 60, business : Meas. for Meas., II. i. 65.
Quaintly (quaintly), II. i. 119, quaintly, III. i. 120, cleverly.
Quips, IV. ii. 14, pointed jests : Mer. Wives, I. iii. 37.
Quoat (quote), II. iv. 20, pronounced like 'cost' : note, discover : Rom. & Jul., I. iv. 31 ; Love's Lab., II. i. 262, V. ii. 859.
Ravell (ravel), III. ii. 54, become entangled : cf. Macb., II. ii. 48.
Reasoning, II. i. 140, talking : Errors, III. i. 59.
Receive, V. iv. 86, acknowledge : Mer. Wives, V. v. 132.
Record, V. iv. 9, sing : Per. IV. Pro. 88.

GLOSSARY

Reformer , V. iv. 165, three syllables.	Sommer (summer) -swelling, II. iv. 164, growing in summer.
Remorse-fall (remorseful) , IV. iii. 17, compassionate; All's Well, V. iii. 7.	Sort , III. ii. 93, select; 1 Hen. III. iii. 29.
Repeale (repeat) , V. iv. 166, recall from exile; All's Well, II. iii. 50.	Spat , III. i. 296, patron; As You, I. ii. 203.
Reputation , II. vii. 89, five syllables, <i>re-pu-la'she-on</i> .	Spat , IV. iv. 109, succeed; Mer. Wives, II. ii. 252.
Resembeth , I. iii. 87, four syllables, <i>re-sem-ble-eth</i> .	Statue , IV. iv. 202, image.
Resolved , II. vi. 14, three syllables.	Sted , II. i. 109, be of service to;
Respect , III. i. 92, IV. iv. 195, V. iv. 23, care for.	Meas. for Meas. , I. iv. 21.
Respective , IV. iv. 196, worthy of regard.	Still , I. iii. 14, V. iv. 46, always; Temp. , III. iii. 85.
Road , I. i. 57, II. iv. 190, port, harbor.	Still an (on) end , IV. iv. 62, continually.
Sad , I. iii. 32, sessions; Much Ado, I. iii. 56.	Stocke (stock) , III. i. 306, stocking.
Scape , V. iii. 13, escape; Temp. , II. ii. 126.	Stomache (stomach) , I. ii. 23, temper, appetite; 2 Hen. VI. II. i. 66; 1 Hen. IV. II. iii. 42.
Seduced , IV. ii. 99, three syllables.	Suggested , III. i. 37, tempted; All's Well, IV. v. 46.
Servant , II. i. 98, 104, 131, friend, suitor; II. i. 98, 104, 131, iv. 3, 10, 34, 103, etc., gallant, admirer; IV. iii. 8, friend, well-wisher.	Swing'd (swinged) , II. i. 81, III. i. 375, beaten.
Set , I. ii. 87, set to music; Temp. , I. ii. 101; II. i. 85, seated; 1 Hen. IV. II. iv. 433.	Table , II. vii. 5, tablet; Tro. & Cres. , IV. v. 71.
Several (several) , I. ii. 117, separate; Mer. Wives, III. v. 98.	Tarriance , II. vii. 92, stay; Pas. Pil. , 74.
Shapelesse (shapeless) , I. i. 11, purposeless.	Tender , IV. iv. 142, regard, care for; Temp. , II. i. 26.
She , II. i. 44, her; Meas. for Meas. , III. i. 233.	Tender , V. iv. 40, dear.
Sheape (sheep) , I. i. 77, pronounced like 'ship'; Love's Lab. II. i. 232, 234.	That , II. i. 31, III. i. 112, 115, 132, ii. 6, IV. iv. 158, V. iv. 178, so that.
Shot , II. v. 10, reckoning, charge; Cymb. , V. iv. 164.	Throughly , I. ii. 124, thoroughly; Temp. , III. iii. 18.
Silly , IV. i. 74, helpless; 3 Hen. VI. i. 274.	Timelesse (timeless) , III. i. 24, untimely; Rich. II , IV. i. 9.
Sith , I. ii. 135, since.	Tincture , IV. iv. 157, tint, color; Wint. Tale , III. ii. 200.
Sluggardis'd (sluggardized) , I. i. 10, sunk in sloth.	To , I. i. 61, depends on letters ; II. iv. 159, object omitted, 'someone'; III. i. 87, for; Mer. Wives, III. iii. 89; IV. ii. 99, as to.
So , II. i. 128, be it so; Mer. Wives, III. iv. 66.	Tongues , IV. i. 35, foreign languages.
Sodaine (sudden) , IV. ii. 14, quick, sharp; Meas. VIII , V. iii. 157.	Ton-too , II. iv. 208, far too; Mer. Wives, II. ii. 237.
So-hough, Soa hough (soho) , III. i. 192, hunters' cry on starting game.	Tooke (took) , V. iv. 113, taken; 1 Hen. VI. I. i. 57.
	Trenched , III. ii. 9, two syllables; carved.
	Trencher , IV. iv. 11, wooden plate.
	Triumphes (triumphs) , V. iv. 170, festive pageants.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Turne (*turn*), II. ii. 6, prove untrue.

Tyre (*tire*), IV. iv. 186, headdress.

Unadvis'd (*unadvised*), IV. iv. 124, inadvertently.

Up and downe (*down*), II. iii. 318, altogether, exactly.

Valentinus, I. iii. 70, stress on third syllable, *Val-en-ti'rus*.

Very, III. ii. 43, true; Ham., II. ii. 56.

Waxed, III. i. 232, two syllables.

Werdes (*weeds*), II. vii. 44, garments: Much Ado, V. iii. 31; Tw. Night, V. i. 289.

Were, I. i. 103, iii. 27, originally impersonal, with the following infinitive as subject and the personal pronoun in the dative, now changed to nominative.

What, I. ii. 56, what a! Jul. Cms., I. iii. 49.

Where, I. i. 77, whereas; Love's Lab., IV. i. 110.

Who, III. i. 203, whom: Cor., II. 52.

Wink (*wink*), I. ii. 147, II. iv. 96, V. ii. 15, shut the eyes.

With, II. i. 32, IV. iii. 47, by.

Withall (*withal*), V. iv. 161, used for 'with' at the end of a clause, when the object preposition is not expressed.

Wot, IV. iv. 58, know: Rich. II., II. ii. 42.

Would (*wood*), II. iii. 30, mad; Mids. Night Dr., II. i. 200.

Wreaking (*recking*), IV. iii. 44, caring: cf. As You, II. iv. 86.

Wreathe, II. i. 20, sold; Tit. And., II. iii. 28.

Yoked, I. i. 44, two syllables.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

GLOSSARY

Absolute, III. iii. 56, perfect ; Ham. ii. 228 [s] ; Temp., I. ii. 128.

Abstract, IV. ii. 56, inventory.

Additions, II. ii. 282, titles ; All's Well, II. iii. 228 ; Lear, V. iii. 73, 337 ; Macb. III. i. 121.

Addresser (address), III. v. 124, make ready ; All's Well, III. vi. 100.

Admittance, II. ii. 216, III. iii. 52, accepta^{ce} of admittance, received, approved.

Affective, II. i. 130, affected.

Aggravate, II. ii. 268, add to.

Aime (aim), III. ii. a cry of encouragement to archers.

Allhallowmas (all-hallowmas), I. i. 188, All Saints' Day, November 1.

Allow'd (allowed), II. ii. 218, approved ; cf. 2 Hen. IV. IV. ii. 58.

A-manie (a many), III. iii. 64, many ; cf. 'a few,' 'many a.'

Amaze, V. iii. 19, v. 225, confuse ; Meas. for Meas., IV. ii. 220.

Amiable, II. ii. 224, amorous ; Much Ado, III. iii. 146.

Angols, I. iii. 48, gold coins.

An-heires (myneheers), II. i. 199, gentlemen.

Armigero, I. i. 13, squire, corrupt for Latin *armiger*.

Attends, I. i. 245, waits for.

Authenticke (authentic), II. ii. 27, of acknowledged authority ; All's Well, II. iii. 13.

A-vis'd (advised), I. iv. 94, advised, aware ; Meas. for Meas., II. ii. 260.

Ballow (baille), I. iv. 82, fetch ; found only here.

Beholding, I. i. 248, under obligation ; Meas. for Meas., IV. iii. 277.

Bestow, IV. ii. 43, v. 106, find a place for, hide ; Errors, I. ii. 82.

Bilberry, V. v. 50, whortleberry.

Bilboe (bilbo), I. i. 150, sword.

Bloudy (bloody), V. v. 102, in the blood.

Body-kins (bodykins), II. iii. 43, an oath by the sacramental bread.

Bolt, III. iv. 29, blunt arrow.

Boorded (boarded), II. i. 81, dressed, wooded ; Tam. of Shr., I. ii. 97 ; cf. Tw. Night, I. iii. 5.

Breed (breed) = bate, I. iv. 13, breeder of dissension.

Brewage, III. v. 31, brewed beer.

Brib'd (bribed), V. v. 28, cut into pieces.

Buck-basket, III. iii. 5, clothes basket.

Bucking, III. iii. 138, washing ; cf. 2 Hen. VI. IV. ii. 49.

Buck-washing, III. iii. 138, laundry work.

Bully, I. iii. 8, II. i. 197, etc., dashing fellow.

Bully Rooke (bully-rook), I. iii. 4, II. i. 187, etc., gallant.

Canarie (canary), III. ii. 78, sweet wine from the Canaries.

Canaries, II. ii. 62, 64, quondam.

Car-cires (careers), I. i. 165, race limits.

Carion (carrion), III. iii. 173, spoiled flesh, a term of contempt.

Carres, I. iii. 40, shows courtesy ; Love's Lab., V. iii. 362.

Casheerd (cashed), I. i. 164, eased of his cash ; *casheere*, I. iii. 8, discharge.

Cataian, II. i. 132, Chinaman, cheat.

Cat-a-Mountaine (mountain), II. ii. 28, wild-cat.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Chaires (chairs) of order, V. v. 66, seats of the Knights of the Garter.
Challices (chalices), III. 27, goblets.
Characterie (charactery), stress on second syllable : *writing*. Jul. Cæs., II. i. 338.
Charge, II. ii. 156, burden, put to expense.
Chariness (chariness), II. i. 91, scrupulousness.
Charmes (charmes), II. ii. 102, enchantments.
Charters, I. iii. 63, forfeit-collectors.
Clapper-claw, II. iii. 62, thrash : Tro. & Crea., V. iv. 2.
Clearly (clerkly), IV. v. 58, scholarly.
Coate (coat), I. i. 19, V. v. 68, coat-of-arms.
Cooke, I. i. 275, corruption of 'God' in oaths.
Cog, III. i. 108, iii. 42, wheedle, divisive, Much Ado, V. i. 106.
Colours, MI. iv. 84, standards. John, V. ii. 78 : colour, IV. iii. 148, pretext : Two Gen. of Ver., IV. iii. 5.
Come off, IV. iii. 13, pay down.
Companier, III. i. 108, fellow, in a contemptuous sense.
Conceder, I. iii. 22, ingenious.
Confidence, I. iv. 149, conference, conversation.
Conycatching, I. i. 200, cheat, cheating; Tam. of Shr., V. i. 98.
Contents, IV. vi. 15, stress on second syllable.
Contrary, II. i. 189, different.
Convay (convey), I. iii. 47, steal; Rich. II., IV. i. 32.
Conversation, II. i. 22, behaviour. Ant. & Cleo., II. vi. 145.
Coram, I. i. 10, corruption of 'quorum' (?).
Costard, III. i. 19, apple, head. Love's Lab., III. i. 73.
Couch, V. i. 3, v. 53, lie, lude. Much Ado, III. i. 33.
Countrie (country), I. i. 201, district.
Cowle-staffe (cowl-staff), III. iii. 130, pole for suspending a heavy burden.
Curnut, (cornuto) # III. v. 64, cuckoo.
Cut, III. iv. 48, dox'd, a term of contempt.
Daberry (d'berry), IV. ii. 161, imposture.
Dickens, III. ii. 18, an oath, perhaps 'devilkins.'
Diffused, IV. iv. 58, three syllables; uncouth.
Distemper, III. iii. 197, 198, IV. ii. 26, ill temper.
Dole, III. iv. 67, lot ; Tam. of Shr., I. i. 144.
Doublet, III. i. 40, inner coat.
Doubt, I. iv. 39, fear, suspect ; John, IV. i. 24.
Drawer, II. ii. 151, tapster, waiter; 1 Hen. IV. II. iv. 7.
Drumble, III. iii. 131, dawdle.
Eld, IV. iv. 39, the olden time.
Elder, II. iii. 29, elder wood.
En-sconce (ensconce), II. ii. 28, III. iii. 81, shelter, hide.
Entertaine (entertain), I. iii. 12, 49, take into service ; Two Gen. of Ver., II. iv. 102.
Ephesian, IV. v. 20, boon companion ; 2 Hen. IV. II. ii. 140.
Eringues, V. v. 24, sea-holly, supposed to act as a love charm.
Evitare, V. v. 233, avoid.
Expresure, V. v. 72, expression; form of words ; Tro. & Crea., III. iii. 21.
Eyam-musket, III. iii. 1, little hawk.
Fall, I. i. 232, for 'fault.'
Fallow, I. i. 85, fawn-coloured.
Fap, I. i. 164, drunk.
Farthingale, II. iii. 38, hooped petticoat ; Two Gen. of Ver., II. vii. 51.
Fartuous, II. iii. 66, for 'virtuous.'
Fault, I. i. 89, III. iii. 195, misfortune ; Per., IV. ii. 92.
Fee-simplie, IV. ii. 195, absolute ownership.
Fellow, V. v. 30, game-keeper.
Fights, II. ii. 110, canvas screens used during naval battles.
Figures, IV. ii. 201, fancies ; Jul. Cæs., II. i. 257.

GLOSSARY

Fine, IV. ii. 96, in absolute possession.
Fixed, V. v. 1, two syllable.
Flannel, V. v. 91, a Welshman, flannel being made in Wales.
Foigne (join), II. iii. 4, the fencing; 2 Hen. IV. II. i. 38.
Foolishness (foolish), III. II. 173, misgirt, anticipating the ending of the next word.
Forced, V. v. 235, two syllables.
Frasier, II. II. 90, quarrelsome.
Frise, V. v. 146, coarse woollen.
Froth, I. iii. 15, raise the foam on a tankard.
Fullam, I. III. 79, loaded dice.
Gally-maufray (galli-mansfray), II. i. 202, medley, here 'the female sex'; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 354.
Gar, I. IV. 202, etc., corruption of 'God'.
Gemins, II. ii. 11, pair of twins.
Give us leave, II. ii. 150, withdraw: Two Gen. of Ver., II. i. 4.
Good-yea (good-year), I. iv. 113, an oath, referring to a loathsome disease, equivalent to 'a pox on it'.
Gourd, I. iii. 78, false dice.
Granted upon, II. ii. 8, vexed.
Groates (groats), I. i. 144, four-penny bits.
Hacks (hack), II. i. 47; *hac*, IV. i. 60, grow cheap (?).
Had rather, III. iii. 110, good English, the following clause being the object of *had* = 'would have'.
Haire (hair), II. iii. 39, grain, nature; cf. *heire*, 2 Hen. IV. IV. i. 60.
Hardest, II. iii. 44, harshest.
Hauthorne (hawthorne) buds, III. ii. 65, dandies.
Have with you, 1st I. 143, 200. I will go with you: *As You*, I. ii. 255.
Having, III. ii. 65, property: *As You*, III. ii. 363.
Havior (haviour), I. iii. 71, deportment; Tw. Night, III. iv. 204.
Hindes (hinde), I. II. v. 88, servants.
Hold, V. i. 3, keep to a bargain, hold up; V. v. 111, keep up; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 246.
Holiday (holiday), III. ii. 62, churlish language, not of every day.
Honesty, v. iv, 128, 139, etc., virtuous, chaste.
Honesty, II. i. 78, 91, etc., virtue.
Horn (horn)-mad, I. iv. 47, mad as a bull.
Humor, I. i. 126, *humours*, 158, whim, whims.
Husband, IV. vi. 54, manage well: Tam. of Shr., I. i. 72.
I (ay), I. i. 123, 125, etc., yes, very well.
Illyrians (ællades), I. iii. 53, glances; cf. *clinds*, Lear, IV. v. 32.
Image, IV. vi. 19, idea; *Meas. for Meas.*, III. i. 279.
Impatient, III. iv. 73, four syllables, im-pa'-she-ent.
Infection, II. ii. 111, affection.
Ingross'd (engrossed), II. ii. 188, seized; cf. All's Well, III. ii. 69.
Instance, II. ii. 234, example; Errors, IV. iii. 88.
Intention, I. iii. 59, intentness: Wint. Tale, I. ii. 167.
Intollerable (intolerable), V. v. 161, monstrous, enormous.
It, II. i. 198, he, this, used for person especially before 'is'; 2 Hen. IV, III. ii. 264.
Jack-a-lent, III. iii. 24, V. v. 134, stuffed puppet.
Jayes (jays), III. iii. 37, immodest women; Cymb., III. iv. 59.
Keiser, I. iii. 11, Kaiser, German emperor.
Kibes, I. iii. 30, chilblains; Ham. V. i. 145.
Kissing comfits, V. v. 24, scented sugarplums.
Lahras, I. i. 151, lips.
Larded, IV. vi. 16, garnished; Ham., IV. v. 37.
Larum, III. v. 65, alarm; 2 Hen. IV, III. i. 19.
Latine (latten), I. i. 150, a soft alloy of copper.
Laundry, I. ii. 6, laundress.
Lay, II. ii. 63, resided.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Leere (leer), I. iii. 40, smiling look.
Leman (leman), IV. ii. 251, lover; Tw. Night, II. iii. 12.
Lewdsters, V. iii. 23, libertines.
Life, III. iii. 107, name, reputation.
Liking, II. i. 52, bodily concomitant; I. Hen. IV., III. iii. 7.
Liquor, IV. v. 98, grease.
Love (lime), I. iii. 16, make liquor sparkle.
Loves, II. ii. 110, for love's sake; Mids. Night Dr., II. ii. 160.
Luces, I. i. 19, pike (fish).
Lurch, II. ii. 27, rob; Cor. II. ii. 113.
Luxurie (luxury), V. v. 101, wantonness; Meas. for Meas., V. i. 556.
Lye (lie), II. i. 163, lodge.
Made, II. i. 215, did.
Make, I. iv. 103, see meddle; IV. ii. 48, do.
Marry trap, I. i. 255, you are caught (?).
Me, I. iii. 50, 51, IV. ii. 137, ethical dative.
Meddle or make, I. iv. 103, make mischief; Much Ado, III. iii. 52.
Metheglin, V. v. 167, mead, a drink of fermented honey.
Middle earth, V. v. 85, the human world.
Mill-sixpences, I. i. 144, milled sixpences.
Montant, II. iii. 27, upward stroke in fencing.
Motion, I. i. 55, 198, III. iv. 66, proposal.
Mountaine (mountain), I. i. 149, ultramontane, barbarous.
Muze, V. v. 245, be melancholy; Two Gen. of Ver., II. i. 166.
Nay-word, II. ii. 121, password.
Nut-hooks, I. i. 155, term of contempt, thief; 2 Hen. IV., V. iv. 11.
Obsequious, IV. ii. 5, zealous; Meas. for Meas., II. iv. 31.
Odd's-hart-lings (Od's heart-lings), III. iv. 59, an oath, by 'God's heart.'
Od's-Nownes (Od's nouns), IV. i. 23, corruption of 'God's wounds.'
Old, I. iv. 9, intensive, 'tall'; Mer. or Ven., IV. i. 19.
O'er-looked (o'er-looked), V. v. 88, bewitched.
Orchard, I. i. 135, III. i. 27, orchard.
Other, II. ii. 237, other of; Lear, I. iv. 219.
Onphes, IV. iv. 53, V. v. 62, goblins.
Oyes, V. v. 66, hear ye!
Pairing (paring)-knife, I. v. 28, round-bladed cutter.
Parcell (parcel), I. i. 210, part; Errors, V. i. 114.
Passant, I. i. 22, walking, in heraldry.
Passes, IV. ii. 113, past & passed; I. i. 271, exceeds, exceeded bounds.
Panca, verba, I. i. 116; *panca*, I. i. 126, few words, briefly; Hen. V. II. i. 75.
Peaking, III. v. 64, sneaking; cf. Ham. II. ii. 590.
Pewish, I. iv. 15, foolish.
Pensioners (pensioners), II. ii. 77, the royal body-guard.
Period, IV. ii. 206, conclusion; 2 Hen. IV., IV. v. 253.
Perpend, II. i. 107, consider, a clown's word; As You, III. ii. 66.
Pheasar (Pheesar), I. iii. 12, nonsense word from *cheese*; cf. Tam. of Shr., I. v. 1.
Pinnasse (pinnace), I. iii. 73, ship's tender, gig; 2 Hen. VI., IV. i. 31.
Pipe-wine, III. ii. 80, wine from the cask.
Pittie-ward, III. i. 8, toward the plinth, or bear pit.
Plummet, V. v. 171, sounding lead.
Posset, I. iv. 10, V. v. 178, a dish somewhat like a welsh rarebit.
Post-master, V. v. 195, keeper of post-horses.
Pottle, II. i. 193, III. v. 28, two-quart tankard.
Poucat (polecat), IV. ii. 171, skunk.
Prabbles, I. i. 55, brabbles, quarrels; Tw. Night, V. i. 65; Hen. V., IV. viii. 70.
Predominate, II. ii. 266, prevail, an astrological term; All's Well, I. i. 203.

GLOSSARY

Preparatiuſ, II. ii. 21, accomplishment.

Primero, I. v. 201, game of cards ; Hen. VIII, V. 12.

Property, III. ii. 14, too means ; Jul. Caes., IV. i. 12.

Puddings, II. i. 28, entrails of animals, used to make meat puddings.

Pumſion, III. iii. 36, pumpkin.

Puncke (punk), II. ii. 129, ~~st~~.

Puncto (punto), II. iii. 26, a thrust in fencing.

Putting downe (down), II. i. 26, abolishing.

Quaint, IV. vi. 42, elegant, artistic ; Much Ado, III. iv. 21.

Quality, V. v. 45, business, duties ; Hen. V, III. vi. 139.

Quarter, I. i. 18, quarter one's arms.

Queane (quean), IV. ii. 158, slut.

Quick, III. iv. 90, alive ; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 153.

Ranke (rank), IV. vi. 24, strong, hot, cf. Ham., III. iv. 162.

Red-lattice, II. ii. 29, of ale-house windows.

Relent, II. ii. 32, repent.

Reverse, II. iii. 26, back stroke in fencing.

Runnion (ronyon), IV. ii. 171, mangy creature ; Macb. I. iii. 9.

Rushling, II. ii. 68, rustling.

Sacke (sack), II. i. 11, Spanish white wine.

Sadnesse (sadness), III. v. 113, seriousness.

Scall, III. i. 107, scald, scabby.

Scape, II. i. 4, III. v. 106, 136, be saved from.

Scut, V. v. 22, short tail.

Sea-cole (coal), I. iv. 11, mineral coal ; 2 Hen. IV, II. i. 78.

Secure, II. i. 218, II. 283, careless, unsuspecting.

Semi-circled, III. iii. 57, having no hoop in front.

Several (several), III. v. 98, V. v. 66, separate : Meas. for Meas., II. iv. 4.

Shaſſ, III. iv. 29, sharp arrow.

Shent, I. iv. 36, scolded, punished ; Tw. Night, IV. ii. 105.

Ship-tyre (tire), III. iii. 51, head-dress with hanging cords or ribbons.

Shoelboards (-boards), I. i. 144, 6 broad shillings, used in the game of his name.

Shreyvud, II. ii. 214, evil : Meas. for Meas., II. i. 246.

Simpleſ, I. iv. 60, III. iii. 66, medicinal herbs ; Rom. & Jul., V. i. 46.

Sir, I. i. 6, 192, etc., a title of the clergy : As You, III. iii. 39.

Sit, I. iii. 10, have as my expenses.

Slacke (slack), III. iv. 112, neglect.

Slighted, III. v. 10, tossed.

Small, I. i. 48, high, treble ; Tw. Night, I. iv. 35 ; Mids. Night Dr., I. ii. 47.

Softly-sprighted, I. iv. 25, soft-spirited, mild.

Something, IV. v. 24, somewhat.

Soone (soon) at night, I. iv. 10, II. ii. 268, to-night.

Sot, III. i. 103, fool ; Temp., III. ii. 98.

Sped, III. v. 61, had good luck.

Sprag, IV. i. 75, ready.

Staggering, III. iii. 13, hesitating ; cf. Meas. for Meas., I. ii. 164.

Stale, II. iii. 26, house-urine.

Stampes (stamps), III. iv. 20, coins ; Cymb., V. iv. 28.

Stile (style), II. ii. 269, list of titles.

Stoccado's (stoccadoes), II. i. 204, thrusts in fencing.

Stock, II. iii. 26, same as *stoccado*.

Straine (strain), II. i. 80, quality.

Sufferance, IV. ii. 4, sufferings ; 1 Hen. IV, V. i. 58.

Supposed, IV. iv. 66, three syllables, *sup-posed*.

Swing'd (swinged), V. v. 193, beaten ; cf. Two Gen. of Ver., II. i. 8x.

Takes, IV. iv. 35, bewitches ; Ham., I. i. 162.

Taking, III. iii. 160, fright ; Lucr., I. 453.

Tall, I. iv. 26, II. i. 207, ii. 13, strong, sturdy ; Wint. Tale, V. ii. 164.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Teeter, I. iii. 80, sixpence.
That, III. v. 81, so that.
Thick skin, IV. v. 4, blockhead :
 Mids. Night Dr., III. ii.
Thorough, IV. v. 33, thorough.
Thoroughly, I. iv. 84, thoroughly.
Thrum'd (thrummed), IV. vi. 78,
 tufted, made of coarse ends of
 yarn.
Tightly, I. iii. 72, promptly ; II. iii.
 68, soundly.
Tire, III. iii. 51, head-dress.
To, III. iii. 89, for ; Temp. II. i.
 78.
To night (to-night), III. iii. 142,
 last night : Much Ado, III. v.
 31.
Too-too, II. ii. 237, much too :
 Mer. of Ven., II. vi. 49.
Toyes (toys), V. v. 47, trifles :
 Ant. & Cleo., V. ii. 197.
Trails (trail), IV. ii. 183, scent
 of game.
Traverse, II. iii. 25, change of
 places (p.).
Trickling, IV. iv. 86, costumes.
Troa (trow), I. iv. 122, wonder.
Trunkle-bed, IV. v. 10, trundle-
 bed, on casters, put under the
 larger bed during the day.
Tusme (turn), V. v. 92, put :
 Temp., I. ii. 80.
Tyre-valiant, III. iii. 51, a fashion
 in head-dressing.

Unearth, III. iii. 146, unearth.
Unduteous, V. v. 232, undutiful.
Unseason'd (unseasoned), II. ii.
 159, unseasonable, ill-timed : a
 Hen, IV. III. i. 106.
Unwaif'd (unweighed), II. i. 80,
 ill-considered.
Urchins, IV. iv. 53, imps, goblins.

Vagram, III. i. 23, random, vag-
 bond : Much Ado, III. iii. 26.
Vaneys, I. i. 259, bouts, rounds :
 cf. Love's Lab., V. i. 59.
Visa-ments (visaments), I. i. 40,
 considerations, thoughts.
Vizards, IV. iv. 77, masks.

Viewing, III. c. 105, for
 'flouts or stock,' laughing-stock.
Voice, I. iii. 42, interpretation,
 expression.

Ward, II. ii. 209, III. 67, be
 off. .
Ward, II. iii. 236, postures of
 defence ; Temp., I. ii. 55.
Warrener, II. iv. 28, keeper of a
 close for birds or rabbits.
Wash, III. iii. 130, rid. .
Watches (watched), V. v. 108,
 tamed by sleeplessness, a term of
 falconry.
Were, III. iii. 138, originally an
 impersonal verb, 'it were,' the
 preceding pronoun being dative
 and the following verb or clause
 the subject.
When as (whenas), III. i. 22,
 when.
Whitening, III. iii. 218, bleaching.
Whistlers, III. iii. 24, bleachers.
Who more bold, IV. v. 55, the
 boldest.
Wide, of, III. i. 52, indifferent to.
Wink, (wink), V. v. 53, shut the
 eyes : Temp., II. i. 229.
Wise, I. iii. 27, initiate, rogues.
Wise-woman, IV. v. 28, 59,
 woman skilled in fortune telling,
 etc. ; Tw. Night, III. iv. 106.
Wit, III. v. 99, wifey.
Wittoll, II. ii. 252, cuckold.
Wittolly, II. ii. 257, cuckoldry.
Woodman, V. v. 31, hunter,
 poacher.
Worts, I. i. 227, herbs.
Wot, II. iii. 87, know : Love's Lab.,
 I. i. 96.
Wrong, IV. II. 145, is unworthy
 of.

Yallowness (yellowness), I. iii.
 94, jealousy.
Yead, I. i. 146, abbreviation of
 Edward.
Yern, III. v. 39, grieve : Rich. II,
 V. v. 79.
Yokes (yokes), V. v. 113, horns.

